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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

FAMILIAR
LETTERS
FROM
ITALY,
TO
A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

BY PETER BECKFORD, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

"VADE, SED INCULTUS."
OVID.

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FAMILIAR LETTERS.

LETTER XLVII.

SIENA is governed by the same laws (few only are its exceptions) as the other towns of Tuscany. At the head of the Executive Power is the Luogotenente, who, with the Auditore del Governo, and Auditore Fiscale, his Privy Counsellors, has a limited power of pardon and punishment. The Auditore del Governo tries such causes as relate to the Sovereign. Criminal causes, and the Police of the City, are in the hands of the Fiscale. Civil causes of small amount, and criminal causes of little consequence, are determined by the Vicario, to whose inspection the morals and conduct of the people particularly belong. The Magistrato Supremo (formerly the Senate, when the Sienese were free) consists of a Capitano del Popolo, and eight Senators, who must be all noble; and an Auditor, who must be a foreigner. This Court tries the civil causes of the City.

To this office the Noblesse are not eligible till they have attained the age of twenty-four years. Three must be present to form a Court: they are changed every two months: are become cyphers under the present Government, and the Auditor does all the business. The Capitano del Popolo in the time of the Republic was a magistrate of the first consequence: he has lost all his power, except over the dead hand of Saint JOHN, of which he keeps a key; and the great bell of the Tower, which cannot be rung without his consent. The Ruota is a Court of Appeal, as well for the country as the city, composed of three Auditors, all of them foreigners. The Auditore del Governo, Auditore Fiscale, and Auditore del Magistrato Supremo, are the Judges when a third trial is rendered necessary.

La Communitá is a Court composed of twelve inhabitants, six of whom are noble, and six not. The houses, streets, fountains, and whatever belongs to the ornament of the City, is under their care and inspection: they have also the management of the Patrimonio Ecclesiastico; an income arising from the suppression of Convents. The Director of the Custom-house and his subalterns form the *Administrazione Generale*, which levies and receives the duties paid to the Sovereign. The security of the City is left to the care of the Bargello and twenty-four Sbirri.

The

The garrison consists of two hundred Militia hired by the day, and about as good soldiers as those at Pisa.

Siena partakes of the advantages and disadvantages of the Tuscan Government in common with the other Provinces dependant on it: taxes are the same; and the *commercio libero*, which benefits the rich by increasing the value of their land, distresses the poor by rendering every article of consumption dearer. The same corn that is bought up at harvest, and sent out of the state, is frequently brought back again in the spring; thus sent about from one part of Tuscany to another, it increases in price as it decreases in value. Besides this, bakers sell bread under weight; and butchers, unwholesome meat: a mad ox the other day was killed and sold; formerly it incurred a penalty. Any tradesman may exercise whatever trade he pleases, and as many as he thinks fit;—it is a sure sign of the poverty of the country, and prevents every trade from flourishing.

Commerce is chiefly confined to wool, silk, and corn. The produce of wine and oil is little more than the consumption. Siena marble is famous: a considerable quantity is sent to Leghorn, and from thence to England; and, as we are great gin-drinkers, the Sienese also contribute to supply us with berries of juniper.

Manufactures flourish at Siena little better than at Pisa: they consist chiefly of velvets, coarse cloths, gauzes, and ribbands. Trade is inconsiderable, and more benefited by the neighbouring villages and travellers that pass, than by the inhabitants, who buy most of the articles of luxury from Leghorn and Florence.—Unfortunately, these are expensive articles, and, though luxury may be an advantage to a large town, Siena proves that it is always a prejudice to a small one.

Marriages are as rare at Siena as at Pisa, and a multitude of beautiful girls are at this moment in want of husbands without the least probability of having their wants satisfied. The eldest son only is permitted to marry; the others have the run of the house, are found in victuals and drink, and are allowed a trifling sum, about a hundred crowns a year, for cloaths and pocket money. The marriage dower is nearly the same as at Pisa, but if the wife die within the year without children, the whole of the fortune returns to her family. Many girls marry out of the state, not finding husbands within it; of course, it sometimes happens, by a succession of deaths, that they become heiresses, and the estate follows them; and as the eldest son only can afford to marry, he sometimes has no children, and the family shortly after becomes extinct.

In the year 1699 the noble families in Siena amounted to one hundred and ninety-three, and their different collateral branches to three hundred and eighty-three more. How many think you they reckon at present all together?—Ninety only; about sixty of which are enabled to keep a coach.—A wonderful and alarming decrease in less than a century without war, pestilence, or famine.*

Family incomes differ little from those at Pisa, and, a few excepted, all are poor. In some families, sons are as joint-heiresses in England; in which case it is settled who shall marry, and the others content themselves with a certain portion out of the estate: they live all together, and the expence of house-keeping, servants, and equipage is paid out of the common stock; though the Lady and her Cavalier Servente only receive any advantage from the latter. Widows can only claim the interest of their own fortunes, but are always maintained at the expence of the family. The Sienese formerly could only leave their wives legacies during their widowhood; they are now at liberty to leave it them for ever. In some families the eldest son has

* See Diario Senese for the year 1699, where you may read their names.

estates

estates allotted to him in particular, and has also his share in the remainder. The daughters, if they marry, have only the marriage portion the family have been accustomed to give. They are maintained in the mean time at little expence. At ten years old they are sent to a convent, where they remain till they marry, or as long as their parents think fit.

Living is not dear at Siena. The earth is kind in her productions, and the natural temperance and habitual economy of the inhabitants render their circumstances easy. Two thousand crowns is a good Siena income. A single man, neither at Pisa nor Siena, has occasion for a coach. Servants are not at board wages as at Florence. The men are paid twelve pauls a month salary, the women six, and are kept; but are not allowed four meals a day, as with us in England. Do not imagine they have bubble and squeak for breakfast, a luncheon of cold meat a few hours before dinner, and when they dine, have venison, roast beef, veal, mutton, and pork; always a bellyful, and a supper of bread and cheese shortly after. Here are no such doings. Breakfast they have none. Luncheon they have none. Their dinner is confined to a weak soup, and a piece of boiled beef, not sufficient to cause an indigestion; their supper is of the most light and wholesome kind—a *sallad*. I am told that

I shall

I shall spoil my servants, by allowing them the roast meat that goes from my table. It is possible I may, as they are Italians, and have not been used to it. When I was at Oxford, Doctor L—— gave a concert, and after it, kept some of the musicians to sup with him. Going down stairs they quarrelled and fought. The Doctor prudently waited till they were out of the house, he then hallooed after them, out of the window—" *This comes of treating such fellows as you with sausages !*"

LETTER XLVIII.

THOUGH those who are prudent may live cheap at Siena; those who are not so, and exceed their income, can ruin themselves as effectually here as elsewhere. A Sienese, who is in want of money, an accident very likely to happen to a young fellow whose father allows him only one hundred crowns a year, applies to a Jew for a hundred sequins; he receives, perhaps, twenty in cash, the rest in cloth; this is carried to the Monte, and pawned for fifty: at the end of eighteen months it is sold in the Piazza. If it should fetch sixty, and most probably it will not, he is paid the other ten. Thus, for his hundred, he receives only eighty, paying, besides, three and a half per cent. to the Monte, and five per cent. to the Jew. This is an honest Jew, that lends money on good security. You shall now hear how those act who have

have *not* good security. I am acquainted with the lady who borrowed the money, and the calculation, extraordinary as it is, was given me by a brother usurer, whom I sometimes employed in other matters. Four hundred crowns was the sum borrowed, for which, ten per cent. a month was paid to the Jew, who furnished jewels to that amount. The person who received them in pawn had at the rate of eight per cent. a year, besides ten sequins for every two months, that is, half a paul for every crown. Two months is the usual period of this loan, so that if you retain it a whole year, you pay six hundred and thirty-two crowns for the use of four hundred. It is to be observed, that the money-lender is himself sometimes the proprietor of the goods, and also, that they are sometimes nominal only, and have never existed.

When a Gentleman is not able to pay his debts, the people, by sound of trumpet, are forbid to trust him;—were this the case in England what fine trumpeting there would be. The estate is immediately put to nurse, and a Curator appointed. Wives continue to have the management of their own estates, unless they make a voluntary resignation of them to their husbands.

The Sienese, could they afford it, would love

ex-

expence. Their hearts are excellent, and their manners courteous. Society is on a pleasant footing. The women receive you with cordiality, and they receive you always. At certain hours you are sure they are at home. How is it in England? Your visits there, nine times out of ten, are to the porter. Madam is at her toilette, or is engaged in some domestic concern and does not chuse to be at home. Here, the fair sex have literally nothing to do, and society is always welcome. Besides, though I both esteem and respect the virtues of my countrywomen, there is a coldness and reserve in their manners totally unknown to the inhabitants of warmer climes. They would be perfect were this altered without going any further. The men are too formal, they salute all they meet; even those they never saw before: a civility not only troublesome but improper. Salutation, though a mark of respect to Sovereigns, is used in society as an acknowledgment of acquaintanceship. If you salute every person you meet indiscriminately, how are you to distinguish your friends and acquaintance? Their own proverb says—"*Chi saluta tutti non si fa amico nessuno.*" This is not all:—the public walk is short and narrow; you meet the same persons twenty times the same evening, and must bow as often;

as

as Sir ARCHY says in the Comedy—"You must *bow*, Sir, *bow, bow, bow.*" In short, to be well bred in any part of Italy, you must be very ceremonious. I can fancy to myself a well-bred Italian passing the greatest part of the evening on a stair-case in England. The first woman he meets on the stairs, without a man to accompany her, he hands to her carriage; he does as civilly by the next, and every one that follows, and never gets into the room himself till the company have nearly left it.

Formerly a Cardinal was styled, Illustrissimo, —then, Eminenza,—now, *Eminentissimo.* So very lavish are we of titles in this country, that, I expect, ere it be long, some good-for-nothing fellow or other will be called, *Vostra Divinitá.* The Italians are pompous in every thing that costs them nothing. They direct a letter to their tailor—"*Al Signore Signore Padrone colendissimo il Signore tale.*" When spoken to, he is *Vostra Signoria.* The title consequently is no longer well received by those to whom it properly belongs. *Illustrissimo*, and *Eccellenza* supply its place. A Concert is called an Academy.—The School of PLATO was so called, but I cannot see the smallest affinity between his Philosophical Lectures and the tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee of a modern concert. The most trifling message is always an *Ambasciata* (embassy),

bassy), and what you would call a house they call a palace.*

The Sienese dress better than most of their neighbours, and are always full dressed on every holiday. They seldom wear their hats, even in windy weather: and never put them on their heads while they walk or converse with a woman. Surely no people on earth are such slaves to the fair-sex as the Italians. I forgive them kissing their hands; it is a mark of servitude neither inconvenient nor unpleasant; but, to expose a bare head to the *vento greco* (north-east wind), is an unnecessary piece of formality, and I am surprised that good sense on one part, and good nature on the other, should not long since have put an end to it. Conversation, on the contrary, is lively, easy, and agreeable. The abbreviation of their Christian names is a proof of their familiarity. Francesco they call Cecco, Caterina, Nina; and so the rest. This would surprise a Spaniard.—*Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y figueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza* would on no account omit one of his names, and still less would he suffer either of them to be mutilated.†

* Some of these assertions are in direct contradiction to Signor BARETTI.

† See VOLTAIRE's Candide.

The

The Sienese were formerly famous boxers; nor is it less extraordinary that places should have been allotted them according to their rank. The Nobles fought in the Piazza grande—Scholars, at Sant' Agostino—Bourgeois, I forget where—Servants, in the Piazza del Carmine—Facchini, at San Dominico. The time was during the Carnival; when that began they were at liberty to begin, and in those days, without doubt, it was no disgrace to a Gentleman to dance a minuet with a black eye or a broken nose.

Before I close my letter, I must tell you the news of the day. A two-legged animal, who for eighteen years has been looked upon and educated as a woman, is at last discovered to be a man. A severe colic, and the fomentations applied to remove it, produced on a sudden those distinguishing signs of manhood which till that time had never appeared, and what is still more extraordinary, had never been suspected. This she-he creature is gone to Florence to make known his case to the Grand Duke, and to request some assistance, not knowing in what manner to gain a livelyhood as a man, having been brought up a *mantua-maker*.

LETTER XLIX.

THE University of Siena, though less renowned than that of Pisa, is well appointed with Professors. At the Sapienza twelve Scholars are boarded and instructed at the expence of the University; they must be Sienese, and already understand Latin. Degrees are confirmed after six years residence; they are then at liberty to exercise their professions in any part of the Tuscan State.

The College Tolomei is appropriated to the Noblesse only, and they must prove their four quarters before they can be admitted. They pay eighty crowns a year for their board, and are instructed in Latin, rhetoric, philosophy, and mathematics. Riding, dancing, fencing, drawing, music, &c. are paid for apart:—the whole expence amounting nearly to two hundred crowns. The institution is a good one. Morality is strictly attended to, and if they are not more learned,

learned, their fathers are most in fault. I am assured, from the best authority, that though they will sometimes ask if their sons dance or fence well, they seldom, if ever, enquire what books they read. On a certain day, I forget which, in the month of September, the students speak in public.—They dance.—They fence. Those who are musicians play on the instruments they have learned. Each, at this time, performs in some manner or other, before a respectable and brilliant assembly of both sexes. It gives confidence and emulation to the young men, and shews their parents in the least equivocal manner the progress they make from one year to another. The month of October they pass at Santa Colomba, a large palace six miles from Siena, pleasantly situated, and kept for this purpose. Here they are indulged in such sports as the country affords. They are out in the fields all the morning, and in the evening play at trucco, &c. &c. I found one little fellow locked up in the dormitory, by way of punishment, while the others were scampering about the country. I detest the rod; it soon loses its effect both on the mind and body. Other punishments might surely be found, less exceptionable. —*suaviter in modo fortiter in re.* At all times, whether in College or not; whether at their studies or at play, they have somebody to look after

after them, and are divided into different squads, according to their different ages. The College Tolomei wisely preferring prevention to punishment. Santa Colomba formerly belonged to the famous PANDOLFO PETRUCCI, that intriguing and daring spirit, who, in the time of the Republic, rendered himself master and tyrant of the State. You are shewn a subterraneous passage which is supposed to have communicated with the city.

The Bourgeoise have only the advantage of the seminary of San Giorgio. They pay sixty crowns a year, and are taught Latin, rhetoric, and philosophy. Private tutors, and walking Abbés are also provided by some families as at Florence. Education, I believe, in all countries is more or less defective. In our infancy, improper compliance or unnecessary refusal are equally erroneous; there is no end to the one when once it is begun; and the other, too often repeated, sours the temper, and at last provokes resistance. Do not fancy that indulgence always proceeds from good nature in the parents; more frequently it proceeds from carelessness, love of their own ease, or ignorance of the duties required of them: yes, is easily said, and prevents trouble: no, must be accompanied with substantial reasons to prove the request improper, or compliance impossible. I must also observe,

that

that prohibitions are sometimes dangerous. Lord J——, when he came home from school for the holidays, was told not to ride upon the great house-dog; it was, of course, the first thing he did, and he fell down and broke his nose.

As children grow up is instruction made the most of? Are they made to advance regularly, as on a well-built stair-case, by slow degrees, and without difficulty? Ask a child, What is Geography? and, he will answer, It is a description of the terraqueous Globe; but, if you should afterwards ask what a Globe is, he will tell you, perhaps, he does not know; that he has not been taught it. This shews how necessary Method is in every Science, and that mathematics, at a proper age, should be one of the first studies, as a key to all the rest. Maxims cannot be inculcated too early. Those of DE WIT are excellent—"*Never to put off till to-morrow what you can do to day.—Never to leave to another what you can do yourself.—And when you have many things to do, to finish one first.*"

As for talents, it frequently happens that they are neither beneficial to ourselves, nor agreeable to others. Vanity but too often inclines us to bring them forward when they are not called for, and through want of attention to exercise them

longer than they are desirable. You have only to add the envy they usually occasion, to be convinced that great talents, unless accompanied with great discretion, more frequently render the possessor disagreeable than agreeable in society, where those persons, *cæteris paribus*, are most beloved who are most attentive, and most pliant to the will of others. It was said of SCIPIO that he was "*Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus*," and it is generally believed that he was a happy man, since, the next good thing to *good company* is, no company at all. ROUSSEAU says, very justly—"*Qu'on perd tout le tems qu'on peut mieux employer.*" Yet I have often thought that those whose situation in life requires them to live in continual society, had better not know the comfort of being able to amuse themselves.—The Duke de la ROCHEFOUCAULT tells us, "*Qu'il n'y a rien de si necessaire que de sçavoir s'ennuyer.*"

He who knows best how to bear the vicissitudes of good and bad fortune, is the best educated. ARISTIPPUS being asked what a child should be taught? replied, "*That which is most likely to be useful to him when he is grown up.*" In this our public schools are deficient. Whatever may be the natural disposition of the boys —whatever may be the intention of their parents

with

with regard to their future destination, *all are taught alike.* A boy is not taught his natural dependency which should teach him humility; nor the mutual obligations we have to each other, which might teach him benevolence. He is a tyrant to his servants, because he pays them, and forgets that the man who blacks his shoes submits to an humiliating office, and dearly earns his wages. The different duties of son, husband, father, master, and citizen, are totally neglected. They are necessary lessons, and if economy, I mean that laudable economy which is the reverse of extravagance, and the source of generosity, were added, there would still remain a sufficient number of hours for the acquisition of *Greek* and *Latin;* languages which, as exhibiting the purest models of composition, are of infinite value to literary men, but which are often totally neglected by men of the world, who seldom, I believe, retain so much Greek as to understand the *new Chemical Nomenclature,* or the classes and orders of LINNÆUS without a Dictionary; or such a smattering of Latin as would serve an Apothecary.

Apropos to education.—I forgot to mention in a former Letter, that we have been highly entertained here lately with the extraordinary feats of a Canary Bird. I am always astonished at the

patience of those who instruct animals in these supernatural performances. It is difficult to conceive the means they use.—It is not easy to mortify a Pig, or punish a Canary Bird.

LETTER L.

THE Public Libraries are at the University and Sant' Agostino. The former has no manuscript earlier than the ninth century: in the other is a Papiro, supposed to be of the sixth: it is in Latin, and but few words are legible.

The Museum consists of various antiquities, fossils, &c., no otherwise interesting than as they were found in the Siena state; and the body of a Negro stuffed, the thickness of whose skin is really a curiosity; the black leather that usually covers a travelling trunk, is not so thick.

At the Academies of the Intronati and Rozzi, the members meet two or three times a year to repeat their compositions, and company is admitted.

Siena has been always famous for purity of language; even the common people speak it elegantly. At Florence the pronunciation is bad.

bad. They are also ridiculed for their *Che fa Ella?* though it ought to be adopted: *Che fa Lei* is false grammar, and a school-boy would be flogged for it. At Pisa, they say *dico* at every word,—a disagreeable trick; I wonder each does not see the ridicule in his neighbour, though he be blind to it in himself:—it is the old story of Mr. SAY,—they say, you say, I say, I say, I say, at every word I say, &c. Few of our countrymen will take the trouble to learn Italian. Such as mix little with the natives, have occasion, it is true, for few words; those necessary on the road are soon learned; and even in an assembly many are not expected from an Englishman, who is generally supposed by the Italians to sell his words dearer than his *bacalà* (salt fish). This being the case, *lo credo*, *Sarà*, and *così è*, may carry him very politely from one end of Italy to the other. The French, who are remarkable for speaking no language well except their own, make terrible work of the Italian,—they lay the accent on the last syllable: our accent, though not good, is less offensive to the delicate ear of an Italian. The Florentines, at least, have no right to complain of either; they change the very letters of words: Casa into *hasa;* Cosa, *hosa*, &c.:—a guttural pronunciation peculiar to themselves, and disagreeable to every body besides. It was not

less

less the custom in the time of DANTE, who, in his poem Del Inferno, tells us, that the souls of his countrymen were thus easily distinguished.

In all languages there are some words not to be translated. The English words, *comfort*, *humour*, *good-nature;* the French word *ennui*, and many others. The Italians have an excellent word, "*Ingegniarsi;*" a child is puzzled how to open a door; the father, instead of assisting him, says—"*Ingegniatevi:*" I know no word that unites so well the various efforts of the mind and body. *Seccatore* also very happily expresses what we call a *bore;*—a character you will frequently meet with in a country where they talk a great deal, and have little to say. *Pazienza* is an excellent exclamation; no people use it so often as the Italians, and few have so much occasion for it.

Idioms differ still more materially. A well-bred Frenchman will say—"*Oserois-je vous demander;*" "*Faites moi l'honneur de me dire;*" "*Mademoiselle votre Sœur;*" "*Monsieur le Marquis.*"—Translated into English, they are ridiculous.—The Duke de BOURBON, when I was at Chantilly, asked me many questions concerning "*Monsieur le Roi d'Angleterre.*" Literal translations seldom answer in any language. A foreigner of my acquaintance, writing an official letter to England, and speaking of the King

King of Naples, said—"His Majesty was gone into the country, but had taken very few of his *courtezans* (meaning courtiers) along with him."*

A Sicilian cook that I brought with me to Florence from Palermo, fond of speaking French, which he but little understood, proposed to make an English dish which he said I liked: when I asked who told him so, he replied—"*Monsieur le petit maitre*" (meaning my son).†

A Frenchman translating into French the comedy of Love's Last Shift, calls it, *La derniere Chemise de l'Amour.*—And Lord P——, when at Paris, being fond of ducks smothered with onions, ordered his cook to get him a couple, *et les etouffer avec des ognions.* The cook, who was a Frenchman, did not understand what my friend meant, and replied—"*Ah! pour cela, Monsieur Milord, laissez moi faire; je les etouf-ferai bien sans les ognions.*"

In English we say, "*play off cannon:*" this, as well as another military expression, "*cause a diversion,*" when considered as equivoques, are

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* Courtiers, in French courtisans.

† Padroncino, in Italian, is the diminutive of Padrone, *Master.*

ridi-

ridiculous also.—That cannon was *played off* at the siege of Gibraltar, which carried away and wounded seven legs for four men,—and we Christians call that *a diversion*, which God knows is intended to destroy thousands of our fellow creatures. Many of our words are corruptions from other languages; *ditto*, for instance: we know what it means, for we have been told it. The word, as it is written with an *i*, signifies nothing: *detto* is the word in Italian, and means *already said.*

Delicacy of expression seems to have no fixed rules; nor is it often that the manners of one country will bear transplanting into another. A Siena lady made me, as I thought, a most indecent speech; wishing to repeat it at my return home, I was puzzling my brain how to render it fit for a female ear, when the lady came in, and told it herself without any difficulty. The French, in some instances, are not more delicate. A well-bred Frenchman sends his valet de chambre in the morning to know if a lady's physic has begun to operate, and comes himself at noon to inquire how many times Madame has been at the *garderobe*. Mrs. W——, at an inn in France, having occasion to speak to her maid, passed by the door of the privy, at that moment occupied by a well-bred Frenchman, who, concluding she was coming there herself, bolted out, holding

holding up his breeches in one hand, and a piece of waste-paper in the other, and made a thousand apologies for the incivility of occupying the place before her. Your ladies take even an unnecessary trouble to conceal the necessities of nature; here we hand our ladies to the very door of the water-closet.*

I shall now mention some mistakes we English are frequently guilty of, that are particularly offensive to an Italian. The imperfect tense instead of the preterite, "*Quando andavo al Teatro il Ballo era gia finito,*" instead of "*Quando andai.*"—Using the verb to go, instead of the verb to come. "*Anderà con noi,*" instead of "*Verrà con noi.*" The pluperfect of the indicative, instead of the pluperfect of the subjunctive. "*Se Io aveva Saputo,*" instead of "*Se Io avessi Saputo.*"—The present of the indicative, instead of the present of the subjunctive, "*Che Io so,*" for "*Che Io sappia,*"—and the second person plural, instead of the third person singular. "*Voi,*" instead of "*Lei;*" an improper familiarity that got a countryman of ours into a sad scrape at Venice. His companion, who was an Italian of high rank, thought himself

* At every theatre there are water-closets, and women appointed to attend them.

insulted,

insulted, and took him to task for it. The Englishman, not a little surprised, excused himself by saying, " *Io so Signore che voi siete Lei, ma Io non lo posso dire.*" The first reproof I received from my language master was, that when he sneezed I said nothing. He told me I ought to have said, "*Evviva Lei,*" and he would then have replied, " *Grazie distinte.*" Common conversation is the first thing to be studied in modern languages; compliment makes a considerable part of it. Learn therefore immediately those compliments which are most in vogue, for your character, as a civil or uncivil man, depends on the use you make of them. It is usual, when you do not accept of a thing which is offered, to say, " *La ringrazio ;*" and, when you do, " *Mi farà Grazia.*" *Oggi*, which usually means the whole day, by some strange abuse or other, in Italian means the afternoon only ;—*La Mattina* expressing the whole space of time till after dinner. In speaking to the common people, you call every man, *Galant Uomo*, and every woman, *Sposa.*

As in our language we are not embarrassed with articles, we see no reason why a knife should be masculine, and a fork feminine ; and still less, why a coach should be of one gender in France, and of another in Italy : and yet, discreet as we usually are in the use of our genders, in one instance

stance we are as bad as our neighbours, when we make a female of a man of war. This is the most difficult part of every language, and when we English begin to speak French or Italian is the cause of many laughable mistakes, and sometimes of indecent ones. Bad pronunciation also, for which we are famous, often occasions an equivoque. The Englishman who said, "*J'ai eté un âne á Paris et je serai un âne á Rome,*" was believed, though it was plainly perceived he did not mean what he said.

LETTER LI.

ON the second of July, the Visitation of the Madonna, is the first race in the Piazza. The town is divided into seventeen contrade, or wards, ten of which contend for the Palio. The remaining seven, and three of the ten above-mentioned, added by ballot, complete the number for the ensuing year. The Palio is a piece of plate of twenty-five sequins value, given annually by three Gentlemen who nominate their successors. The race-horses (common hacks, hired at four pauls a day), are under the management of their own jockeys for four days before they start, during which time there are Provas * in the Piazza every morning and evening. The

* Kind of trials, to exercise their own horses, and try the speed of those of their antagonists.

Provas

Provas never fail to assemble a great number of people, and frequently afford better diversion than the race itself. The *Fantini* (jockeys), ride without saddles, are distinguished by different colours, and each is furnished with a bull's pizzle, which he is at liberty to use as he thinks fit, either on his horse or his adversary. Their dress is provided for them, and particular care is taken that their breeches be all of the same stuff. It is a service of danger. They ride upon a slippery and uneven pavement; and have two turnings to make at right angles. I saw five horses fall the same day. When one falls, it frequently happens that two or three fall over him. Surely this Palio was an invention of the surgeons, for it is the best contrivance for breaking of bones, the rack only excepted, I ever beheld. The race is less dangerous than the Provas, for the Piazza is then covered with sand; yet, notwithstanding this necessary precaution, accidents but too frequently happen. I have already told you that two of the turnings are at right angles. The first is at the beginning of a steep descent, the other at the end of a rise equal to it. The jockey who does not begin to bend his horse, a considerable distance before he arrives at the post, is in danger from the opposite wall. Dorino, the most skilful and boldest rider I ever saw, loses but little ground at the

first

first turning, and none at the second; he comes strait up to the post at an easy rate; his horse by this means recovers his wind, and he is so perfectly master of him, though without stirrups or saddle, that he turns him short round the post without danger of falling. This man, by long practice, has acquired so perfect a knowledge of the ground, that, let his horse be what it may, he usually wins. The place where you can best judge of all the difficulties, and all the dangers of this extraordinary race, is from the house of my friend Chevalier CERRETANI, and those that are nearest to it. From the above description, you will conclude, that as much depends on the dexterity and resolution of the rider, as on the goodness of the horse. I have been told of two extraordinary manœuvres.—A fantino, in turning one of the corners, hung the horse of his antagonist to the post, by seizing hold of his bridle as he past, and throwing it over. The posts are much lower than ours. Another finding himself between two fantini, both superior to him, dropped his own bridle, and seizing on theirs, held both their horses back by main force, and won by the neck. Judge what a number of hard blows this fellow must have endured in so unequal a contest. I have seen enough myself to believe the truth of all I have heard. At the last race, the fantino, who, having the best horse

was

was expected to win, was seized by two others at starting, and not suffered to go on. In the midst of this confusion, two of the three fell to the ground, where they renewed the combat. They are allowed to fight on horseback, but not on foot, so both were sent to prison. It had more the appearance of a battle than of a race.

It is not possible to give you an adequate idea of the enthusiasm with which all ranks are inspired on this occasion, from the first of the nobility to the lowest of the people. Each person wears, for several days before the contest, the colours of his Contrada: the very order of chivalry is reversed, and the women wear the colours of the men. The Contrada which is victorious, is in one continual uproar the whole night afterwards. *Te Deum* is sung in the church, and the very horse is led up to the altar to partake of a ceremony where decency and devotion are sacrificed to noise and festivity. As for the conqueror himself, he is a demi-god; they carry him about, and shew him as a prodigy; they surround him—they stroke him—they kiss him, and smother him almost with kindness.—It is fortunate that women, who frequently in Italy do the work of men, should be exempted at least from this!

On the fourteenth of August, the vigil of the Madonna, the Magistrates walk in procession to the

the Duomo, and present a wax offering, carried in an old cart of high estimation, a spoil taken from the Florentines; and each house-keeper presents a wax candle, of half a pound weight, to the Priest for the service of the church. The horses that run for the Palio, are at the same time blessed. I am always sorry when good intentions do not succeed: a few years ago one of the best racers in Italy fell here in running, and was killed on the spot. The Neapolitan Prince, to whom the horse belonged, seems to have lost his faith in the Madonna, and has not sent another since: the ceremony, useless as it has been proved, is continued notwithstanding.

The fifteenth of August is the fête of the Madonna, the great gala day of the year. In the morning there is music at the Duomo. The Governor gives a public dinner, to which strangers of fashion are invited: and in the evening is the *Palio alla lunga*—a horse-race without riders, in every respect similar to that at Florence. The prize is a piece of velvet, of one hundred and thirty crowns value. This race is best seen from the steps of the Casino, and the instant the horses are past, you should run to the Terrace on the other side;—the Piazza, in which there was not one soul, in a few minutes is crowded with people; they pour in at the same instant from eleven different streets and

passages; and it is certainly one of the most pleasing, and most extraordinary *coup d'œils* I ever saw:—they assemble to see the Prova for the *Palio alla tonda*, which begins as soon as the race is over.

On the sixteenth is the *Palio alla tonda*, similar to that of the second of July, already described. I will inclose you a Siena list of the names of the horses, and colours of the riders. During these fêtes the Opera is good, and the town full of company.

Pleasant as these fêtes have been, those of last year were still more brilliant. The Archdukes then honored Siena with a visit, and the Sienese, naturally an affectionate and loyal people, spared neither expence nor trouble to receive them as they deserve. When I tell you we had balls, masquerades, concerts, and operas, you know very well what such diversions are. Were I to describe the fête which the seventeen Contrade gave in the Piazza, where each produced a pageant representing a story analogous to the name it bears, the description would be ridiculous, though the sight was charming. For instance, the Oca (goose) chose the triumph of MANLIUS, and on the same car which represented the Tarpeian Rock, and the Capitol of Rome, was seen the goose that saved it. The fate of HERO and LEANDER was the subject

the

the Torre (tower) chose:—HERO lamented her loss on a pasteboard tower; and LEANDER was seen drowning in the bottom of a car drawn by four post-horses; and so the rest: while the number of horse and foot that attended each car; the variety and brilliancy of their dresses; the crowded windows of every house; and the astonishing concourse of people that filled the Piazza; afforded altogether a spectacle that I shall always remember with pleasure. The Palio concluded the festival.

After a few weeks residence, every instant of which was agreeably employed, the Arch Dukes took their leave. The Grand Duke immediately on their return to Florence, wrote a letter of thanks to the Nobility and inhabitants of Siena, who, not to be behind hand with him in courtesy, went in a body to the Cathedral to thank *le bon Dieu* for the gracious Letter they had received from *the Grand Duke.*

Princes, if ever I envy you, it is for the pleasures you give, not for those you enjoy. Your favorable looks make cheerful countenances; and a Letter, which did not give this Prince five minutes trouble, has made sixteen thousand people happy. Gracious are ye, if you smile,—witty, if you speak—and, as you are never questioned, always learned. Admiration you acquire at little cost, and one kind word frequently at-

taches those to your persons who are discontented under your government. In short, so exalted is your station, that it must ever be your own faults if you are not respected: and so favorable, or so deceptive is the medium through which you are seen, that it must give you infinitely more trouble to make yourselves hated than beloved.

SIENA RACES, 2d JULY, 1786.

Posto alla Mossa. *Place at the Starting Post.*	Nome della Contrada. *Name of the Ward.*	Colore del Cavallo. *Colour of the Horse.*	Colori della Contrada. *Colours of the Ward.*	Nome del Fantino. *Name of the Jockey.*
1.	Pantera	Sauro sfacciato	Rosso un po di Bianco	Groppa Secca
2.	Leocorno	Morello	Bianco e Giallo	Lolo
3.	Oca	Bajo stellato	Bianco e Verde	Benjamino
4.	Bruco	Morello mal tinto	Verde e Giallo	Uccellino
5.	Onda	Sauro	Bianco e Celeste	Gigi susina
6.	Aquila	Bajo	Giallo un po di Celeste	Ciocio
7.	Nicchio	Bajo dorato	Turchino un po di Giallo	Gigi bestia
8.	Civetta	Leardo	Nero un po di Giallo	Biggiari
9.	Giraffa	Morello	Bianco e Rosso	Guercio
10.	Tartuca	Morello mal tinto	Giallo e Nero	Dorino: *Dorino won.*

LETTER LII.

THE Opera at Siena usually lasts till the end of August. The Theatre having been twice burnt down, one of the Nobility (he is changed every night) is appointed to visit every part, both before and after the representation. It is called *Inspezzione*. Whatever relates to the theatre is under this gentleman's direction, and one of the stage boxes is allotted to him. The Theatre was built by BIBIENA. Three scenes are famous:—a Prison, a Temple, and il Magnifico a kind of Drawing-room. They are all well painted. Last night the Opera ended, and we are now left without any amusement whatever; we have neither hunting, shooting, nor fishing: we have neither ball, concert, nor assembly:—a coffee-house bench stands in lieu of all, and yet, agreeable occupation is as necessary to the mind, as gentle exercise is to the body.

Destitute of employment here, as in other parts of

of Tuscany, the Nobility lead a very idle life. Love, which is said to be the amusement of men, and the business of women, is here, I think, the business of both; nor do they seem to have any other. The style of living of the women is nearly the same all over Italy. They rise late. The toilette, and a few male visitors, occupy them before dinner. The toilette, a few male visitors, the corso, and the opera, occupy them after dinner.—I speak in general. There are, without doubt, among them some *beaux esprits*, and some *good housewives;* but in France you will probably find more of the one, and in England more of the other. The visiting hour is about twelve in the morning. The afternoon in summer being dedicated to repose, confidential friends only are admitted. When there is no theatre *la prima sera* (about an hour after it is dark), is the hour of visiting. The last house you go to, like the last box at the theatre, is usually that in which you are most at home: about ten is the hour you go thither, when the friends and admirers of the lady of the house assemble, and form a circle, where she takes care to be the only object of their attention.

You must not expect to find much friendship between women of gallantry. *La jalousie du metier* necessarily prevents it. In no country do women embrace more, or love each other less.

You,

You, who are sincere, should make it an invariable rule never to talk of one woman to another. If you speak well of her, you are sure to offend. If ill, you most probably will be betrayed. Take care how you write. Mr. ——, a young Englishman, in love with a lady lately married, wrote her a letter, which, she very good-naturedly, has shewn to her husband, and Cavalier Servente. A man is a great coxcomb who takes such a liberty without encouragement; and even then, if he is wise, will introduce some expressions of gratitude (the more *outrè* the better), that may effectually prevent the lady from shewing the letter out of vanity. Luckily for my friend, they have made so much noise about this silly affair, that the sposa is piqued, and has roundly told them both, that, since they have made so great a fuss for such a trifle, she is determined, let what will happen in future, to say nothing about it.

The first week in October removes all the Nobility and many of the citizens from the town to the country; and during the six weeks the Villeggiatura lasts, Siena is entirely deserted. The villas in this neighbourhood are more commodious than large; more neat than elegant. They surround the town on every side, each standing boldly on an eminence, enjoying the beauties of the scene it contributes to adorn.

They

They are not buried in bottoms, nor hid among trees, like many in England, that deserve much better to be seen.

Country sports are chiefly confined to the catching of small birds.—The Boschetto, and Coppiole. The Boschetto is a large clump of detached bushes, usually on an eminence, connected together by twigs of bird-lime. A man concealed in the middle, imitates with a whistle the cry of a hawk: the thrushes, which at this season are on their passage, fancying themselves in danger, seek shelter in the wood, where they entangle themselves in the bird-lime, and are easily taken. This bird, which is not bad eating, was a famous dish in ancient Rome.

The Coppiole is a piece of ground hollowed in the middle, and has two large nets spread on each side; a low bush is in the center, and many singing birds in cages near it. Not far distant is a hovel, at the window of which a man sits, who, immediately as a bird settles on the bush, pulls the net over him. They are chiefly linnets. These birds of passage regularly make their appearance the beginning of October, driven, it is thought, by the cold from the countries on the other side the Alps. The example they set is excellent,—I wish it were as easy to follow. You will conclude, that both these diversions occasion more expence and trouble

than

than they are worth; yet I can assure you, they make no inconsiderable figure in the sporting annals of Siena:—a regular account is kept of the number they take each day, of which these sportsmen are not less proud than an English fox-hunter of his foxes heads. Game cannot but be scarce in a country where, for twelve pauls, any one may obtain liberty to destroy it: singing-birds, therefore, designed by Nature to delight the ears of man, become objects of his pursuit;—and even the poor inoffensive swallow, who seeks shelter under his roof, is made one of the luxuries of his table. The migration of birds is really wonderful. On my passage from Leghorn to Palermo, I had nineteen swallows and a linnet in my cabin at the same time. We were then sixty miles from the nearest land. It is probable they seek nearly the same degree of warmth, if not of latitude; and perhaps are not a little guided by a particular kind of food which at that season may abound there: but how do they get there?—That the swallow, who is always on the wing, may be equal to a long passage, is not improbable; but the quail, whose wings are short in proportion to her body, and which on land is remarkable for the short flights she takes, how is she to pass the Mediterranean Sea?—and yet she does pass and repass it every year. The thrushes, the linnets, and other small

birds

birds that come hither at this season, and nearly on the same day, how are they instructed when to depart, and what course to take?—In short, it is part of that regular system of the universe, the work of an all-wise, and all-powerful CREATOR, that we must always admire, but cannot always understand.

The extraordinary number of villas in the neighbourhood of Siena furnish constant society; and the Sienese on this occasion, banishing all nonsensical form and ceremony, wisely indulge in social intercourse and cheerful familiarity with all their neighbours, whether noble or otherwise: they receive them even at dinner time with that friendship and cordiality for which this amiable people have been always famous. Balls are frequently given to the Contadini, when every one is admitted. It is a scene of uncommon merriment. I was surprised to see English country-dances performed with so little confusion; but when the Trescone* struck up, the animation was general,—rich and poor, old and young, men, women, and children, all joined; and they literally kicked up such a dust, as seldom failed to drive me out of the room.

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* Trescone—the common dance of the peasants, so called.

For want of better diversion, I went yesterday to a fair at *Ponte a Tressa*, five miles distant from Siena. The village is in a delightful valley, in the midst of fertile fields and luxuriant vineyards. The vines, which here hang in festoons from tree to tree, are beautiful; but, as beauty and goodness seldom unite, low vines are best.

The Fair has little to recommend it to a stranger, except its situation. The horses are little and weak: the oxen only are fine; they are all of a grey colour, and of great size and strength. The young cattle, driven hither in herds, and perfectly savage, seldom fail to afford some diversion. When you have made your choice, a man on horseback throws a rope with a noose at the end of it, over the horns of the calf, and, thus entangled, separates him from the herd: he is then coupled to an ox, not without difficulty, who drags him along. If the ox do not approve of his companion, an accident that sometimes happens, they play the very devil, and the whole fair is in the utmost confusion. A calf six months old costs about five sequins.

Handkerchiefs, ribbands, &c. are sold to the common people; but all were so bad, that I could not lay out a single paul in a fairing;—and if I had, I saw not one pretty girl to give it

to.

to. Fifty pounds, in the hands of an Italian, would have bought, cattle excepted, all that the fair contained. A man who sold gunpowder seemed to have most to do, and was by much the most conspicuous figure. He was a walking armoury. He had a long sword by his side, two immense pistols in his girdle, a gun in his hand, and, without doubt, a stiletto in his pocket. He might have bid defiance to all the Sbirri the Grand Duke has. I was charmed with my return to Siena. The view of the town placed to such advantage, and the rich cultivation of the surrounding hills, formed a *coup d'œil* at once majestic and delightful. I asked a farmer whom I overtook on the road some questions. He asked me in return, if the town of London were as large as Siena.—He put me in mind of VIRGIL'S TITYRUS.

The time now approaches that I must leave this amiable people; I shall leave them with regret. Come hither, and learn Italian, where it is spoken in the greatest purity. If, as every traveller ought, you wish to learn the language of the country where you are, the most effectual method will be to board in an Italian house; in the course of a few months you will then inevitably speak Italian, and speak it well: but if you associate, as it is usual, with your own

coun-

countrymen only, you most probably will speak no language except your own. You cannot pass a summer more pleasantly than at Siena; nor will you find so much courtesy, and so much cordiality in any other town in Italy.

LETTER LIII.

HITHERTO I have endeavoured to make you acquainted with the principal towns in Tuscany. I shall now give a short account of Tuscany itself. You are to expect a sketch, not a history. Ancient Etruria extended beyond the narrow limits of modern Tuscany. A fertile country, in the very centre of Italy, could not escape the ambition of the Sabine ravishers, and the inhabitants more famed for arts than arms, after various conflicts, various defeats, were constrained at last to submit to superior valor. As to the Polite Arts, they flourished in Etruria, while the Conquerors of the World were followers of the plough, and much is it to the honor of modern Tuscany that they should owe their restoration in Europe to the same country in which they originated. At the fall of the Western Empire, Tuscany became a province of Lombardy, and submitted with the rest

of

of that kingdom to the arms of CHARLEMAGNE. It was not till after the extinction of his family that she recovered her liberty. The House of EST, of which the present Arch Duchess of Milan is the only representative, succeeded by marriage to the Marquisate of Tuscany. The famous Countess MATILDA, daughter of BONIFACE D'EST, became possessed of all his provinces, and bequeathed them to the Pope—a handsome legacy; and though not valid with regard to Tuscany, which was a fief of the empire, yet has added to the Holy See all that country now called *Il Patrimonio di San Pietro.* Tuscany still remained to the Emperor, but the two contending parties of GUELPHS and GHIBELLINES, which began about the year 1200, and occupied all Italy, soon gave the Florentines an opportunity to throw off the yoke, and form a Republic. Having already treated of this matter in my first Letter from Florence, I shall now only add, that the Florentines seem to have enjoyed little tranquillity till the accession of COSIMO the First to the Duchy of Tuscany. As the Athenians banished their greatest and most powerful men, to preserve a greater equality among the citizens, so the Florentines, envious of superior merit, banished theirs, and recalled them afterwards. The history of Florence, to the time of COSIMO, is one continued series of

vio-

violence, conspiracy, and assassination. Neither persons nor property were secure. The Nobles were tyrants in the city, and freebooters in the country, seizing by open force, Arab-like, whatever passed their territories. The people were turbulent and seditious every where.

The life of COSIMO is not the least interesting part of the Tuscan history. He had great talents and great vices.—He was cunning, brave, and enterprising; and by artful management rendered the Florentine character as tame and supple, as he had found it fierce and ungovernable. Like AUGUSTUS, he concealed his power, by keeping the Senate to bear the odium of every unpopular act; and, like that Emperor, prudently contented himself with making it subservient to his wishes. He left the Tribunals as they were; but by allowing an appeal to himself, he became shortly the only judge in all causes both civil and criminal. He permitted a form of government to remain which he knew how to render useless, and thus artfully on the ruins of a Republic formed the basis of the most despotic Government in Europe. The people, enriched by their commerce, bore patiently, because they could supply easily, the taxes he imposed; and the Sovereign who cunningly began with the sparing allowance of twelve thousand ducats for the maintenance of his Court, soon after

after taxed as he thought proper, and squandered as he pleased. This Prince, though fortunate in his enterprises, was not less unhappy than AUGUSTUS in his family. The scandalous Chronicle of those times does not spare him, but I am unwilling to foul the paper on which I write with atrocities of so black a die. I shall also pass over the weakness, libertinism, and bigotry of some of his successors, and the despotism of them all. With greater pleasure I shall relate that they were magnificent and liberal,—Encouraged the Arts,—Patronised Science,—and protected Men of Letters; nor was the ALEXANDRIAN age in Greece, or the AUGUSTAN in Rome, more justly celebrated than that of the MEDICI in modern Italy. JOHN GASTON, the last of the family, having no children, the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, to accommodate the respectable but unfortunate STANILAUS, whose daughter LOUIS the Fifteenth married, was ceded to FRANCOIS Duke of Lorraine, who succeeding shortly after to the Imperial throne, bestowed it on his second son PETER LEOPOLD. Though this Sovereign has only the title of Royal Highness, a title first conferred on COSIMO the Third, he enjoys all the rights of a King, and all the powers of the most unlimited despotism. He has neither Council to advise, nor Parliament to controul him. He makes the laws, alters the

laws, revokes the laws, *motu proprio*, that is, at his own will and pleasure.

The climate of Tuscany is various, and adapted to every season. Pisa is mild in winter; Siena, cool in summer; and Florence, not less excellent in the spring and autumn. Though the *mauvais plaisants* will tell you that the Grand Duke is so fond of change, that he has changed even the climate.—I am sorry to think, that, by cutting down the woods on the Apennines, he has changed it for the worse, both in winter and summer. The face of the country is beautiful. The white houses have a gay appearance on the sides of the green hills; and their flat roofs, peculiar elegance. Whatever may be our reasons for adopting the opposite extreme, beauty most certainly is not one of them.

A million of inhabitants you will think, perhaps, a small number for a country that contains nine thousand two hundred and seven square miles; a country that has not a single colony to lessen the number of its inhabitants. Should you pass any time in Tuscany, your surprise will gradually diminish. Matrimony, the best friend to population, is not in fashion. The rich in this country, as well as elsewhere, see few marriages happy; and the ease they find with the wives of others, makes wives of their own unnecessary. Those who are poor do not

marry,

marry, because they cannot maintain a family. The suppression of Convents, if meant to remedy this evil, most probably will increase it. Convents, considered as a voluntary retreat, offer a comfortable asylum to the ugly, to the infirm, and to the poor, from the vanities of a world which they seem by Nature little calculated to enjoy; and, by relieving their families from a heavy burthen, enable many to marry who otherwise could not. Population increases in proportion to the means of subsistence; and, without doubt, marriages would be more frequent in Tuscany, were there more opportunities of providing for the children.—In the time of the MEDICI they were not wanting.—A guardia nobile; an army; a marine, with the long *et cætera* of a brilliant Court, were never failing establishments for younger children.—Princes! would you increase the population of your country, as the surest means of its prosperity, provide for the subsistance of the inhabitants, and find them employment.

The abolition of the *Fede Commessa*, or intail, is also expected to increase population; I doubt if it will have that effect. However equitable it may be in principle, I think it better adapted to large incomes than to small ones: for instance, four thousand crowns a year is an income that will afford one of the family to

marry; divide it equally among four brothers, as is the case of some friends of mine, and all of them must necessarily remain single.

Population in Tuscany suffers also from another cause. In the Eastern nations, mothers suckle their children; it is the law of MAHOMET:—in other countries, all but the rich do the same,—it is the law of Nature. Those whose health will permit them to suckle their children, should not hire a substitute for a duty of such importance, and which Nature has wisely ordained as a mutual benefit to both: that it increases affection is past a doubt. In the time of BELISARIUS, the inhabitants of Picenum leaving the town in a hurry, an infant was left behind, which a goat suckled: the mother returned no more; but when other women would have taken charge of the infant, it refused them, and preferred its former nurse.

Though parental affection may not be strong in the breast of a mother living in the Great World, a slave to its customs, and a friend to its pursuits; yet the risk that is run in thus obstructing Nature in her course, might, I think, deter many from so dangerous a practice. It is said that fewer women die when they are nursing, than at any equal period of their lives. As to the infants, distempers are but too often entailed upon them, sucked in with the milk, and

so

so firmly rooted in the constitution, that they are never after to be eradicated. These are the visible effects which it has on the body; we are ignorant what effect it may have on the mind. I should be as unwilling to put a child of mine to a nurse of a violent and bad temper, as to one whose body is unsound. This, however, is not the only evil. Children of all ranks are put out to nurse at a distance from their own homes, and many perish in a cottage that might have been saved under their own roof.—How different from woman in this instance are other animals!—they constantly, cheerfully, and unremittingly take care of their offspring as long as their assistance is necessary; nor is their tender affection to be silenced,—*No*, not even by the most excruciating pains the most ingenious cruelty can inflict. I could give you a remarkable instance of this maternal affection in brutes, but it is a shocking one, and I had rather you should read it in the Spectator.*

* See Spectator, No. 120. Vol. II.

LETTER LIV.

THE revenue of the Tuscan State has been as high as two millions and a half of crowns: at present it produces much less, owing to some unlucky alterations lately made in the Customs. This sum is raised by a tax of seven and three quarters on all contracts, marriages, &c.; a lottery, exorbitant customs, and a general excise on all provisions. It is not in countries of despotism that taxes are most severe; yet every thing that enters the Capital pays something to the Sovereign. A traveller should be told, that a parcel of tea which I sent for from England, first paid entrance at Leghorn, a free port; it paid afterwards at Pisa; at Siena I paid for it again, and was there told, by way of consolation, that if I carried any of it to Florence, I should be made to pay for it a fourth time.—I also paid four pauls a pound weight for a cloth

a cloth coat that arrived the other day from England; I thought it excessive: but that was not all,—I was made to pay at the same rate for the box, nails, and paper that it came in.

Though a professed enemy to lotteries, except when justified by necessity, I think the Grand Duke has done wisely to take them out of private hands into his own. It is a clear gain of at least one hundred and twenty thousand crowns a year: yet, surely, when this Prince, in a virtuous mood, prohibited gambling in his dominions, this, the most unfair in principle, and most ruinous in its consequences, ought not to have been excepted. It is a cruel tax on the credulity of the public, chiefly of the poorest sort; and those who pass the *Monte di Pieta* a few days before the drawing, which is every fortnight, may judge of its pernicious effects. When you are told, that with one number they play one against eighty-nine, there being in all ninety numbers; that there are five prizes only; that those who play three numbers, which they call *Terno*, all of which must come up as part of the five, have not less than one hundred and seventeen thousand four hundred and eighty chances against them,—you will agree with me in thinking, that, of all the means of raising money, this is the most pernicious to the general welfare of the State: the gain, it is true, when it *does* happen, is immense; but, unfor-

fortunately, those who are allured by it, are generally ruined. There are whole families at Florence that owe their ruin to no other cause.

Few Sovereigns are at less expence than the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Navy he has none; and his whole army may consist of three thousand men.

The Government of Tuscany is prodigal only in spies. It is said to have expended some years not less than two hundred thousand crowns. This surely is the most ungenerous way a Sovereign can dispose of his subjects' money.—Forgive me, Princes! if an uncourtly truth, such as your flatterers dare not utter, comes unwillingly from my pen.—Pardon a natural prejudice against wretches that my country abhors;—even though, in the warmth of my resentment, I should add, that DIONYSIUS the Tyrant of Syracuse, in the midst of his cruelties, was less unjust than you!—He heard with his own ear,* and punished the guilty only; you first expose the innocent man to the envy, hatred, and malice of the most infamous and most unprincipled of

* A prison in that form, and so contrived, that whatever was said there, was heard by DIONYSIUS in a chamber adjoining.

man-

mankind, and then punish him on the report of those who are rewarded for calumniating him.

Civil causes are decided more expeditiously in Tuscany than in any other part of Italy: yet, even here, the roguery of lawyers, and the obstinacy of man, counteract the good intention of the Sovereign; and trials, which are wisely limited to six months, by an artful introduction of fresh matter, have been made to last as many years, to the utter ruin of both the parties—the old story of the Oyster-shell. A circumstance sometimes happens that is worth remarking. Civil causes are tried before three Judges, two in favor of either of the parties decides the controversy. Let us suppose, that *A* at the first trial has all the three votes; *B* appeals, and at a second hearing has two votes, and *A* one: this, of course, occasions a third trial, in which, if *B* has still the same advantage, he gains the cause, and *A* loses it with a majority of one vote in his favor.

Probity is in less repute in Italy than in England. The word of a Tuscan is not taken as readily as the word of a Peer. A will is not valid without seven witnesses and a public notary: nor with these precautions do they think their property secure. We have been known to make dead men write. Here they do more, they make them

them speak. A Gentleman was suddenly taken ill, and died intestate. The family slipt the dead man under the bed, put another into it to represent him, drew the curtains, darkened the room, and sent for a Notary. The invention was not amiss; but, as that which is done hastily, is seldom done well, the Notary approaching the bed to hear more distinctly the feeble voice of the sick man, unluckily struck his foot against the dead body of the very Gentleman whose will he was making.

A wife can inherit, but a son cannot. The father, during his life, enjoys the benefit of whatever is left the son, unless it be particularly specified to the contrary. In future, no estate or legacy whatever can be left to a person not existing at the time. Without judging of the propriety or impropriety of such a law, without examining into the good or bad effects that may result from it, it is a pleasure to think that nothing less than absolute insanity can deprive an Englishman of the right of disposing of his property as he thinks fit himself. Feudal rights, without doubt, encroached too much on the privileges of the Sovereign; they were also oppressive on the people; yet, a certain degree of splendor in the Nobility, gives a lustre to the throne, and a Sovereign is never more sensible of his pre-eminence than when he is surrounded by

Cour-

Courtiers, who, though tyrants to others, are slaves to him; as well might the Sun be jealous of the Moon, as he of them.

Criminals are tried with uncommon severity. Every art is used; nor is deceit spared to make the prisoner condemn himself. Punishment, on the other hand, is as much too mild. I am no friend to severe and frequent punishments; they use too much the springs of Government: yet, as life is the dearest of all things to man, and the fear of death the greatest of all his apprehensions, atrocious crimes should be punished by death. Blood should have blood: it is what the Scripture teaches, nor can we do better than follow its dictates. PIUS the Seventh told me in a conversation on the customs and manners of Tuscany, that he disapproved that part of the new code of PETER LEOPOLD that substituted other punishments instead of death; since death was most to be dreaded, PROVIDENCE having wisely ordained the fear of death for the preservation of life. And yet it is not improbable that the tooth-ach may be more painful than the guillotine.

Old laws were chiefly fines. For a broken bone, for an eye put out, a nose cut off, &c. all had their stated fines. The mode was certainly more useful to the State, which thus was benefited

fited by the vices of its inhabitants; but the principle was unjust, as it rendered the rich omnipotent. Confinement is sometimes a benefit to the criminal, and always an inconvenience to the State.

Having given a sketch of the administration of justice in the principal cities, it now remains to tell you that the country is divided into Vicariati, and subdivided into Podestarie. Civil causes are judged in the first instance by the Podesta under the controul of the Vicario. Appeals are made to the Capital, and the Ruota determines them. Criminal causes are tried by the Vicario only. He can put in prison, and can expel out of his own jurisdiction. In capital crimes he makes his report to the *Magistrato Supremo* at Florence; they return him the sentence which he is to see executed.

The police in general is good all over Tuscany; and you may travel the roads, or walk the streets in perfect safety at any hour of the night. If you are in danger, it is from the broken pots, pans, and pitchers that are thrown out of the windows into the street. It was a dangerous custom in the time of JUVENAL; it is so still, and ought to be prohibited. My son's tutor received the contents of a chamber-pot on his head at mid-day that rendered him unfit for company for several hours after.

It is no small satisfaction to an Englishman to be able to lay down to rest free from the least apprehension of fire or robbery. If you should leave the door of your house open, it is possible the patrole may enter to inform you of it, but you are safe from any other visitor. Our watchmen in England are better calculated to disturb the neighbourhood than protect it. In case of fire, they have an excellent custom in Tuscany:—they set all to work that come, without distinction. It is a double advantage at a time like this to keep their hands employed. Fires are very unusual, but it is also to be remarked, that there are no insurance offices in any part of Italy.

Picking of pockets is not a trade in this country as it is in England, nor do I believe there is one pick-pocket of profession in all Tuscany; not but an Italian will pilfer when he can do it with impunity. Things lost are seldom restored. Diamond pins, &c. have been lost by my family, but as the reward offered was less than the value, we heard no more of them. I read lately in an English newspaper that a Gentleman who had dropped his purse, containing ninety pounds in cash and a ten pound note, advertised it with ten guineas reward, and that a poor cobler who had found it, honestly returned him every farthing. Being unwilling to pass for a *Fanfaron*, I shall be

be cautious how I relate so honorable a circumstance in a country where it cannot be believed: but when I read of such instances of virtue, I am proud of my countrymen, and forget their failings.

I will now mention two very ingenious pieces of Italian roguery, and end my Letter. A man came into MICALI's shop at Leghorn and pitched on six watches, the richest he could find, took a little box out of his pocket, packed them up carefully, tied a piece of tape round the cover, and sealed it with his arms. He then asked if they chose to be paid in Louis d'ors, a coin he knew they would not accept, and on their refusal proposed Venetian sequins, which were readily accepted. He then said he would go to his lodging to fetch them, and return immediately, taking the box out of his pocket again, and leaving it on the counter. The man returned no more, and this box, which was a counter-part of the other, was full of nothing but stones.

Another, not less ingenious, went into a shop and bargained for some cloth, having another person with him that passed for his tailor. The cloth was measured, and given to this man, who carried it away with him, and while the *Gentleman* was pulling out his purse to pay for it, a man rushes into the shop, and gives him a slap on the face,

face, upon which, he throws his purse on the counter, and runs after him.—They saw no more of the Gentleman, and, on opening the purse, it contained nothing but yellow counters.

LETTER LV.

PRINCES should no more contend with their subjects, than wives with their husbands; for if once they come to blows, there is an end to their power. The removal of the Madonna della Cintola, at Prato, nearly caused a revolution in Tuscany. Reformation in matters of Religion is always dangerous. The common people in all countries are strongly attached to outward ceremonies: it is sacking the very foundation of their Religion to remove their altars, change their customs, and diminish their processions. Whether they pray in Latin or Italian; whether their images be covered or not, is not worth a contest:—and PETER LEOPOLD, when he deprived his subjects of one Madonna, would, as I said before, have done better had he given them ten. One might almost think the Grand Duke had never read the eighteenth chapter of MACCHIAVELLO. I have always con-

considered Religion as the truest friend to Government,—and, to say the truth, I have an indifferent opinion of virtue without it. I apprehend Religion to be the only real security to persons and property,—that barrier once removed, murder will precede robbery, and he who is cunning enough to evade the laws, will fear no other punishment. It is LOCKE, I think, who says, that the Religion and Specie of a country should neither of them be meddled with. He is certainly right, for the value of the whole is risked by the diminution of a part.

The Clergy of Tuscany, though more equal in their worldly possessions than in many other countries, are less so than I could wish them. Bishops have still too much to pamper luxury, and increase their pride; and Curates too sensibly feel their dependance. I know no profession more useful, or more honorable, than that of a conscientious country Curate. I could wish him rather able to exercise charity, than be himself an object of it.

Formerly the Grand Duke, when a bishopric became vacant, sent three names to the Pope for him to nominate one; the first on the list was understood to be the person intended, and the other two added out of compliment: the Pope, however, did not choose to understand it always in that manner; this caused a disagreement be-

tween the two Courts, and has since ended in sending one name only.

Curates are nominated by the Bishop, and confirmed by the Sovereign; have a hundred crowns salary, and receive a livre for every mass they say.—You know that each mass is supposed to release a soul out of Purgatory. I am told, that by a calculation lately made of the number that die, and number of masses said annually, that there cannot remain at this present moment one Tuscan soul in Purgatory,—a consideration not unworthy Florentine economy.

The *commercio attivo*, or export of Tuscany, consists chiefly of silk and oil: of the latter, three hundred thousand barrels are consumed, and the remainder exported: the value is about three sequins each. The total of wine they export does not exceed two thousand barrels. The wine of this country will not keep. In HORACE's time the wines of Italy were esteemed according to their age: at present, in Tuscany, after eighteen months (I had it from the first authority), it is usually spoiled as wine, and made into brandy.

The process of making wine is very simple. The grapes, red and white, stalks and all, are put into an immense vat, and left to foment for a few days; a man then gets in, and presses out the juice with his feet for ten or twelve days following:

lowing: when the skin of the grape falls to the bottom, the wine is made. The circumstance of the naked feet is not agreeable; but they tell you the wine does not taste the worse for it. New wine is very unwholesome; but, being cheaper than the old, is the usual drink of the common people. The Tuscans heighten the colour of their wine with a little black grape, planted on purpose. It is the skin of the grape that gives the colour; and even from a black grape, if not much pressed, you may make a white wine.

Olives are gathered in the month of November. They are first ground, and reduced to a pulp; they are then put into circular baskets, open at the top, and placed one above the other under a heavy press: the juice that first passes is the virgin oil, which is most esteemed; that which follows next is of an inferior quality; at last water is added, and the oil that swims on the top is then skimmed off for common uses. If you think the oil that we use in Italy is always good because we are in the country where it is made, you are much mistaken. It is more easy to get good oil in the Haymarket, than in Florence: the best is sent away,—as the shoemaker's wife is said to be the worst shod.

The manufacture of silk is more complex. The bags are no sooner formed, than they are

heated in an oven to kill the worm, which otherwise, in a short time, would make his way out, and spoil the silk. A certain number only are preserved to breed. The silk is afterwards wound off, and the manner is expeditious and curious: what immediately follows I do not recollect, but it is twisted, died, and glazed, and is then ready to be made up for use.

The *commercio passivo*, or import of Tuscany, is very extensive, and consists of all kinds of manufactures, chiefly from England and Germany; of linen, and foreign cloths of various kinds; of wax, drugs, sugar, salt-fish, &c. &c. &c. Leghorn may be considered as the heart of Tuscany, from whence the blood circulates that invigorates and supports her.

The principal wealth of the country is in the hands of the farmers, and those who are connected with them. I am sorry for it. Though a friend to cultivation, I never wish to see a farmer rich,—no money circulates less. The manufacturer spends his money as he receives it; the farmer, who has fewer wants, shuts up his in his strong box, or puts it out to interest,—withholds his corn; raises the price of the market; increases his store, and always to the prejudice of the public.

The value of land in Tuscany is three and a half per cent. The soil is in general good; the

wheat

wheat excellent. They tell you the whole produce of corn in Tuscany is equal to nine months consumption only, and that Sicily, which, in the time of ancient Rome, was called the Granary of the Republic, supplies the deficiency: but as the corn the Tuscans buy is cheaper than that they sell, the exports, as well as the imports, are very considerable. Of Gran Turco (Indian corn), and of chesnuts, is made Polenta, the chief nourishment of the poor; they make it themselves: the former is much the best; and they are in general robust people that feed upon it. Rye also is made into bread for those who cannot afford better. With millet they feed their poultry; the cattle eat the stalks, and the roots serve for manure.

Farms are not let to tenants as in England; the Contadino does all the work, the proprietor of the land retains the seed, and they divide the remainder: the Contadino, however, is said to take more than his share: he thinks it sufficient if he who does none of the work, has one third of the profit. Another person, called Fattore, is also concerned: a kind of bailiff, appointed by the proprietor to live on the farm, and attend to his interest. This person, though he only receives from his master two or three crowns a month and his living, is supposed to gain more than the other two. It is a common saying—

" *Fammi*

"*Fammi Fattore per un sol anno se son' povero mio danno.*"*—If he be an honest man, his greatest advantage is that of buying cheap, and selling dear. There are no barns: the corn is thrashed out in the farm-yard, and winnowed in the wind. The Contadino is glad to get rid of his immediately; the Fattore buys it; his master soon after is in want of money, the Fattore buys his also: the price is then raised, and he makes at least a third more than he gave:—if he be a rogue besides, he is in league with the Contadino, and makes a fortune presently.

Wheat is sowed in the best soil three years following. They then take a crop of beans, and sow wheat again. Manure is scarce. Human ordure forms a principal part of it. The Chinese, who are good husbandmen, put it to the same use. Formerly the inhabitants of towns paid to have it carried away; they now sell it. SMOLLETT tells us, that at Nice that of the English constantly fetches the best price. So covetous are they of dung, that they pick it up in the roads and streets whenever they see it. I have even heard, that a Gentleman being discovered in an awkward posture near a garden,

* Make me *Fattore* for one year only,—if I am afterwards poor, it will be my own fault.

was

was entreated by the proprietor to come in and ease himself on his cabbages.

In Tuscany there is but little pasture; you see no water-meadow, nor artificial grass, and the want of sheep to pen is a loss they can only supply by beans, vetches, &c. which are sowed the instant the ground is clear of the second crop, and ploughed in for manure a few months after.

In the neighbourhood of great towns they have always something to sell. Besides corn, wine, and oil, the same land produces fruits of various kinds, and garden stuff of different sorts. Fig trees in the open fields in England would stand but a poor chance, and the only grapes a traveller would find sour, would be those he could not reach. Even here such as are by the road side are washed with lime as the surest means to preserve them; and in some places are covered with a natural composition much more unsavoury, as I once found to my cost.

A weed called *orso salvatico* is prejudicial to the corn. The *volpa* likewise, a kind of blight which must be washed out of the wheat, or it spoils the bread. A weed called *succia miele* is hurtful to the beans. Inundations are not unfrequent in the neighbourhood of rivers—inundations, not like those of the Nile, and constantly do more harm than good. In summer

hail

hail storms are always to be dreaded. It is said of the Sienese, that they tremble nine months out of the twelve :—six with cold, and three with fear.

I cannot quit the subject of agriculture without expressing my doubts whether the encouragement of vineyards in a country that does not supply a sufficiency of corn for its own consumption be good policy, particularly as little is exported, and much drank. At any rate, they should be confined to the hills only, which constantly produce little corn and the best wine; this would supply a sufficiency for the luxurious, and the poor are better without. It is a mistake to fancy this liquor necessary.—See the Swiss, I mean those of the mountains, they never taste wine, and where will you see healthier or stronger men ?

LETTER LVI.

PASTURE in Tuscany is so scarce that not a blade of grass is left uncropt, nor a bank on the ditches that is not fed by cattle led in a string, by a horse tied by the leg, or by sheep tame as dogs, and ragged as colts. The cattle are fed with leaves in the autumn, and the straw is saved for the winter. It has grieved me to see the trees stripped of their beauty by the hands of the indigent, with as little remorse as by the wind itself.

Cattle in general are healthy, and subject to fewer disorders than they are with us. The sheep are small, they make however the most of them, and even milk the ewe to make cheese to eat. They plough with oxen. I am old enough to remember that custom in England, before farmers became gentlemen, and sent their daughters to a boarding-school. They now drink Madeira wine instead of strong beer; and Miss

plays

plays upon the music instead of milking her father's cows. The oxen in this country are all of a grey colour; are large, and so tractable, that they go in a cart like horses in a curricle.

The olive, though no beauty either in shape or complexion, is the most profitable tree in Tuscany. The leaves of the mulberry are twice gathered, first for the silkworms, afterwards for the cattle. The chesnut, besides other uses, supplies poles for the vineyards, and hogsheads for the wine; the nuts are a luxury at the tables of the rich, and a necessary of life to the poor.* The pine furnishes a kernel which the people eat, and with the cones we light our fires. In the low lands the poplar supports the vines, which hang in festoons from tree to tree, and the branches are cut for fire-wood.—By the bye, this last article must shortly be scarce in Tuscany: the Grand Duke has cut down a considerable quantity of timber; others have done the same, and nobody plants. In the time of the MEDICI, no person was permitted to cut down a tree but on condition that he planted two in its stead.—In those days they considered

* Of chesnuts they make Polenta, which serves instead of bread.

posterity; the present fashion is to consider ourselves only.

At Volterra are the Salt-works that supply the Tuscan State. The island of Elba produces iron in great quantity; and the Naturalist may there find various kinds of marble, and curious stones. In many of the mountains are valuable mines; but the high wages of the labourers, and their natural indolence, prevent the proprietors from receiving all the benefit they might otherwise expect. The rocks on the banks of the Arno furnish stone for building, and the expence of water-carriage to Pisa, or to Florence, is trifling. They split the rock with gunpowder: in winter they bore holes, and fill them with water, which when it freezes produce the same effect.

The mineral waters of this country most celebrated, are those of Pisa, Lucca, and Monte Catena.

Every market is inferior to your own.—You need not envy me the fruits of Italy.—In every country you can eat, drink, and sleep; in England only you can hunt. I sometimes fancy I should like to run on foot, guetres on my legs, and a pole in my hand, after a few rabbit beagles; at others, I wish to stand upon a hill, and follow with my eye the hunted hare through all her doublings;—but when I am early up, and find a

morning

morning exactly to my mind; when the south or west wind gently blows, and the air is warm without sunshine; then it is that I long to dash after a high-bred pack of fox-hounds,—my ears delighted with their harmony; my eyes with their spirit, their perseverance, and their sagacity;—in short, my whole frame transported with the various pleasures of the Chase, and every anxious thought and worldly care left far behind.

The Noblesse of Tuscany, who have none of these temptations to live in the country, are free from many expences to which we Englishmen are subject. Here are no country seats where you may take up your residence,—you, your servants, and your horses.—Here are no *Sir Visto's** to squander ill-gotten treasures,—or *capability Browns* to shew them how.—Not but the improvement of our villas in England is always laudable as a public benefit, when not a private inconvenience.—It encourages gentlemen to live upon their estates, and spend their money among their tenants: it is adding manure to the soil: it employs the laborious poor, amuses the man of taste, and embellishes the country.—Here, for want of employment, a friend of mine,

* See POPE.

an

an Italian, passed several weeks together observing a couple of men building a wall that did not belong to him.

The Florentines have also another advantage to counterbalance the pitifulness of their incomes,—they cannot make that little less by gambling. Games of chance are prohibited. Fathers no longer fear lest their sons should become beggars through their own imprudence, or their daughters through the imprudence of others.—The restriction, to be sure, is hard on those honorable adventurers who prey on the ignorance and folly of their companions,—more treacherous, and consequently more to be guarded against, than the highwayman who stops you on the road and demands your money. *Maclean,** with crape on his face, and rude salutation, plainly shews you what you are to expect, and leaves you the option to defend your property, or resign it:—Mr. ——, with pleasing address, and studied affability, makes you his friend before he treats you as an enemy. MACLEAN only takes your purse; Mr. —— deprives you of your estate. Your personal danger is nearly the same with either. One threatens your life, unless you deliver your money; the

* A famous highwayman of that name.

other,

other, should you shew the slightest suspicion of his probity, politely calls you out, and honorably cuts your throat. In one instance, indeed, they differ essentially :—MACLEAN at last is hanged; whereas Mr. ——, to the last moment of a luxurious life, is caressed by such as ought to despise him, and invited to the houses of those who, from motives of prudence, as well as of honor, should positively forbid his entrance.

MECENAS's, not talents, are wanting in Tuscany. Other DANTES, MACCHIAVELLIS, GALILEOS, and BUONARROTIS, might at present exist were there occasions to call them forth. Men of genius are not, as heretofore, the companions of Princes ; and the Nobility, seeing they are no longer in favor at Court, no longer admit them into their society.—It is a prudent, though an ungenerous separation, and saves *ennui* to both.

The common people, who in all countries are more or less oppressed, and seldom contented, here at least are quiet; and in all their distresses adopt that excellent, but slow remedy—*pazienza*. They are remarkably humble. When an inferior person salutes you, and you offer to pull off your hat in return, he immediately replies—"*Non s'incommodi.*" It is not often that philosophy, civility, and humility, are so closely united.

united. To see them without shoes or stockings, men and women, tugging at an unwilling boat, or sweating under a heavy load, you would conclude them the most miserable of mankind; but upon inquiry you will not find that they are so. They live better than the common labourer in England; the very poorest have their soup: and as for the hardship of going without shoes or stockings, custom makes it so trifling, that I have known them walk barefoot, with their shoes in their hands, out of economy: I met one man indeed the other day who was doing the same by his breeches. The dress of the Contadina on a fête day has been much admired. It is a distinct dress, and so far is to be commended. I cannot think it becoming, and should like it better had it not so many unnecessary ornaments.

General characters are no offence to individuals, who have always the complaisance to except themselves; were it otherwise, travellers, whose judgment might so reasonably be called in question, ought most certainly to be silent.—Where I cannot be silent, I will endeavour to be just.

An astonishing diversity of character is to be observed in the people of Italy; but as the French in general are called "*Petits Maitres*," *Politico* (artful), to give it no worse term, you may

may call an Italian. Madame la Marquise is enraptured with the *gentilesses* of Monsieur le Chevalier, and at every piece of impertinence he utters, exclaims—"*Ah! qu'il est Gentil!*" which soon renders him as complete a *Petit Maitre* as his father. The Italian is continually saying—"*Quanto é furbo!*" (how artful he is) to his; and soon renders him as artful as himself. In France, the young men are formed by the women, and are presuming, vain, and trifling,—for so the women like them. In Italy, the young women are formed by the men, and are ignorant, because the men are illiterate.—But as fine gentlemen, and fine ladies, with a few fashionable vices, more or less, are nearly the same every where,—what I have to say of the Italian character relates to the people only. They are civil, obliging, and affectionate; fond of strangers, and at all times ready to do them service. They are humble, patient, and suffer a great deal without complaining. They are temperate, sober, and economical. By nature lively, they are eager after every diversion, and pleased with the merest trifle. They are passionately fond of the Theatre, and are at all times more inclined to applaud, than condemn. Religious in appearance at least, they hear mass on every holiday, and regularly say their prayers five times a day: they devoutly kneel down in the

the street as often as the Host passes, stand uncovered when the bell tolls,* and cross themselves when they leave their own habitations.—All this looks well, and has made me more than once ashamed to think how few of those ceremonies we Protestants perform: but, on the other hand, when I see the bad husband, and the cruel father; the rogue, and the assassin, equally assiduous with men of worth and honor, I conclude a great part of it to be habit, and that one secret pang of the contrite heart is preferable to all those useless ceremonies.

Having said thus much, candour obliges me, though unwillingly, to add, that they are not to be trusted where money is concerned: that they are at all times ready to take a mean and unfair advantage, not only of strangers, but of one another: that they are passionate and revengeful to excess, and when provoked (the Tuscans, and a few others, excepted) will stab with as little ceremony as they cheat.

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* At mid-day; an hour before sun-set; at sun-set; and at one hour in the night.

LETTER LVII.

WHETHER you go from Florence to Rome by Siena or Perugia, a *Vetturino* is preferable to the post: it is true, you are longer on the road, but you travel without danger, and without trouble. It is necessary to have an agreement in writing, and your banker should see that it is properly drawn up and executed. By Siena you are five days. I paid a sequin a day, reckoning also the days of their return, for each pair of horses, exclusive of my living on the road, which was paid for apart. Those who consider economy, may at certain seasons of the year meet with returns, particularly from Rome, at a cheaper rate. The more you simplify, the less you are cheated: your dinners, your suppers, your beds, and those of your servants, are like the buckram, stay-tape, and canvas of a tailor, with which he so completely confuses the matter, that it is better to pay

pay the bill than read it. Tell your Vetturino to pay the usual three pauls a head for your dinner, and four for your supper and bed: let it be a separate account between you and him; and add yourself a few pauls more to be better served, and with more attention. It is not upon occasions like these that you can expect to live well; you travel through a country indifferently provided, and are served by people whose extreme poverty might in some measure excuse their roguery. Indeed, the traveller fares so wretchedly in every part of Italy, that I have often wondered the Sovereigns themselves, whose interest it is that we should spend our money in their country, should not, out of good policy, provide better accommodation. You who live on the fat of the land, and feast on the delicacies of distant countries; for whom India provides her spices, and the Atlantic her turtles; who eat sweet sauce with your venison, and whose turkeys are fatted with corn, and stuffed with truffles,—alas! what will be your penance in an Italian inn?—Your soup little better than bread and water, and blacker than Spartan broth: your Alesso, a half-starved chicken boiled to rags: your Umido, the scraps of yesterday: and your Arrosto, not a sirloin of beef, my good Sir, but a couple of linnets or chaffinches;—a Paillasse, instead of a feather-bed, and your hours

 those

those of your ancestors.*— Let not this affright you. Even ANTHONY himself, the luxurious ANTHONY, when he had a point to carry, could forego his delicacies, and submit to the greatest hardships without complaining.—Besides, occasional deprivation is of service to the body, and to the mind no unuseful lesson: one, by getting rid of indigested matter and unwholesome food, recovers its wonted tone; and the other learns to appreciate better fortune, and to be grateful for every comfort it enjoys.

The road from Florence to Siena is hilly, and though you have but five posts, is a long day's journey. The soil is chiefly gravel, and produces a great quantity of stalactite, some of which are curious. The traveller will find little to detain him in that ancient City. He may see the Duomo and the Piazza, while his dinner is preparing, and, unless he be a painter, the pictures of the old masters are scarcely worth his notice. By having his trunks, &c. visited and sealed at his departure from Florence, he will not be detained at the gate.

At Poderina an accident lately happened to an English gentleman that nearly cost him his

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* With a Vetturino it is usual to rise at the break of day, dine at twelve, and go to bed at eight.

life.

life. From the Post-house the descent is immediate, though trifling; and as it is the custom of Italian postillions to put their horses into motion before they get up themselves, the carriage pressed so hard on the wheel-horses, who had nobody to hold them back, that they overturned it into a ditch: the glasses unluckily were up; one gentleman had the temple artery shockingly cut, the blood could not be stopped, and his life was for a long time despaired of.

You have heard much of the mountain of Radicofani, one of the highest of the Apennines. It is the labour of many hours, but the road is excellent. When I passed, the sky was gloomy, and the clouds, which hung heavily under me, waiting till they became specifically heavier than the air beneath to descend in rain, intercepted a prospect that on a clear day must be admirable. A military man may view with pleasure the situation of a fortress that once secured this passage into Italy; while a naturalist on the same spot will amuse himself in tracing out the remains of an ancient Volcano.

Between Radicofani and Centeno you pass the same river not less, I believe, than five times; after heavy rains it is sometimes dangerous. I met a Piedmontois gentleman who had passed the night unpleasantly enough: he got through the first water tolerably well, but found

found the second impassable; and when he endeavoured to return to the inn from whence he came, it was then too late,—the water he had passed a short time before with some difficulty, was now become impassable. In this pretty situation, carriage, horses, postillions, and gentleman, all remained till day-light appeared, till they could see their way, and till the waters were subsided, which luckily is an affair of a few hours only.

At Centeno you enter the territories of the Pope, where you will be stopped, questioned, and your baggage visited. If you have a *Lascia Passare*, which you should not fail to procure from Rome before you leave Florence, shew it. You now probably will make your reflections on the apparent difference of a Tuscan and Papal Government. You leave a country where a *commercio libero* is permitted, and enter one where it is not allowed. Your eye will be immediately struck with the contrast, and you will applaud the Sovereign who by thus encouraging agriculture has improved the face of his country, and enriched the husbandman: but when you reflect that in so doing he has impoverished the towns, and ruined his manufactures; that the Arts have perished, and many of his subjects are starving, you will of course think some modification necessary. The public advantage

vantage of a *commercio libero* unlimited and unrestrained, as at present permitted in Tuscany, is a doubtful question; and you will think perhaps, as Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY did on another occasion, "*that much may be said on both sides.*"

The Lake of Bolsena you will view with pleasure; it is besides well stocked with fish, and the eels are excellent. In one of these islands, no matter which, AMALASUNTA, daughter of THEODORIC, King of Italy, as remarkable for her talents, as for her beauty; and probably, though a Goth, the most illustrious female of the age in which she lived, was confined, and afterwards strangled, by order of THEODAT, whom she had offended. One would think the great knowledge this Princess had acquired by study, and the experience which several years residence in a Court must have given her of the human heart, should have shewed her the danger of provoking a powerful enemy, and trusting him afterwards.

This Lake, it is thought, was once a volcano, though of such ancient date that we find no mention of it in history. Among other evident signs of a volcano, lava has been found in the islands; and on the banks of the Lake, the basalt, which is now seen in the Museum at Florence. Many of the lakes in Italy are thought

thought to be craters of ancient volcanoes, though Vesuvius is the only one at present existing. This town was the capital of the ancient Volsci.

Montefiascone was once famous for its wines. You may have heard, perhaps, the ridiculous anecdote of the German Bishop that was buried there. Vin de Muscat was his favorite liquor; his Courier was his taster, who as often as he met with any that was good, wrote over the door *Est*, a private hint understood only by him and his master.—*Est, Est, Est*, was unluckily written on the door of the inn at Montefiascone, and the excellence of the wine proved the death of the Bishop, who drank so freely that he was shortly after carried to his grave, and his Courier placed the following epitaph on his tomb:

Est, Est, Est,
propter nimium Est, hic Johannes Defulga,
Dominus meus mortuus est.

He ordered in his will, that a barrel of Muscat wine should be poured over his grave on the anniversary of his burial, and a mass said for his soul.—His soul is now left to shift for itself, and the money is given to the poor. I do not think the wine at present so excellent but any drunken Bishop may pass Montefiascone in safety.

Viterbo was the capital of all that country which

which the Countess MATILDA gave to the Holy See; a donation more legally valid than that which SILVESTER pretended to have received from the Emperor CONSTANTINE. This City is not without some degree of magnificence, and you begin to feel yourself in the neighbourhood of Rome. A little distance from the town are sulphureous baths for the itch, &c. &c.; those of Pisa are mineral only. At Pisa the heat of the water is ninety-six degrees, and seldom varies, except after rain, when it becomes hotter. I know nothing of the heat of these.

Many are the beautiful landscapes on the road to Ronciglione. A man of taste will do well to keep his eyes open to enjoy them. I cannot sleep in a carriage. I have often envied my servants;—they constantly, like other animals when once they have filled their bellies, are inclined to rest. Our minds are unluckily less vacant, and when I meet a gentleman asleep in his carriage, and his servant awake, I conclude one to be a fool, and the other a knave.

A few miles distant from Ponte Molle you see a tomb by the road side, said to be that of NERO. Should you be inclined to moralize, you will reflect on the vanity of all earthly possessions when you see with how small a space a tyrant is contented at last.

Ponte Molle was the Pons Milvius of ancient

Rome.

Rome. Here the famous battle was fought between CONSTANTINE and MEZENTIUS; and here CONSTANTINE pretended to see the sign in the Heavens that foretold his victory: not far distant from this bridge MEZENTIUS fell himself into the snare he had laid for his opponents, and in his hasty retreat was drowned in the Tiber. From hence a street, near two miles long, the morning and evening drive of the Nobility, leads you to the gates of Rome.

LETTER LVIII.

THE Perugia road, though longer, has its advantages. You will there see a Lake that HANNIBAL has rendered famous; will find better accommodations, more objects that deserve attention, more valuable pictures, and more remains of antiquity.

The Consul FLAMINIUS, who seems to have been a General of no great ability, encamped at Arezzo, and lost the opportunity of attacking HANNIBAL to advantage in the marshes of Clusium. Arezzo, which is six posts from Florence, was one of the twelve ancient cities of Etruria, and famous at all times for arts and letters. MÆCENAS, the friend and patron of VIRGIL and HORACE, was a native of Arezzo, as was PIETRO ARETINO, the famous Satyrist. This extraordinary genius laid the principal Sovereigns of Europe under contribution: they were all ambitious to get his good word, and with

with him good words were scarce. When CHARLES V., after his ill success at Tunis, sent him a gold chain to stop his mouth, he accepted the chain, but examining it said, "*It was a small present for so great a piece of folly.*" He is the author of various works that have little connection.—He composed at the same time the most sacred writings, and the most profane,—The Life of the *Virgin Mary*, and the *Putana Errante.*

GUIDO D'ARREZZO was a genius of another cast. To him we owe the restoration of the Notes of Music, which had been entirely lost. In the town are many pictures by GIORGIO VASARI.

Cortona is two posts farther, and contains many good pictures of PIETRO BERRETTINI, commonly called PIETRO DA CORTONA; a Museum, and some antiquities, not unworthy the notice of a traveller. The town, which was also one of the twelve cities of Etruria, is one of the most ancient in Italy; and so much in the old style, that it is almost inaccessible, and for coaches totally impracticable. The ancients chose high situations for their towns, as a security when attacked against the towers erected by the besiegers, as well as to enjoy a purer air.

From hence you have four posts to Perugia. You pass the Lake of Trasymene, and may trace, with

with POLYBIUS and LIVY in your hand, the famous battle where FLAMINIUS and his army were defeated and destroyed,—were drowned in the Lake, or killed by the enemy. It is said, that the tumult of this battle was so great that neither army was sensible of an earthquake that happened at the time, and overset whole cities. HANNIBAL expected the approach of FLAMINIUS, encouraged him to advance, and then cut off his retreat with troops posted on purpose, and concealed behind the hills at the entrance of a narrow pass, in some respects resembling that of Thermopilæ: when the van of FLAMINIUS's army, having passed the defilè, advanced on the plain, the improvident General found HANNIBAL in line of battle ready to oppose him. His retreat was prevented by the cavalry; he had mountains, and an ambuscade formed by the slingers and light infantry on his left; the Lake on his right; an enemy on every side.—Thus surrounded he felt his error, foresaw his destruction, but had not ingenuity enough to apply a remedy.—It was otherwise with HANNIBAL, some years after, when surprised by FABIUS. He was then in as bad a scrape as FLAMINIUS, but extricated himself so admirably, that his *ingenuity* was even more remarkable than his imprudence.

Perugia

Perugia is an ancient City of great natural strength, and in former times was able to resist every enemy but famine. When AUGUSTUS took it, he used his accustomed cruelty, and to those who entreated his forgiveness, coolly replied—" *Moriendum esse*" (you must die). Here are the best pictures of PIETRO PERUGINO, RAPHAEL's master, who was born here, as was also DANTE; not ALIGHIERI, the famous Poet, but GIOVANNI BATISTA, inventor of wings to fly: he was called DEDALUS, but falling and breaking his thigh, was called *Icarus* ever after. This town has given its name to a poison called Acqua di Perugia, or Acqua Tofanica, from the name of the woman who invented it. This dreadful poison is as clear as the purest water; has no taste, causes no convulsions, nor particular pains; its only symptom a lingering, languishing state that baffles all art, and is followed by inevitable death. Arsenic and corrosive sublimate are thought to have been the principal ingredients: the effect, though never violent, may be increased or lessened in proportion to the quantity given: it is even said, that those who were practised in the art, could determine the exact time the person who took it had to live. The secret of the composition, they tell you, is lost, though it is thought

that

that some of the water still remains in private hands. I have seen two gentlemen said to be its victims; one of whom is supposed to have been poisoned by his own brother.

We may think ourselves fortunate that poisoning is no longer in fashion,—the most infernal of all wickedness, and the least to be guarded against. In ancient Rome the art of poisoning was in the highest perfection,—LOCUSTA was famous for it. In modern Rome his Holiness the Pope, ALEXANDER the Sixth, of pious memory, improved upon the sin, and invited those to sup he meant to destroy.—He was at last poisoned himself drinking by mistake of a bottle he had prepared for Cardinal ADRIAN. In those times the very conveniencies of life were made instruments of death. LOUIS XIV. being informed of a design to poison PHILIP V. advised him not to open a letter, wear gloves, or smell to any perfumes. Let us quit this horrid subject; and rejoice, that though we abound in other wickedness, this, the most horrid, the most cowardly, the most infamous of all, is seldom, if ever, heard of.

Assisi, the renowned Convent of San FRANCESCO, is but a few miles distant from Foligno, where you enter the Loretto road: but as I shall have occasion to mention that, and the neigh-

neighbouring towns, on my return from Rome, whatever I may have to say concerning them shall, to save trouble to us both, be left till then.

LETTER LIX.

AFTER a disagreeable journey from Siena of three days and a half, I am at last arrived heartily *ennuied*, and not a little fatigued, in the Piazza di Spagna at Rome. Happy to find myself in a city which once gave laws to the whole world; where the greatest characters we read of in history daily assembled; where MANLIUS fought, CÆSAR bled, CICERO pleaded, and VIRGIL wrote. I also expect great pleasure in reading their lives in the country that gave them birth, and in visiting places immortalized by their words or actions.—Classic ground!—Ground trod by Heroes, Poets, and Apostles!

By the date of your last letter, I conclude it arrived here several weeks before me; I read it with pleasure, shall answer it without delay, but it contains many requests that I fear it will not be in my power to comply with. Which ever way I turn my thoughts, whether to ancient or

modern Rome, so interesting is the matter, so beautiful are the objects, that I am wholly at a loss where to begin, or how to describe a city, that, at the time of its founder, ROMULUS, consisted only of a parcel of cottages thatched with straw; the paltry asylum of robbers, outlaws, and assassins, and became shortly afterwards Mistress of the World!—You desire me "*to write as if you had never read.*"—That indeed would be imposing a heavy task. However, while I am treating of Rome, I will endeavour to say enough to remind you of what you already know.

It is of little consequence to examine who were the original natives of Italy; it is still of less importance to enquire whether ROMULUS and REMUS were really suckled by a wolf, or by a woman, who from her debaucheries was called *lupa*—an energetic expression in the Latin language, which may possibly have answered to *b——h* in ours. It is without a doubt that Rome increased its inhabitants by the asylum it afforded to the outcasts of other towns, and to the Rape of the Sabine women. The beginning therefore of this capital of the universe was neither brilliant nor honorable.

The first form of Government we read of, was Regal (probably the most ancient of all Governments), and seven Kings succeeded each other of

of characters widely differing, but of abilities unequalled in the annals of history. Two hundred and forty-five years of wise administration, and constant success, thus laid the foundation of her future splendor: but Rome was not less indebted to the folly of her neighbours, who suffered a monster to grow up at their very doors, which they ought to have stifled in its infancy. The death of LUCRETIA put an entire finish to the Regal power, and JUNIUS BRUTUS, when he banished TARQUIN, established a new form of Government. It consisted of two Consuls, a Senate, and People:— separately considered, it was Monarchical, Aristocratical, and Democratical; but the three different branches united formed that perfect system of Government we Englishmen at present enjoy.

The Senate, during the Regal Government, seems to have had little or no authority; they were a Privy Council if the King thought fit to consult them, but he was not obliged to abide by their decision. Upon the accession of the Consuls, though the Government was changed into a Commonwealth, and though the power of the two Consuls was little inferior to that of the King's, it was of short duration, being limited to two years only, and they were chosen by the people. The law of VALERIUS PUBLICOLA,

by allowing a criminal to appeal from the Senate to the People, gave the latter, in this instance, a decided superiority, and, in a great measure, annihilated the power of the Senate. If it be both wise and expedient that the Executive Power should be in the hands of a few, this was overturning it with a vengeance, and thus, to gain popularity, the patriot VALERIUS imprudently sacrificed the tranquillity of the State.

Hope, an ever welcome guest, and the last that forsakes the human breast, seems never to have forsaken the breast of TARQUIN: his obstinate perseverance, and unremitted intrigues kept Rome in constant alarm, and at last occasioned the appointment of a new, and unheard of magistrate, a Dictator. The people oppressed with debt, molested by their creditors, and tyrannized over by the Senate, refused to fight against the Latians whom TARQUIN had again stirred up, unless their debts were remitted them; a Dictator was therefore appointed by public consent to enforce obedience.—A temporal magistrate, endued with more than Regal authority. Superior to the laws, all other offices were suspended during his reign, and all other power annihilated. The beginning was auspicious, but the end was fatal to the liberties of the Republic.

Thus far the Senate succeeded against the People,

People, and every evil, except one, was remedied in the person of the Dictator; whose unlimited power alarmed, controuled, and punished. Discontent still remained, and the people dissatisfied with their Rulers, and out of humour with themselves, retired to a mountain three miles distant from Rome. A secession like this might have been fatal to the Commonwealth had not the famous Fable of MENENIUS AGRIPPA reconciled the People to the Senate. That cunning Orator, most interesting from his simplicity, represented the Limbs at variance with the Body contending for Supremacy; and plainly marked out to them, that it was only from a perfect accord and union of the whole, that the several parts could receive vigor, or perform their functions. The inference was evident.—The People at once felt the necessity of their return, but sensible of their power, made their own terms. They insisted that two Tribunes should be appointed to watch over their interest, and redress their grievances:—that they should be chosen annually by the People out of their own body,—that their persons should be sacred,—that they should assemble the People when they pleased,—and their consent be rendered necessary to every act of the Senate. From this moment the Government underwent another change.—It became a Democracy,—and

though

though the office of Tribune at the beginning was of the greatest benefit, by reconciling those differences that threatened the immediate destruction of the Republic, yet in a course of years, and in the hands of disaffected persons of malicious characters, it frequently became the occasion of anarchy and tumult. The Agrarian Law, which proposed an equal distribution of the lands of the Republic among the People, a project as ridiculous as unjust, was their chief weapon of attack; and the Senate had no other defence than that of gaining over one of their own body, which, as they increased in number, was the surest and the safest means they could employ. MABLY says, "*We* also have our Tribunes,—*the Opposition.*"

The want of written laws, occasioned some years after the appointment of the Decemvirs, and another change in the constitution then took place. We have seen it Monarchical, Aristocratical, and Democratical:—an Oligarchy now prevailed. Embassadors were sent into Greece to collect a code of laws, and ten Senators were chosen to digest and see them executed. They were afterwards called the Laws of the Twelve Tables. These new magistrates governed by turns; the laws were in their hands, and their power absolute. It is true, the office was limited as to time, but unlimited as to power; and

and these Gentlemen, when they had once tasted the sweets of governing, were no longer disposed to resign an office they executed without controul. Usurped power is always tyrannical. The people groaned, but dared not complain, till the lust of APPIUS, and the death of VIRGINIA, like that of TARQUIN and LUCRETIA, freed the Romans a second time from arbitrary power, and thus they twice owed the blessings of liberty to female martyrs.

The Decemvirs being by this accident expelled, the constitution returned as it was before, and so continued till the time of SYLLA, who arrogated to himself the perpetual Dictatorship. This was the fatal stab to the liberties of the Republic already alluded to, and though upon the abdication of SYLLA the Government returned to its former state, yet the perpetual Dictatorship assumed by that Usurper, set an example to CÆSAR of which he availed himself shortly after.* The death of CÆSAR was a mo-

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* Six hundred persons were butchered in cold blood by SYLLA in one day. It was not permitted to give an asylum to any one that he proscribed. A son who received his father, or wife her husband, were punished with death. It has been observed, that he did not shew so much courage when he usurped the Dictatorship, as when he laid it down after the villainous use he had made of it.

men-

mentary restoration of liberty, which expired totally under his successor AUGUSTUS. That crafty politician first removed every obstacle in the way of his promotion, and by means so villainous as are hardly to be credited. His proscriptions during the Triumvirate were not less cruel, and were more infamous than those of SYLLA. His two political friends, ANTHONY and LEPIDUS, soon after became the victims of his ambition. The compliment he paid CATO when he said,—" *Quisquis præsentem statum civitatis immutari non volet, et civis et vir bonus est,*" was a satire on himself, who had changed every department of the State; who had taken every office upon himself, one after another, to which any power was annexed, the Tribuneship not excepted; and to complete the whole, got himself dispensed from obedience to the laws. As CÆSAR's ambition of the title of King deprived him of the power, so AUGUSTUS was contented with the power without the title, and though he accepted the Government (as he declared) for ten years only, he took care at the expiration of that time to be entreated by his friends to continue it for ten years longer; the same political farce, the same *Nolo Episcopari* was then said with as much humility and as little sincerity as by a modern Bishop, till the Consuls and the Senate became obedient to his will, and

till

till the Roman people by slow degrees became accustomed to that slavery for which their own vices had already prepared them.

No history, surely, can be so interesting to us as that of the Romans. It is not only full of the greatest events—it not only affords the brightest examples of virtue, but the affinity that Government once bore to our own excellent Constitution renders it more particularly worthy the attention of an Englishman.

LETTER LX.

ANCIENT Rome is said to have contained seven millions of inhabitants: modern Rome, at most, contains one hundred and eighty thousand, twelve thousand of which are Jews. PASCHAL, in 1687, makes the whole amount to one hundred and twenty-three thousand one hundred and fifty-one only; among whom he reckons forty-one Bishops, two hundred and forty-one Priests, and six hundred and thirty common prostitutes. If it be true, that the riches and prosperity of a State depend on the number of its inhabitants, modern Rome has little to hope; but, on the other hand, if every numerous and warlike nation has its greatest danger within itself, on this head modern Rome has nothing to fear.

The Wall that surrounds the town was built in the time of AURELIAN, and is about fourteen miles

miles in circumference. The Muro Torto has remained in the same falling state ever since the time of BELISARIUS. Do not fancy that every part is inhabited. Modern Rome is little more than the Campus Martius, which in ancient days was a place of exercise only; the rest are vineyards and gardens.

When I consider the astonishing numbers this Capital is said to have contained, according to Mr. MARTIN, six millions nine hundred and sixty-eight thousand, I cannot doubt that the suburbs were included, and we know not how far they extended; according to some authors, to Otricoli, forty miles distant from Rome. We know the houses were high, and confined by a decree of AUGUSTUS to seventy feet; probably the streets were also narrow, since TULLIA could not pass without driving over the body of her murdered father:—and another amiable female, her carriage being stopped by the crowd, wished that her brother, CLAUDIUS PULCHER, were alive to lose another battle, and thin the streets. When I compare the scanty number of Rome in its present state, I am proud to think that London has still increased in population; and that Britain, a little inconsiderable Island at the time of the CÆSARS, and described as a country of Slaves, from which nothing was either to be feared or gained, should have become

come in length of time the most formidable Power in Europe.

PLINY tells us, that the air in summer at Rome was unhealthy in his time. It is unhealthy now: it probably has ever been so, since HORACE, in his Sixth Epistle, dates it from the appearance of the first fig; after which time he preferred his villa in the country. He tells us, that in winter he avoided the extreme cold by removing nearer to the sea.

The climate in winter is now more damp than cold. Snow seldom lies, and the severity of frost is rarely felt. I conclude it has altered since the time of AUGUSTUS; for that Emperor, besides his toga lined with fur, wore a flannel shirt next his skin (at that time they had no linen), and four waistcoats; his legs and thighs also were warmly covered: this certainly denotes a cold climate. HORACE frequently mentions, with a seeming displeasure, Soracte covered with snow. LIVY tells us, that one year the winter was so severe that the Tiber was not only frozen, but snow lay of a prodigious depth for forty days together in the Forum. You will either give no credit to the assertion, or must suppose the climate altered, since many centuries have elapsed without such another example. An Irish Lord, Lord W——h, who, turned of eighty, came to Rome in 1788 to learn

Ita-

Italian, and finish his education, says he never was so sensible of cold, nor ever warmed his bed till he came into Italy.—This cold was accidental. You probably will see no ice, and may leave your skaits behind you.

The houses, some palaces excepted, are by no means equal to the idea you may have formed of Roman grandeur. The entrance at the Porta del Popolo, by MICHAEL ANGELO, is magnificent, but spoiled by the paltry houses on each side the gate. The Corso is a mile in length. Strada Pia, and Strada Felice, are elegant streets; the others are neither straight nor wide. The Trastevere was least considered in ancient Rome; it is so now. The inhabitants are a motley crew: the excessive concourse of travellers, of all nations, which annually resort to Rome, must nearly have annihilated the ancient character of the people; and I much doubt if, on this side the Tiber at least, there is any of the ancient blood remaining.—In vain you look for the SCIPIO's, the CATO's, and the BRUTUS's of ancient times;—Cardinals, Monsignores, and Abbés, are their only representatives. Though much degenerated from what they were, it is possible they may enjoy more real happiness in their present inactive state, than they found in their former restless activity; a source of continual danger to themselves, and destruction to their

their fellow-creatures. The old Republican spirit of this country is to be seen in the horses only; they are restive and vicious.—I sometimes fancy I am mounted on a GRACCHUS, sometimes on a CATILINE,—and when on the latter, I never spare him.

The usual residence of the English is the Piazza di Spagna; it is therefore considerably dearer in almost every article than any other part of Rome. I mention this circumstance lest the state of your finances should make economy necessary.

We have no Embassador at Rome; but the Cardinal de BERNIS, a perfect Frenchman *de la Vielle Cour*, does the honors of Rome to all strangers, even to the English. He lives magnificently, and you will be frequently invited to his table.

If you intend to pass your whole mornings in running from one palace to another; setting down the names of every Painter, without so much as looking at the picture; if at your return you prefer the society of your countrymen, to an inquiry into the manners and customs of the inhabitants; I foresee you will not leave the Piazza di Spagna:—but should you wish to be well received in the best societies, forsake for a time the company of your countrymen,—I mean such as continue to lead their London life in

Rome.

Rome. Get yourself presented in the principal houses, and to the Foreign Ministers. Talk their language, and comply with their customs. Leave gravity and philosophy behind you; go into company to amuse, and be amused; and let not a thought of to-morrow disturb the enjoyment of to-day. Speak often, lest you be accused of taciturnity; and let your discourse be short, lest your language be bad, or accent disagreeable.—VOLTAIRE once, in return for some English verses I sent him, applied the following emphatic words—"*Anglois qui parle, et François qui pense sont gens digne de vous voir.*" Above all, shew them attention.—Our good reception in society depends more on our attention to others, than on any real merit in ourselves.—Ask yourself if you have not conceived a better opinion of a person for no other reason than his shewing you more attention.—Oh! vanity, vanity! how easily art thou to be traced in all our actions!—and how readily do we forgive all offences, except the want of attention to our own dear persons!—It is, however, an unpleasant consideration, that the man who is most cordially received in all companies, I mean the flatterer, and that discreet gentleman, who is always of your opinion, are the most contemptible of beings.

Antiquarians, *Ciceroni's*, as they are called, will

will now offer you their assistance; and it is usual to make a six-week's tour through the streets of Rome.—I did it once.—No school-boy toiled harder, or at times more unwillingly; hurrying over pleasing objects to visit stones and rubbish of little importance, *for what?*—to say I had visited *all* the antiquities of Rome!—I expect more amusement now than I experienced then, though I am many years older.—I have acquired with age a right to think and act for myself.—I am no longer in leading strings: I have no other conductor than a Lacquais de Place; no inducement but real curiosity, and my first visit shall be to the Capitol.

LETTER LXI.

THE sight of the Campidoglio brings all Ancient Rome into remembrance. There the Heroes of Antiquity sacrificed to JUPITER CAPITOLINUS.—There they entered in triumph. It then fronted the Forum.

I was invited to dine at the Capitol at an annual dinner given by the *Conservatori*,* and felt a secret satisfaction while I luxuriously feasted, to find myself on the very spot that MANLIUS so bravely defended;—the seat of his glory, and scene of his disgrace.

I shall not attempt to describe the treasures of ancient and modern excellence which the Capitol contains: they have been written over and over

* Conservatori have the superintendence of the Public Buildings, Markets, &c., and in some measure resemble the Ediles of ancient Rome.

again. If I mention the Spoils of MARIUS it is to manifest the horror I feel when I reflect on that disturber of the public peace,—that villainous assassin, whose satellites dispatched all he met in the streets of Rome to whom he offered not his hand. If I mention MARCUS AURELIUS it is not in honor to his horse, though of the highest excellence; but to render a just tribute of praise to that philosophic Emperor who rendered his subjects happy. I wish he had been less indulgent to his wife, and more nice in the choice of a successor.

At the entrance is the famous *Marforio*. You may have heard of *Pasquin*, an antique Statue of a Soldier, so called from PASQUIN a tailor who lived near it: he was a man of wit and humour much given to satire. To that statue the Romans fix their Pasquinades (lampoons), and the answer, usually by the same hand, on this of Marforio:—I fear I am wrong, and that the *question* is by Marforio, and the *answer* by Pasquin.—It is no matter. These two Statues are the Successors of HORACE, PERSIUS, and JUVENAL, and the Satyrists of modern Rome.

If you are inclined to reflect on Virtue and Vice, examine well the Statues and Busts of the Emperors and Empresses; you will there find examples superiorly eminent for both. CÆSAR affords a very ample field for reflection;—his man-

manners, his talents, his ambition, and his end, were all of them extraordinary. He was not only the most able General, but the most consummate Statesman, the finest Scholar, and the most liberal minded Gentleman of the age in which he lived. Ambition was his failure, and the nonsensical wish of the title of King, when he already enjoyed the power, cost him his life. Had he been as true a friend to Liberty as he was an enemy—had he been a promoter of public tranquillity instead of a disturber of it, he had escaped the hand of the assassin. The virtuous BRUTUS would not have made a merit of depriving him of life out of love to his country, nor would TULLY have called that horrid transaction a Banquet to which he wished he had been invited. They knew him too well to trust him; he had neither the steadiness nor the courage of a Conspirator: it was lucky for him he had not; it had been a fatal banquet to his reputation at least—if not to his life.

AUGUSTUS is a singular instance of a man outliving a bad reputation, and improving by age: like SYLLA he seems to have been tired of cruelty, and like him to have ended better than he began. Had he died young, he had died a villain. In his latter days, though he entirely destroyed the liberties of the Romans, yet, so mild was his government, so gentle were his

manners, that it was said of AUGUSTUS,—"*He should not have lived, or should not have died.*"

The character of TIBERIUS was less equivocal, his whole reign was a series of iniquity. Not a day passed without an execution. He forced those to live that his cruelties made wish to die. Death was a favor at his hands, and bestowed only on those with whom he was reconciled. When he was told that CORNELIUS, a prisoner of his, had destroyed himself, he exclaimed—"*Cornelius has then escaped me!*" He was afraid of thunder;—well he might.

CALIGULA was a monster in human form. Seeing many Senators at his table he burst into a fit of laughter: being asked the reason—"*I laugh,*" said he, "*because it lies in my power to have you all strangled one after the other.*" He wished the Romans had but one head, that he might cut it off at a blow. How unlike THEODOSIUS, who, instead of condemning his subjects to death, said—"*He wished he could recal to life all those who were already dead.*"—A humane speech, but not a wise one.

CLAUDIUS was deficient both in body and mind; yet, in the midst of his simplicity he passed some sentences not unworthy of a wiser man. The Pretorian Guard that saluted him Emperor, and were rewarded for it, retained their power from

from that time, and shortly after made and unmade the Emperors at their pleasure.

NERO was the son of DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS and AGRIPPINA, who, conscious of his own villany, said that nothing good could come from him and AGRIPPINA:—yet AGRIPPINA and CALIGULA were both of them children of GERMANICUS. The capricious extravagances of NERO were not less extraordinary than his cruelty. He was wife to PITHAGORAS, and husband to SPORUS. He put his preceptor to death—poisoned his brother—killed his wife—had his mother assassinated—and set fire himself to Rome, to represent the burning of Troy. It is the last actions of our life, not the first that decide our character; otherwise NERO had been an excellent Sovereign,—AUGUSTUS a villain.

GALBA was a brave soldier, but a timid Emperor. It is said of him—"*Major privatus visus dum privatus fuit et omnium consensu imperii dignum nisi imperasset.*"

OTHO died more heroically than he lived. It has been said that he put himself to death as deliberately though for a less noble cause than CATO; as it was to prevent bloodshed, and to save his friends and fellow-soldiers from destruction, without either pride, pique, or resentment, I think the cause infinitely more noble and more generous, and that in this instance the Imperial

perial *Petit Maitre* outdid the *Stoic* of Utica. CATO killed himself because he would not see the distress of his country; OTHO, because he would not occasion it. Never was any man so much regretted. The soldiers that assisted at his funeral, after kissing the dead body, and calling him Most Magnanimous, and their only Emperor, slew themselves for grief; and others who were not present, when they heard of his death, slew one another. In the opinion of all, he deserved to reign the instant he ceased to live.

VITELLIUS was destitute of every good quality, and only remarkable for his gluttony. He was at last food himself for the fishes of the Tiber.

All became Divinities after they were dead. It occasioned VESPASIAN, when seized with a dangerous illness, to say with some humour—"*Ut puto Deum fio*" (I fancy I am becoming a Divinity).—He was a brave soldier, and a good Sovereign; the best, without exception, since the time of AUGUSTUS. Though you hate avarice, you will respect the father of TITUS.

TITUS was properly called the Delight of Mankind. He considered that day as lost in which he had done no good. He dismissed his foreigners who were offensive to the Roman people: he even parted with his beloved BERE-

NICE;

NICE; and, like our own HARRY, agreeably deceived the expectations of his subjects. When two young conspirators of family, who had been discovered in a plot against his person, were brought before him, he received them rather as a father, than as a Judge: he inquired into their complaints, promised to redress their grievances, and, instead of ordering them to be executed, invited them to supper.—The mother of one of the young men being absent from Rome, he immediately dispatched a messenger to relieve her from her fears, and assure her of her son's safety. —I believe a mother only can do justice to such a sentiment. Unfortunately his reign was short, and his brother is not free from the suspicion of having made it so. On his death-bed he declared there was but one action of his whole life that he recollected with remorse. I have but little curiosity, yet I confess I should be glad to know what that action was. How frequently does one day succeed another in the same dull uniformity! If you ask yourself in the morning what you are getting up *to do*, I fear you will sometimes find it scarcely worth the trouble.—If you ask yourself in the evening what you *have done*, it is a chance if you have reason to be satisfied with your day's employment.—Could every one act like TITUS, he might then

get

get up with pleasure, and lie down with satisfaction.

DOMITIAN was cruel in the extreme.—Cowards are always so!—Not even a fly escaped him. Other tyrants condemned their subjects to death; this took pleasure in seeing them die: he refined upon cruelty, and caressed before he destroyed. It has been remarked, that great crimes are nearly allied to madness; and that CALIGULA, NERO, DOMITIAN, &c. &c. are eternal monuments of the truth of it.

Of the twelve CÆSARS, two only died a natural death. SUETONIUS might prove as useful a lesson to Princes as TELEMACHUS. Those who are only feared, are generally slain at last. Of the Emperors that succeeded to the time of CONSTANTINE, most of them were assassinated. The flattery of the Senate, and the power they assumed, made these villains fancy themselves Divinities, till the daggers of their subjects convinced them they were men. When you read, that these Emperors would forbid their subjects to grieve for their parents and their friends whom they had inhumanly condemned to death or torture; that at the loss of any infamous person of their own family, they forbad them to laugh on pain of death; that when DRUSILLA, the sister of CALIGULA, died, to whom he had allowed

allowed divine honors, it was made capital to lament her death, *because she was a Goddess,*—and not to lament her was equally criminal, *because she was his sister;* you will with difficulty conceive how such horrors could enter the breast of a human creature, or that mankind could ever have been so vile as patiently to have endured them.

It is some consolation, however, in the midst of so much iniquity, to reflect on the extraordinary virtues of TRAJAN, and the ANTONINES. The former, when he presented the sword upon his accession, as was the custom, to the Captain of his Guard, said—"*Take it to defend me if I am a good Sovereign, or to punish me if I am a bad one.*"—And the good ANTONINUS said—"*He had no longer any thing he could call his own since he was become Emperor.*" These heroes considered the laws as their superior; they acted with justice and humanity; they lived gloriously, and died justly lamented and regretted by their subjects.

As to the female part of the Empire, the JULIA'S, FAUSTINA'S, and MESSALINA'S, were a disgrace to it: but CORNELIA, mother of the GRACCHI; OCTAVIA, wife of MARK ANTHONY; PORTIA, daughter of CATO; and CICERO'S TULLIA, would have been an ornament to any age.

Remem-

Remember, that the best of these Statues are by Grecian artists:—a country once famous for arts and arms: the country of PHIDIAS, and of ALEXANDER: a country to which the fine gentlemen of Rome were sent to improve their manners; their orators, to learn to speak; and where their poets and historians were first taught how to write.

You will see many excellent busts of HOMER, which will bring the Iliad to your remembrance: a poem thought by the ancients to contain the principles of every science; and where a better lesson of morality, more resignation to the Divine Will, and more encouragement to prayer may be learned, than is to be found in the generality of Sermons. It is a pleasure to reflect on the customs and manners of near three thousand years ago, when Heroes dressed their own victuals, and Princesses washed their own linen. Nor do I recollect a single instance of a Grecian or Trojan Dame passing the whole night at cards; gambling for sums which were she to lose, it might be difficult, if not impossible, to pay.—Let our fair countrywomen read POPE'S Translation of HOMER in an idle hour, and while they admire the fatal beauties of a HELEN, let them imitate the domestic virtues of ANDROMECA.

Opposite the stair-case stands the famous Colonna

Colonna Rostrata, erected in the time of the Republic to commemorate the first Naval Victory by C. DUILLIUS; and I cannot help reflecting while looking at it on the difference between those days and our own. The most inconsiderable frigate at present in the Mediterranean would be more than sufficient to put a complete finish to C. DUILLIUS and his whole fleet. At the time of HENRY the Eighth, the greatest ship we then had was of forty guns, and called the Great Harry.—What a miserable figure would the Great Harry now cut alongside the Royal George!

In the apartment of the Conservatori you will see the combat of the HORATII and CURIATII, the most remarkable of the few duels that we read of in ancient history. Though brave, without doubt, courage alone would not have gained MARCUS the victory without the help of art. Two of his companions were slain, and his three antagonists, though weakened by their wounds, stood ready to oppose him. Three against one, are direful odds; and, though free from wounds himself, the advantage was in favor of the CURIATII. MARCUS therefore, no less politic than brave, pretended to fly, and the CURIATII immediately pursued; they pursued, but with an unequal pace, such as their strength permitted: by this artifice he separated one from the

the other, and slew them all. VIRGIL says—"*Dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirit.*"—The flight of MARCUS was honorable: but I am concerned that HOMER should have made the gallant HECTOR run away through fear, and thus injure a character that in other respects is so truly amiable. MACHIAVEL condemns the Romans for trusting the event of the battle, and all their liberties, to the valour and conduct of three young men. It is a proof, at least, of the high opinion they had of them.—What nation now existing can produce three Brothers of one family in whom they would place so unlimited a confidence!

You will be shewn MUTIUS SCEVOLA, who, failing in his attempt to kill PORSENNA, thrust his hand into a burning caldron, and burnt it off in his presence,—and will be astonished at Roman fortitude.

You will see BRUTUS on his Tribunal, condemning his sons to death who had conspired against their country; and you will hesitate, perhaps, before you decide on his patriotism, or his brutality. We are not proper judges of ancient manners; their contempt of death, and love of their country, are virtues unknown to modern patriots.—I hope we are better Fathers; as Patriots, I am certain we are not so good.

You will see HORATIUS COCLES defending

the

the Sublician Bridge alone against the whole Tuscan army; and you will no longer wonder that such heroes should afterwards become masters of the Universe.

Highly esteemed are the three Pigeons in Mosaic; they are said to be the same that PLINY mentions.

The Wolf in brónze is thought to be that which commemorated in ancient Rome the suckling of ROMULUS and REMUS by that animal; and was struck by lightning at the time of the death of CÆSAR. The place where it was found, and the mark which is still visible, render it not improbable.

The Dying Gladiator is the most perfect representation of a wounded person at the last extremity: the hair stands erect; the legs have already lost all their power; pain is strongly expressed in the countenance; and the very lips seem to quiver as in the agony of death. PLINY says, that you may even reckon the time he has to live from the apparent remains he has of life. They had frequent opportunities of making such calculations; we, I thank GOD, have not.

Among the best of the Pictures you will see the Fortune of GUIDO, and GUERCINO's Sybil: of the latter are many copies, yet there is a something, a *je ne sçais quoi*, in the original that no copy has ever yet come up to.

I must

I must not quit the Capitol without informing you, that it is the residence of a Senator, the only representative now remaining of the ancient Senate,—of that Senate which CINEAS told PYRRHUS looked like an assembly of Kings. This is the only Court in Rome in which the Magistrate is not a Priest. You may well ask, what is become of the ancient Romans? But what is become of the great nations that preceded them?—Phenecians, Egyptians, Medes, and Persians, and even Grecians, what is become of them?—They are effeminate, indolent, and ignorant; and, after an age of heroism, are become the most abject of slaves.

The Tarpeian Rock, that dreadful object of terror and dismay in ancient days, from whence MANLIUS and other criminals were hurled into immediate destruction, is at the back of the Capitol. Though no longer tremendous, time having lowered the hills of Rome, and raised the valleys, it would as completely now as formerly break the neck of any man that should be thrown from it:—it is ridiculous, therefore, to talk of jumping down for diversion; and one might suspect that the Author who treats it so slightingly, never saw it.

LETTER LXII.

THE Forum next engaged my attention. As I strolled amidst its ruins I endeavoured to consider what it once was, and was grieved to find that the very place where the ancient Romans met to decide causes, the seat of eloquence, the most frequented part of Rome, was become a market for cattle; the very Smithfield of her degenerated sons. Where are now its Temples, its Basilicons, its Porticos!—It is difficult even to ascertain the places where they stood. The splendid ruins that remain serve only to maintain the superiority of the ancient over modern architecture. The Barbarians, when they destroyed the rest, might as well have spared us that unnecessary mortification.

It is totally impossible to form the least idea of the Forum Romanum to which the Campo Vacino bears no resemblance; it was there CICERO thundered against CATILINE, and defended

fended himself against CLODIUS; and it was on the same Rostrum, after his assassination, that his head was fixed between his two hands by order of ANTHONY. There HORTENSIUS and CATO pleaded. The Forum was not like the litigious modern Courts of Law, where the mercenary and professional lawyer so frequently betrays the interest of those who employ him. The Orators of ancient Rome pleaded *gratis*, and protected the oppressed plebeians, their clients, with all their eloquence.* Public pleadings were from the Rostrum, and in the open air. Private causes were decided in the Basilicons or Porticos; and we are told that a Temple, Basilicon, and Portico, were necessary in every Forum, for religion, business, and convenience, and at least one of each.

The remains of this interesting spot are few, and those are ruins. The three columns of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, erected by AUGUSTUS who had escaped from a thunder-bolt, have ever been looked upon as the finest remains of antiquity: not less for the justness of their proportion than for the elegance of their decoration. You will observe that where the archi-

* It was illegal to take money for pleading, or even to accept any present.

trave was ornamented, the frieze was constantly left plain, and *vice versa.*

The remains of the Temple of Concord are also admirable. It was there CICERO assembled the Senate when he discovered the conspiracy of CATALINE. There also SEJANUS the wicked Minister of the most abandoned Emperor was condemned to death by the Senate. The time and occasion of its being built is uncertain; some think it was built by CAMILLUS, when he reconciled the People to the Senate.—It is mentioned by OVID. The Senate usually assembled in the Temple of Concord and the Temple of Bellona.

The Via Sacra, where HORACE met his troublesome companion, that bore or rather that bull-dog in human shape, from whom APOLLO at last saved him, past close to the Temple of Antonine and Faustina, of which ten columns only are now remaining.

The Lacus Curtius, that famous Gulf into which Q. CURTIUS is said to have leapt, horse and all, a most improbable story, was without doubt an interesting object in ancient Rome, but it is not easy to ascertain its exact situation. It was on its bank that GALBA's chair was overset when he was assassinated by the soldiers of OTHO.

Here stood the Colonna Miliaria, or first

mile-stone; distances were reckoned from hence all over the Empire, as ours are from London Bridge and Hyde Park Corner. Travellers are obliged to CAIUS GRACCHUS for this convenient method of measuring distances. It is a satisfaction at the end of every mile to know how far you have left one post, and how near you are to another. AUGUSTUS was the first who established regular posts; before his time Couriers went on foot.

The Triumphal Arch of SEVERUS was erected by the Senate to SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS, on his victory over the Parthians. It consists of three arches. It is curious to observe how much they are below the present surface. The Basso Relievos represent the Military Exploits of that Emperor, and sufficiently evince the decay of the Arts during his reign. This Arch, which was then the entrance into the Forum from the Capitol, must have had a very different appearance when it was all above the ground; the Statue of the Emperor in his Triumphal Car standing boldly on the top.

The Arch of TITUS, the most ancient in Rome, is richly adorned with basso relievos, representing the famous Candlestick with its seven branches, emblem of the seven primitive churches; the Table of Shewbread; and other spoils brought from the siege of Jerusalem:—a

siege

siege that we still read of with horror. The Jews are said to have lost in this war near a million and a half of men; eleven hundred thousand perished at the siege of Jerusalem only. TITUS there shewed the benevolence of his nature, but it availed little against the obstinate ferocity of the inhabitants. The distresses of this City during the siege, if related with fidelity, are horrid beyond example. Many were starved to death; many used extraordinary means to preserve themselves from it: husbands by force took the food from their wives,—mothers, from their children:—but one incident was particularly shocking; a mother who had a young child at her breast, cut it into pieces to satisfy her hunger:—a circumstance like this might incline one to think that Jerusalem merited her destruction; yet TITUS would have saved the Temple, had it not been its destiny to fall. The Composite Order is said to have been first used in Rome in this Arch; under which, they tell you, the Jews to this day are unwilling to pass. Here VESPASIAN triumphed with his son, out of economy.

We admire the beauties of sculpture in the Triumphal Arch of TITUS; and in that of CONSTANTINE we lament the difference that a few years had made. The Arts were evidently on the decline; and lest it should not be suffi-

ciently observed, basso relievos were brought from the Forum of TRAJAN to render it still more conspicuous, for they have nothing to do with CONSTANTINE,—it is the victory of TRAJAN over the Dacians that they represent. This Arch was erected to CONSTANTINE after his defeat of MEZENTIUS. It seems as if architecture did not decline in proportion with the other arts: the Arch itself is beautiful.

Near it you see the remains of the *Meta Sudans*, a fountain so called from its resemblance to the Meta of the Circus. It was designed for the use of the Amphitheatre.—Thither many a tired, wounded gladiator came to quench his thirst, and cleanse himself from dust and blood.

Ancient Rome had many Forums; that of TRAJAN was the most conspicuous. The famous Pillar erected to that Emperor by the Senate at his conquest of the Dacians, still remains untouched, uninjured, either by the destructive hand of time, or more destructive hands of men. Though beautiful the Pillar in its present state, and enriched with useful ornaments, that afford the best information now remaining of the dress and occupation of the Roman Soldiery, the work of APOLLODORUS; yet fancy to yourself the figure it once made when boldly standing in the midst of an immense square, and surrounded on every side by the most

most elegant and most magnificent edifices. On the top is the Statue of Saint PETER in bronze. With all my respect for the Saint, whose name I have the honor, though unworthily, to bear, I am sorry the ashes of so excellent a Prince as TRAJAN were disturbed to place his image there.—I cannot think military ornaments at all connected with the life and atchievements of an Apostle. In the center of the finest Forum in Rome stood this beautiful Pillar, which TRAJAN did not live to see.

The Column of ANTONINUS, though inferior, is also a magnificent relic of ancient grandeur. The Statue of ANTONINE has given place to that of Saint PAUL: this Saint also might surely be better placed than on a Pagan Pillar, adorned with the trophies of victories in which he had no share.

AMMIEN, a writer of the fourth century, tells us, that he found report a liar with regard to other cities by saying too much; he had found it also a liar with regard to Rome by saying too little. If the shattered remains of this great people still form the magnificence of modern Rome, what must ancient Rome have been in all her splendor.

LETTER LXIII.

THE Colosseo, so called from the Colossal Statue of NERO that stood near it, is, without exception, the most wonderful ruin of antiquity. This, as well as the Temple of Peace, was built by VESPASIAN; and Rome owes, to use the words of a late elegant historian, to the most covetous of its Sovereigns two of its best monuments. MARTIAL, who lived under DOMITIAN, prefers it to the Seven Wonders of the World—*Omnis Cæsareo cedat Labor Amfiteatro.* You will admire the building, and think with horror of the blood spilt in the Arena,—of fighting gladiators, and Christian martyrs; cruel sports, and shameful sacrifices.

This immense edifice consists of four orders of architecture, the Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite, each according to the best proportions of the best of times, and contained eighty thousand spectators. The form is oval; the

the best adapted to give to each person a view of the Arena. Though less perfect than that at Verona, you still discover the distribution of the seats, and how they got to them. Convenience was not less attended to than magnificence; and the whole was admirably contrived to receive at one time such an astonishing concourse of people, who entered and went away with more ease and less confusion than at a modern theatre. The front row, reserved for the Emperor, principal Magistrates, and Vestal Virgins, was defended by a kind of *jalousie* of wire from an accidental spring of a wild beast. Knights had seats allotted to them behind the Senators. The whole was covered with an awning, which served as a defence either against the sun or rain.

The Arena was so called, being covered with sand. It was a place of combat. The gladiator by this means had firmer footing, and the blood, which was shed there in abundance, was less offensive to the eye of the spectator. It was a shocking pastime, and suited to a people who lived by conquest, and delighted in blood. The Arena, without doubt, contributed not a little to their ferocity. There the best hearts lost the sensibility that was natural to them, and learned to look on distress unmoved;—there the Roman soldier learnt to despise death, and the Emperors to inflict it without remorse. It is said that

CLAU-

CLAUDIUS became more cruel by attending constantly to diversions of this kind. Unarmed Christians were here exposed to wild beasts to be torn piecemeal; naked gladiators gave and received a thousand wounds; criminals were set to murder each other in cold blood;—such were the diversions that the people of Rome, men, women, and children, ran as eagerly to see, as ours to a puppet-show: and yet the very same people when they heard that excellent verse of TERENCE—"*Homo sum, humani nil a me alienum puto,*" approved the sentiment, and the theatre shook with their applause.—What an inconsistent animal is man!

Gladiators were first hired to fight at the funerals of great men, in imitation of the ancient custom of sacrificing prisoners of war at the sepulchres of their heroes. JUNIUS BRUTUS gave this diversion to the Romans at his father's death; CÆSAR, at his daughter's. They afterwards became more general, were taught in schools, and let out for hire;—it is also said, they were fed high that they might bleed freely: they even tell you, that the vanquished gladiator would assume a graceful attitude, and die with dignity. It is scarcely credible, that men should put themselves into studied attitudes in the midst of agony, merely to enjoy the plaudits of a world they were leaving for ever, and that cruelly made

a sport

a sport of their sufferings. The life of the vanquished depended on the will of the Public: when they held up their hands with the thumb down, it was a signal of reprieve; the thumb held up, was a sentence of death.—It is difficult to conceive how it was ever possible, in cold blood, to condemn to death the vanquished suppliant gladiator.

In the morning they fought with wild beasts; about mid-day, with one another. They did not always fight singly; sometimes in parties, continuing the combat till one side had entirely destroyed the other. When presented with a sword of wood they were excused from public service; and it was not unusual for them then to keep a school, and instruct others.

NERO obliged six hundred Knights, and four hundred Senators, to fight for his diversion; and CALIGULA, when gladiators were wanting, forced the Citizens into the Arena to defend themselves against the wild beasts which were let out upon them, their tongues being first cut out, that they might not complain of his cruelty. Surely these accounts are exaggerated, or the Romans, who are represented as heroes, were the very vilest of slaves.

There is something truly shocking in these sports, which were the delight of the Roman people. To see two men pitted one against the other

other like game-cocks; armed purposely to cut each other in pieces: to watch and applaud the blows; see the blood, hear the groans, and view with pleasure the dying contortions of the vanquished,—has a degree of barbarity in it to which no other nation has ever yet arrived. Our countrywomen will with difficulty believe, that the fair-sex not only partook of these diversions, but, if we can credit the Satyrist, were sometimes performers themselves in these scenes of blood.—In short, this amusement was so general, and so much in favor with the people, that even in the latter ages, when the mild spirit of Christianity prevailed, though it highly disapproved its cruelties, did not think it prudent to prevent them.

I fear there may be found somewhat of cruelty almost in every diversion in which man delights. See the Bull-feasts in Spain, not like the English bull-baiting amusement of the vulgar only, but a superb and costly festival, honored with the appearance of the whole Court, and where all that is great, all that is lovely in Spain, regularly attend. The sufferings of the bull are not to be described. Darts are not only stuck into his sides purposely to enrage him, but squibs and crackers are fastened to the ends of them to add terror to anguish. He bellows, he tears up the earth with rage: he is attacked

attacked now on horseback, now on foot, by men trained to this exercise, and expert at it. During a long conflict the horses are frequently gored by the furious animal, and, to increase the horror of the scene, crawl along the Arena dragging their entrails after them.—At length, in awful silence, the Matador arrives with the Molata (a kind of cloak), which he holds in his left hand to provoke the furious animal, and directing the point of his sword at his heart, lays the bleeding victim at his feet.—Tell me not then of the cruelty of a Sportsman, though the fleet hare and wily fox are objects of his pursuit: he is witness only to the natural contest between one animal and another; and though death is the consequence, it is instantaneous: nor is it accompanied with any circumstance of barbarity of which humanity need be ashamed.

The English are accused of a love of cock-fighting, bull-baiting, boxing, and cudgel-playing.—I do not wish them exempt from this censure, if it contribute, as I believe it does, to the superior courage that animates them. I am no boxer myself; I have seen no sparring: yet I think it of use, and read of those honorable and manly contests among the lower class with the greatest satisfaction.—Take care how you suppress this generous spirit. If you render them cowardly, you make them cruel: prevent fair fighting, and they

they will soon learn to stab each other, the common practice in other countries. An Italian who had been in England, where he had seen two Englishmen fight in the street, mentioned the other day, as a proof of our barbarity, that one of them having knocked the other down, stood waiting for the moment of his rising to knock him down again. Whether a battle be justifiable or not, the cause of it only can determine: when engaged, self-defence requires us to do the best we can for our own preservation, and generosity is then shewn by taking no unfair advantage. I can safely say, that in England I never saw a man struck when he was down. I never saw two men fall upon one; or a weapon drawn upon an unarmed man: nor is the knife which Englishmen carry in their pockets to support life, ever inhumanly used to cut the thread of it. I shall make no comparisons; and I can assure my Brother-Citizens of the World, that I will on other occasions as candidly allow the failings of my countrymen, as in this instance I am proud of their virtue.

A patriotic spirit has carried me strangely from my subject; luckily I am writing to an Englishman who will excuse it. I shall finish all I have to say of the Colosseo by telling you, that the Romans themselves have raised their sacrilegious hands against a venerable pile which

a Gothic

a Gothic King had spared:—that one Pope, with more than Gothic ignorance, destroyed as far as he was able these precious remains of antiquity; and another (LAMBERTINI) has had the sense to know their value, and ingenuity to preserve them from further rapine.* In short, the Colosseo, which once rung with the shouts of eighty thousand people, is become the most quiet and most retired spot in Rome.—Once a scene of combat, it is now a place of prayer.

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* Altars are now erected in the Arena, forming a *Via Crucis*, representing the passion of our Saviour.

LETTER LXIV.

PANEM et Circenses was the common cry of the Roman people from one end of Rome to the other; and the latter were the bribes with which, in the time of the Republic, the rich obtained the votes of their constituents. Their love of the Theatre and Circus was insatiable. The Theatre of POMPEY, of which we have little or no remains, was the first that was built in Rome; it contained forty thousand; or according to LA LANDE, eighty thousand spectators. A Portico, adorned with the statues of the most distinguished characters, men and women, by the best artists, surrounded it, and afforded that shelter in bad weather which a theatre totally uncovered might occasionally require. POMPEY at the opening of this theatre gave plays at his own expence; in the Circus horse races; and in the Arena three hundred lions were killed, besides other wild beasts, for the

the diversion of the populace. I wonder how they were procured, since lions and tygers are not as easily caught as hares and rabbits. I cannot but admire the wealth and grandeur of the Citizens of Rome, who produced shews for the amusement of the people, which LEWIS the Fourteenth in the height of his magnificence could not have accomplished.

Of the Theatre of MARCELLUS little now remains, except the columns that surrounded it on one side, and they are in the best style of Doric and Ionic architecture. This theatre was built by AUGUSTUS to the memory of his nephew MARCELLUS. Though the theatre is no more, the memory of MARCELLUS still remains,—but rather owing to the merit of the Poet who has rendered it famous, than to his own virtues. OCTAVIA was so much affected by this delicate piece of flattery, that she ordered him *ten sesterces* for each line.*

The Circus Maximus, instituted by ROMULUS to commemorate the Rape of the Sabine Women, contained, if you credit VICTOR, three hundred and eighty thousand spectators. The form was an oblong square, rounded at one end: the *Spina*, a wall twelve feet broad, and four

* About two thousand pounds sterling.

feet

feet high, separated the Arena in the middle, having at each end three short columns in form of a cone, called *Meta*, round which the Charioteers turned, keeping them constantly on their left hand: they made seven rounds. The Romans, though Pagans, were religious. The Images of their Deities were first carried in procession, attended by a military escort of horse and foot. Sacrifices were then performed, at the conclusion of which the signal was given, and the race began.

These were not like the Grecian Games, where ALCIBIADES, and others not less famous, contended for the Olympic Prize. The Roman Senator was a spectator only. Charioteers were no longer heroes; they were the Jockeys of the present age: white, red, green, and blue, were the colours which distinguished them; intended, as it is supposed, to represent the four seasons of the year, winter, summer, spring, and autumn. All had their partizans, particularly the two last, which afterwards became leading factions, and their bloody differences frequently occasioned the greatest danger to the State.

The circular part at one end is all that now remains of the Circus Maximus. The Circus of CARACALLA still preserves its ancient form, not only the *Spina* and the *Meta*, but the Towers for the principal Magistrates, and the seats for the

the people, are still discernable. There is one particularity worthy your observation: hollow earthen pots are placed under the seats, some think to lessen the weight of the building, but in the more general opinion, to render the applause more sensible;—a strange idea of the architect, as if the natural applause of twenty-four thousand people, the number it is said to have contained, was not of itself noisy enough without the help of art. This is the most perfect ancient Circus now remaining. The diversions of this place were not confined to racing only: they were of various kinds, and lasted from morning till night. The people usually retired at twelve to dine; but it is said that CLAUDIUS was so passionately fond of these diversions, that he remained till all was over.

A warm climate, and woollen covering without linen, made frequent bathing necessary. The number and conveniency of the baths formed a principal part of ancient Roman magnificence. In those of DIOCLESIAN three thousand persons could bathe at the same time unseen by each other; and in those of CARACALLA, less extensive, but not less adorned, two thousand three hundred. Such were the baths of DIOCLESIAN and CARACALLA, the remains of which are the wonder of the present day. Many others were erected at different times by various

personages. The Aldobrandini marriage, and the famous Laocoon, were found in the baths of TITUS; where still are to be seen the Arabesque, or grotesque paintings, which RAPHAEL has copied in the Vatican. At first men and women went promiscuously into the same bath; ADRIAN, who was no friend to the fair sex, was the first who perceived its indecency, and suppressed it.

The custom of bathing was not peculiar to the Romans only; it prevailed as far back as we have any history of the Grecian, Asiatic, or Chaldean empire. Baths were first brought to perfection in Greece: the Lacedemonians attribute to themselves the glory: and VITRUVIUS tells us, that the Romans built their baths in imitation of that nation.

In the early days of the Republic, the Campus Martius was the only place of exercise, and the Tyber the only public bath. It was there, when covered with dust and sweat, they cleansed their bodies, refreshed and invigorated their limbs. As luxury increased, aqueducts were constructed, but were not brought to perfection till the time of the Emperors. Baths instituted by authority were regulated by their own laws. At any public rejoicing they were given gratis to the people; at any public calamity, prohibited.

Three o'clock was the usual hour of the public baths. The expence was so trifling that the luxury became general. They were usually scraped afterwards; a ceremony I should readily have excused. AUGUSTUS is said to have had callouses formed on his skin by the too frequent use of the Stridulum; an instrument resembling the scraper of a race-horse; but this is of wood, *that* was of iron. ANTONIUS MUSA having saved AUGUSTUS from a dangerous illness by the cold bath, it became the fashion; but shortly after killing MARCELLUS by the same means, it went out of fashion again.

They anointed their bodies; it was an ancient custom:—the Psalmist tells us, that it gives to man a cheerful countenance,—it certainly gave him a shining one.

These immense edifices were not confined to bathing only. They were not less adapted to every kind of exercise both of the body and mind. The whole was richly adorned with paintings and statues; among the latter of which MERCURY, the God of Eloquence, was never omitted.

Twenty aqueducts supplied the baths of ancient Rome; three of which were restored by SEXTUS V., and are more than sufficient for the use and luxury of the present inhabitants.

Every quarter of the town has several foun-

tains; the largest and most abundant is La Fontana Paulina, so called after PAUL V. who constructed it: it is a vile piece of architecture. The most beautiful and best is the Fontana di Trevi; an ancient aqueduct supplies this fountain with excellent water, the Aqua Vergine; the same, perhaps, that CASSIUS drank:—but wherefore do I talk of CASSIUS to one who had rather revel with ANTHONY!

Let me not forget the fountain Egeria, where NUMA pretended to hold his secret conferences with that nymph for the prosperity of the State. No people were more superstitious, or more easily cajoled at all times, than the inhabitants of Rome.

The Cloaca Maxima, or common sewer, was built by TARQUINIUS. This extraordinary piece of masonry, consisting of large blocks of stone without mortar, has already stood upwards of two thousand four hundred years. It may outlast the famous Pyramids, which they tell us are beginning to decay.

LETTER LXV.

THERE is nothing remaining of ancient architecture more singular, or more elegant, than the Pantheon, which a countryman of ours compares to a Cockpit. This Temple, when it stood boldly above the surface; when you ascended to it by a flight of steps, and before it was stripped of its finery,* was worthy of the Deities it contained:—sunk into a hole, surrounded by mean and filthy habitations, it bears little resemblance to that fashionable rendezvous where HORACE tells us the Nobility of Rome assembled. The Portico was added by AGRIPPA. This Temple, formerly dedicated to JUPITER, and all the Gods, is now dedicated to the

* The Baldaquin at Saint Peter's is of Corinthian brass, taken from the Pantheon, and was a mixture of gold, silver, and copper.

VIRGIN, and all the Saints; and every hour of the day is full of sinners.

Of the Temple of Peace three arches only remain. This was the largest and richest temple in Rome. It was built by VESPASIAN, and burnt under COMMODUS. The spoils of Jerusalem were not the only valuable deposit lost by this accident; the most excellent works of art; the most admired beauties of painting and sculpture were also utterly destroyed. From the extraordinary elegance of the single pillar before the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, some idea may be formed of the beauty of the Temple itself.

The Temple of JANUS was only open while the Romans were at war. As ROMULUS encouraged his subjects to military atchievements to acquire dominion, his successor NUMA encouraged them to live in peace as the surest means to preserve it. During his reign the Temple was kept constantly shut for forty-three years following.

The Temple of VESTA is spoiled as a temple by being transformed into a church. The Vestal Virgins were instituted by NUMA. In some respects they resembled the Nuns of the present day. They wore a particular dress, and their hair was shaved. Their principal employment was to keep in the Holy Fire,—a necessary precaution,

caution, as they had not our facility in lighting it again. There were six of them, and, as they were of necessity to be virgins, were wisely procured before they were ten years old. They had great privileges: they were maintained at the public expence; had a Lictor to attend them; had places allotted them in the theatre; and if they met a criminal by accident, might absolve him from punishment:—but if they failed in their vow of chastity, they were buried alive. Notwithstanding the severity of the punishment, instances are not wanting of their incontinency.

The Temple of Virtue and Honor was built by MARCELLUS. It was a noble idea the placing them together, making it necessary to pass *first through the one*, before you could *enter the other*.

The Temple of the Sun and Moon is now the Convent of Santa Maria Nuova. When Lord H——h was here with his two daughters, he attempted to get admittance, and was refused. It is nothing less than excommunication for a woman to enter: he said they were already excommunicated—*they were heretics*.

Innumerable were the temples of ancient Rome. VOLTAIRE wittily remarks—"*L'interet n'en a point et partout il est adoré.*"

Of ancient Mausoleums that of ADRIAN is the

the most conspicuous,—the Castel Sant' Angelo of the present day. The columns with which it was adorned are removed to Saint Paul's; the cannon which supply their places were cast from the brass of the Pantheon by order of Pope URBAN VIII.: thus the ornament of a temple dedicated to JUPITER and all the Gods, became, under the mild government of Christianity, an instrument for the destruction of mankind. We read that this fortress had been infallibly taken by the Goths under VITIGES, if the garrison had not, as a last resource, pelted them with the Statues that they found there. Lucky as this circumstance may appear, it is unpleasant to think that the head of a VENUS, or an ANTINOUS, should have been thus employed, when a common stone would have answered the purpose to the full as well. The Sleeping Fawn, one of the beauties of the Barberini Palace, was found in the ditch of the Castle partly broken;—who knows but BELISARIUS himself might have thrown this very Fawn at the head of VITIGES. Let me take this opportunity to remark to the honor of BELISARIUS, that the Conqueror of VITIGES might have made himself King of Italy, the height of CÆSAR's ambition, had he been less faithful to his Prince. He was not less remarkable for his misfortunes; and probably suffered more

more from the conduct of his own wife, than from any open and avowed enemy he ever had. His blindness and extreme poverty—the *Date Obilum Belisario* is thought to be fabulous, and is rejected by the best authors. The Gallery of Communication, a retreat from his palace in case of danger, was the invention of Pope ALEXANDER VI.—of all men then living the most likely to stand in need of it.

The Mausoleum of AUGUSTUS, once the ornament of the Campus Martius, is described to us surrounded by pleasant and shady walks which were open to the public:—here his ashes were deposited, his body having been burnt in the Campus Martius. The evergreens are now no more; the pleasant walks are all destroyed; the Mausoleum of the Sovereign of the Universe is become a bear-garden for the amusement of the populace of Rome.

The Mausoleum of CECILIA METELLA is the best preserved of ancient Rome. You read—"*Cæciliæ Q. Cretici F. Metellæ Crassi.*"—Ancient epitaphs were always concise. That which PLINY mentions: "*Zozimus conjugi incomparabili,*" has peculiar elegance.—I borrowed the thought when at Leghorn, to the memory of a person not less beloved.

The Tomb of CESTUS was without the walls till the time of AURELIAN. By the Laws of the

the Twelve Tables it was not permitted to bury any one within the city; there could not be a wiser regulation, nor does any town require it more than the City of London. Though the base of this Pyramid does not cover fourteen acres of land; though the topmost point is not thirteen feet in diameter, and consequently can give but a slight idea of those Mausoleums which still remain as an extraordinary proof of Eastern magnificence, yet is it worth your notice, for, here your Countrymen are buried:—and here I followed to his grave, my much lamented friend Sir JAMES MACDONALD; a most accomplished Gentleman, in whom the Scholar and Man of the World were more happily united than in any character I ever knew.

In this neighbourhood is *Monte Testacio*, a curious collection of broken Pots and Pans:—an extraordinary proof of the magnitude of ancient Rome, and number of its inhabitants.

Many Egyptian Obelisks adorn the squares of Rome. None are in the places where they originally stood. While you admire their antiquity, you will wonder, perhaps, not without reason, how they were transported hither.

Having now mentioned the chief Monuments and principal Ornaments that exist of Ancient Rome,—a word or two of the Campus Martius and the Tyber, and I shall take my leave.

The

The Campus Martius is nearly as ancient as Rome itself; was instituted in the time of the Kings, and appropriated to the exercise most adapted to the military life the Romans then professed. Here they were early inured to heat, cold, and fatigue; and were made to exercise with heavier arms, than those with which they fought. Thus, to compare small things with great, my friend, Lord M——L, a famous dancer, constantly took his morning's walk with lead in the heels of his shoes, that he might caper more lightly in the evening.

The Campus Martius was bounded on one side by the Tyber, a river more celebrated than it deserves. In nothing does it resemble the Thames, as described by DENHAM:

" Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull;
" Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

It is almost choaked up with mud. The Jews once offered to cleanse it at their own expence, provided they might avail themselves of all they found there. The proposal, unluckily for the Arts, was not accepted, or Europe might have been enriched with Grecian treasures that have long been buried, and are probably now lost for ever. Inundations are frequent, and have been also fatal. When the river is full, and the wind blows in opposition to the current

at

at its entrance into the sea, it causes an inundation at Rome.

Ponte Molle was the Pons Milvius of ancient Rome. It was at this bridge the Embassadors of the Allobroges were seized by order of CICERO, and the conspiracy of CATALINE discovered. In the time of NERO it was the nightly rendezvous of that libertine, and the young rakes his companions—the scene of their drunken frolics, and midnight revels. The manner in which OTHO died, has rendered him so amiable in my eyes, that I am concerned to think he was one of them.

Pons Sublicius was of wood when HORATIUS COCLES so gallantly defended it against the whole army of PORSENNA.—It was afterwards rebuilt of stone; the ruins are still visible at Ripa Grande.

Ponte Rotto was the first stone bridge built on the Tyber, and in its present state answers perfectly to the name it bears.*

The remaining piers of the Pons Triumphalis, where the victorious Generals made their triumphal entry into Rome, may be seen from Ponte Sant' Angelo.

This river received the mutilated bodies of

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* *Broken Bridge.*

the

the GRACCHI, supporters of the Agrarian Law, opposers of the Senate, and once idols of the people. An instance, among many, how little popular favor is to be depended on in the hour of danger. The GRACCHI were unfortunate. MARIUS and SYLLA, two complete villains, without any pretension to virtue, died quietly in their beds.

LETTER LXVI.

THOUGH I am not a friend to Republics, from a thorough conviction that the people are more oppressed under them than under a mixed Government like our own; yet it cannot be denied, that the three first centuries of the Roman Republic were particularly fortunate. They were not less virtuous than brave. The laws had less influence on their morals, than the love of virtue. The first Magistrates were chosen for their valour, their conduct, or their eloquence: they had no hereditary honors, and every office of the State was obtained by merit only. The Consulship was the reward of virtue, and it was bestowed by a people who were not less discerning than uncorrupt. Bribery was forbid by the laws; personal application only was allowed.—A State so pure could not last long. As they increased in power, they increased in vice; riches introduced luxury; luxury,

luxury, corruption; and the people paid more attention to the purses and the promises of the candidates, than to their character, or their scars. The election itself was not always fair. Sometimes the balloting boxes were taken away by force; at others false returns were made. The Judges on their parts were no longer proof against temptation, and trials became so corrupt that no rich man suffered. CATILINE is said to have bribed some with money, some with women, and some with a promise of revenge on their enemies. CLODIUS escaped punishment by making his Judges as criminal as himself. JUGURTHA declared that Rome itself might be bought could a purchaser be found. They made no scruple to accuse those whose possessions they coveted.—QUINTUS AURELIUS seeing his name in the list of proscriptions, exclaimed—"*Alas! my Alban Villa has informed against me.*"

Capital punishments were unusual in ancient Rome; they preferred banishment, confiscation, and fines. The *Lex Talionis*, or retaliation, was also of ancient usage. SOLON very justly ordained, that he who should knock out the eye of a one-eyed man, should lose both his own: with every appearance of justice in its favor, this method of proceeding is not without its difficulties. If a man break my leg, he is to pay me

for

for it if we can agree about the price; if we cannot, and I do not readily see how we should, I am to break his—so far, so good: but suppose mine should be a compound fracture, his only a simple one, am I to be paid the difference; or am I to try my hand again at the other leg? Does not this put you in mind of the sentence in Duke and No Duke? where a man complaining of another who had fallen upon him out of a two-pair of stairs' window, is ordered by the Judge to go up to the same window, and fall down upon him.

Though mild the criminal laws, debtors were treated with the utmost rigour. Legal interest was one per cent. a month. Insolvent debtors became slaves to their creditors till satisfaction was made. However shocking it may sound, it might still be preferable, both for health and utility, to a goal for life.

Though the office of Censor was wisely established to correct those vices which are inseparable from riches; though it could deprive a Knight of his horse, and even expel from the Senate any Senator who led a licentious life, I do not find that their morals were at all the better for it. Fidelity to the marriage-bed, that *sine qua non* of domestic happiness, was not one of their virtues. They had a facility in taking a wife, and getting rid of her afterwards, that has never

never since been equalled. AUGUSTUS married JULIA his daughter, to MARCELLUS his nephew; after his death to AGRIPPA, who was at that time married to MARCELLUS's sister. AGRIPPA dying, he married her to TIBERIUS, his son-in-law, whom he also obliged to divorce the wife he then had, though with child, and mother of several children. He divorced LIVIA from her husband TIBERIUS NERO, though six months gone with child, and married her himself. —The wits were not silent on the occasion. It was said—"*A fortunate man like Augustus might have a full grown child even at three months.*" CATO resigned his wife to HORTENSIUS after he had had two children by her; and after the death of HORTENSIUS, took her again. Though a plurality of wives was not allowed, freedom of divorce was indulged without restraint. CICERO was divorced from TERRENTIA after thirty years marriage, and took a young wife in her stead. When PAULUS EMILIUS divorced his wife PAPIRIA, he was asked by his friends, if she was not young—if she was not handsome—if she was not virtuous: instead of replying, he shewed them his shoe, and asked if that also was not handsome, and well made; and yet, said he, "*no one knows where it pinches, but he who wears it.*" I cannot approve the extreme facility with which the ancient Romans divorced their wives:

it was a constant source of caprice and discontent. Modern husbands easily bear what they cannot remedy, till the failings of their wives become as familiar to them as their own.

The custom of Adoption, though unknown to modern times, was surely more reasonable than that of leaving your estate to a person whom you may have seldom seen, whom you know little of, and whose only recommendation may be that of being called by the same name: the one is the object of your own choice, educated to your own wish, and, as he owes every thing to your bounty, cannot but be attentive, obedient, and affectionate; while the other most probably wishes for your death, by which only he can be benefited. NERVA adopted TRAJAN, though a Spaniard, and a stranger, in preference to his own relations, for the public good. It had been better had MARCUS AURELIUS followed his example, and prefered any other to COMMODUS. I think it is a remark of POPE's, that the consent of opinions in our minds is a nearer tie than can be contracted by all the blood in our bodies.

The Romans had several names: Prenomen, Nomen, Cognomen, and sometimes Agnomen; the first distinguished those of the same family, as *Marcus Tullius*, and answered to the name we receive at our baptism: the second was that of the

the family: Cognomen distinguished the several branches of the same family, as *Cornelius Scipio*, *Cornelius Dolabella*, both being of the CORNELIAN family: Agnomen was frequently given after some great action, as *Manlius Capitolinus*, *Marcus Coriolanus*, *Scipio Africanus*: these were all honorable titles, commemorating to the latest posterity the brilliant actions of those gallant commanders. Lord H——D is an unmeaning title, that utterly extinguishes the honors acquired by General ELIOT.

Those who were adopted usually took all the names of the person who adopted them, keeping their own family name only, which was put last. PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SCIPIO was adopted by QUINTUS CECILIUS METELLUS; he called himself, therefore, *Quintus Cecilius Metellus Scipio*. The women had one name only, that of their families, and were distinguished by *Prima*, *Seconda*, *Tertia*, &c.

It was not unusual to leave a friend, by way of legacy, a mother to maintain, or a daughter to portion: an item which, in modern times, would make the grave Judges smile, and be a sufficient proof of the insanity of the testator.

Patron and Client was a political institution of ROMULUS, to connect more intimately the Senate and the People. They were of mutual advantage: the Patrician protected, the Ple-

beian repaid him with attention and servility. The great had more attention paid them by their dependants than would have pleased either you or me;—pride alone can support a great man under the tiresome fatigue of a levee:—they came regularly in the morning to wish them good morrow, and in the evening at sun-set to wish them good night. There were no surer means of obtaining this popularity than by giving fêtes. The rich availed themselves of every opportunity that offered, such as the birth of a son, his coming of age, &c. They were also as submissive, and as familiar, at the time of elections, as an English Member of Parliament. Their Nomenclator, a slave of excellent memory, constantly attended them in the streets, to whisper the name of every man they met, his family, and his connections:—for want of such a person, a Minister of ours in a late reign, who courted popularity as much as any ancient Roman whatever, made the most ridiculous mistakes imaginable;—he would ask one man after his wife, who had just been divorced; and another after his children, who had never been married.

LETTER LXVII.

THE Palatine and Esquiline Hills were the fashionable abode; the Suburra the most frequented street; the Palace of NERO, the *Aurea Domus*, was the most magnificent, the most costly, the most extravagant edifice in Rome, it was said to look more like a city than a palace. When NERO had expended treasures in a number of useless apartments, and unpeopled a great part of Rome for his park and gardens; he then said he began to feel that he was lodged like a Gentleman. What a contrast between the Palace where he lived, and the cottage where he died!—Where, flying from Rome he found a momentary refuge!—Where, suffering the extremes of hunger and thirst, he found only bread and water!—And where, to avoid falling into the hands of his enemies, he was at last obliged to put an end to a miserable existence! It was SOLON, I think, who told CRŒSUS, who boasted of his good

good fortune, that no true estimate could be made of the good fortune of any man till after his death:—NERO was another instance of it.

The first buildings of ancient Rome were no better than cottages. They gradually increased in magnificence. AUGUSTUS boasted that he had found a city of brick, and left it of marble.

While we view the spot where so many illustrious personages resided, the mind is agreeably entertained in reflecting on their characters. We admire the stern and steady virtue of CATO, whom VIRGIL chose as a model of probity; and whom TULLY calls an honor to the age. He was a Stoic, and thought there was no middle way between Vice and Virtue; and that all crimes are equal, one vice including all the rest. —A very dangerous doctrine! SCIPIO AFRICANUS was not less extraordinary, if we can credit what is said of him—"*Nil non laudandum aut dixit, aut fecit, aut sensit.* It is also said of a countryman of ours, Sir PHILIP SYDNEY,—"*That he seemed born on purpose for whatever he was about.*"—I doubt if we have another such example in either ancient or modern history.

The great POMPEY is a striking example of the strange vicissitudes in all human affairs. He was honored with a triumph at twenty-four years of age, though only then a Knight; and

and is said to have become a General before he was a soldier. He defeated in battle upwards of two millions of enemies,—reduced one thousand five hundred towns and fortresses,—cleared the sea of pirates,—conquered sixteen kingdoms,—and triumphed as the conqueror of MITHRIDATES and TIGRANE. All this was glorious! but, how did it end?—He was at last driven from Rome, this idol of the Roman people, by a rival he despised; and murdered by a slave on the coast of Egypt. Had the great POMPEY died in that fit of illness when all Italy joined in offering up prayers for his recovery,—or had he nobly fallen in the defence of the Laws and Liberties of his country, when CÆSAR passed the Rubicon purposely to destroy them, the world might at the present hour be undecided which of those contending heroes deserved the preference. He lived too long;—he lived till Dyrrachium and Pharsalia's Plains decided the contest, and shewed that he neither knew how to avail himself of a victory, or how to avoid an engagement. It was the interest of POMPEY to prolong the war; of CÆSAR to bring it to a speedy issue.—The Genius of CÆSAR prevailed. When POPILIUS SILO in the Marsian War, said to MARIUS—"*If you are a great General, Marius, come down into the plain, and fight me.*"

MA-

MARIUS replied—" *If you are a great General, Popilius, force me to do so.*"

While we admire the extraordinary talents of CICERO, we are sometimes disgusted at his vanity. He valued himself more as a Poet than an Orator. Many of his Orations are lost, and all his Poetry, a sample only remaining, to judge from which, the loss of the latter is not to be regretted.* *He* first received the honorable title of *Pater Patriæ ;* it was usurped afterwards by the Emperors themselves :—COMMODUS was called *Pater Patriæ* as well as TITUS. He was outwitted by OCTAVIUS, whom he thought to have governed; and murdered by POPILIUS, whose life he had saved. DEMOSTHENES and CICERO, the two greatest Orators the world ever produced, had a great similitude in their lives and fortunes. They both preserved the liberties of their country by the force of their eloquence, and were afterwards martyrs to it. One poisoned himself through fear of ANTIPATER, the other was murdered by order of ANTHONY. CICERO was born at Arpinum ; MARIUS also. —The man who saved Rome, and the man who nearly destroyed it.

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* Cedant arma togæ con-cedat gloria linguæ,
O fortunatam natam me Consule Romam.

HOR-

HORTENSIUS was the rival of CICERO.—All his Orations are lost, and though highly spoken of, it is said that the elegance of his action was their greatest merit. So graceful a speaker was HORTENSIUS, that ROSCIUS took lessons of him as he attended his pleadings; on the contrary, our Gentlemen at the bar would do well to correct the awkwardness of their action, and take lessons from the stage.

Whether you consider the younger PLINY in a private or public character—whether at the head of his own family, or of the State, you find him equally great and amiable. Few Romans equalled him in ability; none exceeded him in integrity. The confidence and affection of such a Sovereign as TRAJAN are indisputable proofs of both.

Here also MECÆNAS lived, the Prime Minister and favorite of AUGUSTUS; the friend and Patron of VIRGIL and HORACE. He is represented as a man of strict integrity; sufficient capacity, but of an indolent disposition, and more inclined to pleasure than to business. He was as fortunate as his Master, for he was esteemed by his Sovereign, beloved by his friends, and respected by the public. HORACE has taken care to endear him to posterity. He has immortalized AUGUSTUS also, and that I cannot so readily forgive. Were I tempted to

pass

pass over in silence the cruelties he committed at the beginning of his reign for the sake of his good conduct afterwards—could I forget that AUGUSTUS was once OCTAVIUS, I should still despise the slavish meanness of those Authors who are so lavish in the praise of him.—Even OVID, who had the least reason of any, shews a servility in his flattery of AUGUSTUS unworthy his character; and if any thing could lessen his talents in my esteem, it would be this shameful abuse of them.

Poor OVID!—We are still in the dark with regard to the cause of his banishment. Some have attributed it to his *Art of Love*, without considering that it did not take place till several years after that book was published. Besides, was he the only Author whose morality could be called in question.—HORACE is not the most pure, nor are the Eclogues of the modest VIRGIL always unexceptionable. Some think he had an intrigue with JULIA, grand-daughter of AUGUSTUS, and others that he discovered AUGUSTUS *flagrante dilitto* with that person himself. That *she* was the cause I think is not improbable. She was sent away from Rome the same year that OVID was banished; and the cause of his banishment not being published to the world, adds some weight to that conjecture, since he tells us in his *de Tristibus* that it was well known

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in Rome. Whether he was unlucky enough to discover an amour of AUGUSTUS with his own grand-daughter—whether he was privy to her amours with another person—we are likely to remain in the dark; but it seems evident from his own account, that he owed his disgrace to what he had seen, not to what he had done.

OVID, though born a Poet, was very unequal. He tells us, that verse was more natural to him than prose; and that it was more trouble to him to correct his verses than to make them. His *Metamorphosis* he burnt with his own hands, being unfinished at the time of his banishment. A copy, however, remained with a friend, and to that we owe this valuable performance. He makes excuses for its imperfections, but is pleased that the work survives. SENECA tells us that OVID was desired by his friends to leave out of that Poem three lines that displeased them:—he consented, on condition that he might except three only. The verses were written down by himself and his friends, unknown to each other, and, upon examination, were found to be the very same. Two of which were,

"Semibovemque virum, semivirumque bovem
"Et gelidum boream, egelidumque retum."

It has been said that TASSO preferred his *Gerusalemme Destrutta* to his *Gerusalemme Liberata*;

and

and MILTON his *Paradise Regained* to his *Paradise Lost;*—a strange infatuation, and shews how little the best Authors are capable of judging of their own works.

Though no man was less bigotted than OVID to any one idea of beauty; though he had always two mistresses at the same time, that if one failed, he might console himself with the other, this convenient system did not always succeed; and speaking of his favourite CORINNA, he says, he could neither be happy with her, nor without her. He had a tender heart, which is seldom an advantage to the possessor, and a weak mind unworthy an ancient Roman.

Had not the Mantuan Bard been driven from his paternal cottage by the veterans of AUGUSTUS, to whom it had been given as a recompence for their services, the world would have been deprived of its best Latin Poet. This extraordinary genius would have planted cabbages instead of writing verses; or continued the humble profession of a horse-doctor, in which he is said to have had some skill, instead of becoming a Courtier. He presented HORACE to his patron MECÆNAS. There seems to have existed a sincere friendship and perfect good understanding between these celebrated writers, without the least tincture of jealousy; an extraordinary circumstance in rival wits, competitors for Court favor.

favor. MECÆNAS sitting one day between them, in a deep reverie, was asked, where he was? He humorously replied—"*Between sighs and tears;*" alluding to the weak lungs of the one, and the weak eyes of the other.

As for HORACE, he was *a bon vivant;* and I make no doubt his own good sense, and the good company he kept, rendered him an agreeable companion. His friend EPICURE, and his friend BACCHUS, seem to have carried him cheerfully through every situation in life. His maxims are excellent, and may be safely followed by adding to them only what Christianity requires. The man of business, the man of pleasure, the man of letters, and the philosopher, all are instructed by him: he tells us to mind our business. DE WIT says—"*When you have many things to do, finish one first.*" HORACE, in fewer words, says—*Hoc age:* and the better to reconcile us to the fatigue of our daily labour in whatever way it may be, he tells us, that man is doomed to earn his livelihood by the sweat of his brow—*Nil sine magno vita labore dedit mortalibus.* He reminds us, that CÆSAR thought nothing done while any part of it remained to do—*Nil actum credens dum quid superesset agendum.* He tells us to think before we speak, agreeable to a proverb of our own, *least said is soonest mended,—Emissum volat irrevocabile verbum.*

verbum. He is not less an advocate for the propriety of time and place. What is proper at one time, may be improper at another. Gaiety or gravity is never so becoming as when it is suited to the general *ton* of the company in which we are,—*Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristem jocosi.* He recommends that complaisance and benevolence which is so necessary in society, where we have much to give and take; and is not easily offended—*Non ego paucis offendar maculis.* He also advises us to keep our temper, and turn into a joke whatever is meant to offend—*Ridiculum acri.* The better to inculcate that useful lesson, *honesty is the best policy*, he gives us to understand, that the first object in life should be to do what is right, and that it is the greatest of all earthly enjoyments—*Rex eris, si recte facies.* He tells us—*Qui cito dat, bis dat;* that by granting immediately, and without consideration, we *double* the obligation. This is a generous sentiment, and shews a readiness to oblige, which enhances the value of every trifle; but in matters of greater concern, some consideration *is* necessary, or we *lessen* the obligation.

To the man of pleasure he recommends the actual enjoyment of the present hour, as if it were certain to be the last; and points out the advantages that will thus ensue from unexpected

plea-

pleasures—*Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum, grata superveniet quæ non sperabitur hora;* and considers him as a happy man who, when he lays down to rest, can say—"This day, at least, has not been ill employed:"—*Ille potens sui lætusque degit, cui licet in diem dixisse, vixi.* He recommends also the immediate enjoyment of that happiness which is in our own power, without seeking any further. When PYRRHUS related to CINEAS the many troublesome and dangerous enterprizes he proposed to effect one after the other, the Philosopher asked him, what he intended when they were all accomplished: "Why then, my friend," said PYRRHUS, "we will remain quiet, and be happy."—"*If so,*" replied CINEAS, "*and happiness is so much in our power, what hinders us from remaining quiet, and being happy now?*"—HORACE says in four words—*Cur optas quod habes.* He proposes to use prudence in our pleasures as the surest means to preserve that happiness which Providence has designed us—*Rectius occupat nomen beati, qui Deorum muneribus sapienter uti.* He even thinks, that he who is prudent has no other want—*Nullum numen abest quin sit prudentia.* Though a friend to pleasure, he thinks it may be too dearly bought—*Nocet empta dolore voluptas.*

To men of letters he gives some excellent advice:

vice: he tells them not to undertake more than they can perform—*Versate diu, quid ferre recusent, quid valeant humeri.* From his Ninth Satire we may conclude he was easily bored; and in the most concise manner possible says—*Ne quid nimis.* He advises them also, what is not less necessary, frequently to erase, as well as correct—*Sæpe stylum vertas.* He strongly recommends the happy union of the useful, with the agreeable; and insinuates that entertainment is never so laudable as when it is accompanied by instruction—*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.**

He warns the Philosopher that life is short; he might also have added, and is always uncertain—*Vita summa brevis est.* Though a Pagan, he so far agrees with the doctrine of Christianity, that he thinks not of to-morrow, which may never come; and as an Epicurean recommends the enjoyment of the present moment, which is all that we can call our own—*Quin sit futurum*

* The Roman Tablets were of wood, covered with bees'-wax. The *stylus* with which they wrote was of iron; it was pointed at one end, and round at the other; with the latter they effaced. The English word *style* is derived from it. They used no table, but wrote upon their knees. *Stiletto*, an instrument of assassination, is also derived from the same word.

cras fuge querere. He advises us to be contented with what we have, that—*Multa petentibus desunt multa;* and that covetousness is a vice which is never to be satisfied—*Semper avarus eget.* He is a friend to patience, like a modern Italian, who applies it on every occasion as his best and only remedy: our proverb says, *what cannot be cured, must be endured.*—HORACE tells us, that it even depends on ourselves to lessen by patience those misfortunes that we cannot remove—*Levius fit patienzia quid-quid corrigere est nefas.* The misanthrope, ever prone to find fault, sees all in its worst colours: the man of candour, who opposes every man's virtues to his failings, will always find something to approve. Our Author, who is full of charity and benevolence, never looks for perfection, but thinks those best who have the fewest faults, and is a friend to all mankind—*Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur, optimus ille est qui minimis urgetur.* He advises us not to follow blindly those fashions that may not become us, or those customs which our judgment may disapprove; but in every instance, without fear of censure, to act as we think right ourselves—*Sapere aude.* He is particularly severe on those fools who, to avoid one extreme, run into another—*Dum vitant stulti vitia in contraria currunt:* nor is he less so on those restless and discontented

persons who, like PYRRHUS, neglect the happiness they might enjoy, to go in search of that which they may never find—*Quod petis hic est.* He exclaims against that admiration which only serves to mislead, and render us discontented with what we have—*Nil admirari.* It is always a proof of wisdom to conform to that which fate has allotted us; I believe most of our misfortunes, and all our uneasiness, we owe to our own folly. He tells us, that it is in vain to expect perfect happiness—*Nihil est ab omne parte beatum.* He recommends a constant command over our passions, lest in time we become their slaves—*Animum rege qui nisi paret, imperat:* and neither to be too much elated with good, or too much dejected with bad fortune—*Æquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem.* He considers a good conscience as the best safeguard, and the surest means of happiness—*Hic murus Aheneus esto nil conscire sibi nulla pallescere culpa.* I shall only add one more of his precepts, for I plainly perceive there is no end to them. It is a piece of advice more applicable to my age than yours—*Lusisti satis, ædisti satis, atque bibisti, tempus abire tibi est.* He tells me to leave off the pleasures of this world, and not wait till they leave off me.

LETTER LXVIII.

THOUGH the AUGUSTAN age produced the greatest Wits, it has been remarked that the preceding one produced the greatest Men.—It was an age of great licentiousness. By HORACE's account, ladies' favors were to be obtained even at that time by presents, and it was considered as a blessing when the children resembled their father. Roman husbands were not less discreet than they are at present. When SULPICIUS GALBA feigned sleep while MECÆNAS made love to his wife, seeing a slave go to the buffett to drink some of the wine, halloed out—"*Heus puer non omnibus dormio!*"—I sleep for MECÆNAS, but not for you! OVID even wished they had more jealousy, to give a higher relish to his enjoyment; and SENECA tells us, sometime after, that the number of adulteries were so great, they kept one another in countenance; and that conjugal fidelity was considered

as a want of personal accomplishment. How different were the morals of Rome in the early days of the Republic! When DUSILIUS reproached his wife for so long concealing from him what he had just learnt from another person, that he had a stinking breath; she told him —"*She concluded that all men had the same.*"

If education were anywise to blame, it does not appear that it was from any want of attention in parents. Education was considered by the ancients as the base of the general prosperity of the State. Though confined in the earliest days of the Republic to the military life they then led, and to the cultivation of the land by which they were supported, the introduction of commerce introduced new customs, and youth were instructed in every accomplishment that could adorn the body, and improve the mind. There were public schools and private tutors; nor were the fathers themselves inattentive to the education of their children. AUGUSTUS taught his nephews to write; and CICERO, for the use of his son, composed that excellent moral Treatise which the first Fathers of the Church approved. Boys were instructed while at school in the laws of their country, but it is true that the Laws of the Twelve Tables were more easily learnt than modern statutes. They were afterwards introduced to the Forum, where they had the best models

models of Roman eloquence, and many travelled afterwards into Greece, to give that part of their education a higher finish. In those days, curiosity was less the object of travelling than improvement. It is not a little extraordinary, that for their hours of amusement they should have had several games that are still in use;—*Heads or tail*, for instance; the first Roman money had Janus on one side, and a vessel on the other; in tossing up, they cried—"*Capita aut navia?*" They had also—*Par aut impar*,—our *Even* or *odd*.

They had many Public Festivals:—that of FLORA lasted six days; the three last days of April, and three first of May. It was at this fête that women of easy virtue stripped themselves naked, and contended with each other for the amusement of the spectators; and CATO is said to have retired not to spoil their sport.

The Saturnalia were instituted in honor of SATURN; a time of perfect liberty, in resemblance of that perfect equality among men in the Golden Age. Slaves put on their masters' clothes, and were at liberty to say and do what they pleased; but, I make no doubt, were made to smart for it afterwards. Games, forbidden at other times, were allowed; all public business was at an end; nothing was seen or heard but feasting and merriment; it was nearly at the same

sea-

season, and in many respects resembled a modern Carnival.

The Lupercalia were instituted in honor of PAN; two young men ran naked about the streets with thongs made of goat skins in their hands, striking all they met. Women put themselves on purpose in their way, and fancied that being thus struck rendered them fruitful. It is said that MARK ANTHONY thus exposed himself. They had many other fêtes in the course of the year; those already mentioned were the most remarkable.

A ridiculous circumstance happened at the Secular Games, which were at last celebrated more than once in the same century:—the Crier still continuing to invite the people, in the usual form, to a festival *which no person living had ever seen*, or *could live to see again!*—It lasted three days and three nights; it is probable that the night part of it might be the occasion of some irregularities, since AUGUSTUS ordered that no young people should be admitted unless accompanied by their parents. These Games were first instituted as a thanksgiving, the city having been delivered from the plague; this happened the same year that TARQUIN was expelled:—they thus got rid of two plagues at once.

They had their unlucky days, in which no busi-

business whatever was transacted. They were superstitious in the extreme. If the raven croaked with a shrill voice, it was a good omen: but bad, if the voice was hoarse. If a hare crost them, that was also bad:—a modern sportsman would not think it so. They had prodigies without number. If you can believe LIVY, a good historian, but a very credulous one, a cow brought forth a mule!—Statues sweated blood!—In some places it rained stones; in others, fishes sprung up in the furrows they were ploughing!—An ox spoke!—A spear moved of itself!—A hog was seen with a human head!—And a child in its mother's womb cried out—"*Io triumphe!!!*"

The country life of the Romans had undergone an entire change before the end of the Republic. In the time of CATO the Censor, and CINCINNATUS, agriculture was in the highest estimation. CATO, when at Tusculum, worked with his men, and eat at the same table. CINCINNATUS was actually found at the plough when he was appointed Dictator. Commerce, which introduced luxury, made a total change in the manners of the people. The plough was then left to the hands of the husbandman, and the noble Senator retired to his country seat to enjoy the fruits of another's labor.

LETTER LXIX.

I DO not apprehend the ancient Romans lost much time in dressing. Their coxcombs were sweet-smelling coxcombs. MARTIAL rallies COTTILE, who was I suppose the completest puppy of his time, for his perfumes and essences: yet you will not think a little perfume ill bestowed, when you consider that their cloaths were woollen, and they had no linen.—CÆSAR without it must have smelt as rank as a Capuchin.

Their dress admitted but little display of variety, nor did their hair; I speak of the men: as to the women, their head-dress in all ages has made a principal part of their contemplation.

The Tunica was a waistcoat. It was bound round them with a kind of sash. CÆSAR only wore it loose. It was of fine cloth. That of the men was without sleeves, and came down as low as the knee; that of the women had sleeves, and

and reached to their heels. In cold weather the men wore two tunicas; they wore besides a kind of shirt of the same stuff, but somewhat finer. Till the time of the Emperors, the use of linen was unknown. They wore neither breeches nor stockings. Their shoes were in the form of half-boots. AUGUSTUS wore high heels to make himself appear taller. The Toga was a loose gown, thrown round them like the modern *Ferajuolo*, and only worn when they went abroad. The loose dress of the Romans was not only more graceful, but more wholesome, than our own. The men had neither shirt-collars, waist-bands, nor garters, to interrupt the free circulation of the blood. The women had no tight lacing to give them fine shapes, and prevent respiration;—without doubt both were the better for it. Boys at seventeen left the *Toga Prætexta*, and put on the *Toga Virilis*,—*they were then of age.*

When under the accusation of any crime, the men put on mourning, and it was usual in that habit to supplicate the protection of the people: it had been more worthy the spirit of an ancient Roman resolutely to have abided by the decision of his country. They wore a white gown of undied wool when they canvassed for an employment; and from thence is derived the modern word *Candidate*.

You

You read frequently of the Laticlavi and Angusticlavi; they were pieces of purple cloth sewed on the breast of the tunica by way of distinction: the former, which were the largest, were worn by the Senators; the latter, by the Knights. Citizens were enrolled in the Order of Knights by the Censor when their estates amounted to four hundred sesterces, somewhat more than three thousand pounds sterling: to become a Senator, double that sum was required.

The Cestus, or girdle, the women wore, was fastened directly beneath their breast. POPPEA, the greatest coquette of her time, when she went abroad wore a veil that covered one half of her face only; and when she travelled, five hundred asses accompanied to furnish milk for her baths. They had their bracelets, necklaces, and earrings; pearls were in high esteem; diamonds at that time were little known. They had their curling-irons, and dressed their hair in various forms, according to the caprice of the day: they changed the colour of it also with washes they had on purpose; fair hair was most in fashion, and to give it a greater brilliancy, they used powder of gold.—Nor was the use of rouge unknown to them; they both painted and patched, if you believe MARTIAL. False locks, and false teeth also, were not uncommon. *Petit Maitres*

Maitres had their winter and their summer rings. Knights wore theirs on the fourth finger of the left hand; it was at the same time their seal: that of AUGUSTUS was a Sphinx, and chosen, probably, as a symbol of secrecy.

You ask if the Romans shaved?—ADRIAN was the first Emperor who wore a beard: till his time it was usual to shave, or pluck it. It is at best an unpleasant operation. A friend of ours says, that men and women are on a greater equality than is generally thought; and that the inconvenience of shaving every day throughout the year, is equal to the pain of labour once in nine months. If you are of that opinion, provide yourself with razors; for those you will find here are fitter to flay *Marsyas*, than shave a gentleman. A Barber was a person of note in ancient Rome, and his shop served as a coffee-house for all the tittle-tattle of the town.

The use of hats was unknown; they went bare headed. Their hair was cut short; but they wore wigs occasionally in bad weather. It is probable that bald-heads, which were held in great disrepute among the Romans, first brought wigs into fashion. OTHO, who was the greatest *Petit Maitre* of his time, wore false hair, but so well adapted that it looked like his own.

The Calendar had become so defective till CÆSAR altered it, that harvest no longer fell in sum-

summer, nor the vintage in autumn. It must have caused infinite confusion. Having no clocks, they measured time by the hour-glass, which, instead of sand, was filled with water. The first hours of the morning were employed in devotion and visits of ceremony. The Forum was the general occupation afterwards till dinner time: twelve was the usual hour; but it was a slender meal, more like an English luncheon. PLINY, in the account he gives of his manner of living in the country, neither mentions breakfast nor dinner: the former was little used, except by old people and children. They reposed after they had dined, and the rest of the day was dedicated to exercise, feasting, and amusement. Supper was their principal meal; it was after sun-set, like the fashionable dinners of the present day. A collation after supper was in use among the VITELLIUS's and APICIUS's only. BIBBIUS CRISPUS, a companion of VITELLIUS in his debauches, falling ill, congratulated himself upon it, saying—"*I should have died, if I had not fallen sick.*" The extravagant luxury of the *Bon Vivants* of ancient Rome surpasses all belief. In the kitchen of MARK ANTHONY eight wild-boars were seen roasting at the same time: it was natural to suppose that many persons were invited, but the cook on being interrogated, said the whole eight were

were prepared for ANTHONY only, that *one* might be ready at the very moment he thought fit to call for it. The suppers LUCULLUS gave in the Apollo were fixed at a certain sum, not less than one thousand pounds sterling. Setting down to a supper that he found less elegant than usual, he took his Maitre d'Hotel to task for it, who thought to excuse himself by saying, that he knew no company was invited.—"*What!*" replied his master, "*did you not know that Lucullus was to sup with Lucullus.*" The Public Library of this gentleman did him more honor than all his suppers.

Though they lived expensively, they did not live comfortably. The laying down while they eat was an awkward and inconvenient posture. The regular use of the bath is thought to have occasioned it. Violent exercise, and a warm bath immediately after, made repose necessary, and refreshment was afterwards taken on the same bed out of convenience. CATO, after the loss of the battle of Pharsalia, sat at table out of mortification, and never lay down but to sleep. VARRO did the same after his loss of the battle at Cannæ. During supper buffoons and dancers were frequently introduced;—they never danced themselves unless they were drunk. Sometimes a book was read to them. HORACE tells us, that

that the discourse at their meals was on interesting subjects: such as, "If in virtue, or in riches, consist true happiness." "If honor, or interest, form true friendship." "What is the nature of sovereign good? where lies its perfection?" &c.

Lucius Verus was the first person who invited twelve guests to the same table: the usual number was nine. The Triclinium was composed of three sofas, and three persons lay on each. At first the women sat up as we do, out of decency; but afterwards, as the manners became more corrupt, they did not scruple to lay in the very bosoms of the men. The table, which in some measure resembled the horse-shoe table now in use, was placed in the middle. They reclined on their left side while they eat, their head supported by cushions. The middle seat was the most honorable. The second place on the middle sofa was the head of the table, there lay the master of the house; the place below was for his wife; that above for the principal guest; the other two beds were reserved for the friends and parasites the person invited usually brought along with him. The ancients, who were superstitious in every thing, approved most of uneven numbers. Those of the Nine Muses and Three Graces were their favorites;

and

and they were used to say, that the number of guests invited should not exceed the one, or be less than the other.

No great entertainment was given without fish. At their country houses they had ponds on purpose to preserve them. The fish in the stews of LUCULLUS sold after his death for more than twenty thousand pounds. Those who lived near the sea had the salt water introduced as a reservoir for sea-fish also. A mullet was reckoned stale unless it died in the hands of the guest. The hare was one of their choicest meats; they fancied it gave them a good complexion; the shoulder was the part they most esteemed. Pea-fowl and thrushes were in great repute. Cocks-combs was also a favorite dish; HELIOGABALUS had them cut off while the animal was alive: but that madman eat the tongues of nightingales, and fed his lions with pheasants. We are told, that the Roman cooks had the art to give one dish the taste of another. This is more than the French have ever yet arrived at. Gormandizing was got to such a height that many vomited after eating,—some took a vomit before: even CÆSAR, when he visited CICERO at his villa, thus emptied his stomach before he sat down to table out of compliment, to shew that he came to eat and drink freely.

freely. The life of VITELLIUS was chiefly spent in eating and vomiting.

I conclude the Romans had their meat cut for them. The use of forks was unknown—they eat with their fingers. The dishes were usually served up one by one. Each had his portion allotted him. Each brought his napkin, and what he did not eat, his slave, who attended, carried home. They had no table-cloths; a wet sponge cleaned the table after every service. The first tables were made of oak;—afterwards, as they increased in luxury, of ivory. The *Maitre d'Hotel* at the beginning of the feast presented the guests with a bill of fare, and the cups they were to drink out of were placed before them. From an expression of HORACE, they began with eggs, and ended with apples; but this may relate to the familiar repast only. The same Author tells us, that long eggs were more esteemed than round ones. They had iced water; it was one of their luxuries, but they had not arrived at the art of making ices.

At great entertainments presents were given to the guests. Lotteries were not unusual, in which every one drew a prize of some kind or other. They bathed, and then perfumed themselves, put on a *robe de chambre* which was kept on purpose, and took off their sandals before they

they laid down to eat. HORACE, who was a *bon vivant*, describes in various places the ceremonies of the table. By his account, their convivial hours were passed merrily, and the toast-master was arbitrary. He was not chosen as with us—the dice decided. VENUS was the highest throw. This Lady was never forgotten at their festivals. HORACE tells us, the GRACES were her attendants, and *Mercury*; though the latter was the God of Wit, there is something in the very *name* that in these days would be sufficient to disturb all the merriment. Chios and Falernian were the favorite wines. They drank to the health of their friends present and absent, and as many bumpers as they had letters in their names. They seem as ill-bred in that particular as modern tiplers, and obliged all their company to drink alike. They had their Brindisi's to their mistresses, but their guests were given to understand at the beginning of a feast, that whatever they might hear, they were not to repeat. I apprehend there was more hard drinking in ancient than in modern Rome. Our friend HORACE takes off his bumper; calls for larger bowls; and was as jolly a fellow, by his own account, as can be found in any drinking club in England, Scotland, or Ireland. Even CATO himself was not exempt from this vice, and

SENECA says of TIBERIUS—" *That he got drunk but once, but it was at the beginning of his reign, and lasted till the end of it.*"

LETTER LXX.

A PEOPLE of unconquerable bravery, indefatigable perseverance, who were never dismayed by misfortune, but rendered even more ferocious by every check they met with, seemed formed for universal empire. Restless and turbulent at home; always at variance with the Senate when they had no enemy in the field, it was necessary to keep them employed abroad. Slow was their first progress, having to contend with those who were little inferior to themselves; but when once in possession of Italy, they destroyed Carthage, conquered Spain, laid Asia under tribute, and became masters of the world. Constant exercise, and the severest discipline, were advantages peculiar to themselves. They bore fatigue without suffering, and hardships without complaining. It is not in a life of quiet, my good Sir, that a soldier is formed for conquest. It is not in the service of the Fair,

or amusement of the Theatre, that he learns to bear fatigue and despise danger;—and I verily believe, that CÆSAR at the head of his tenth legion, inured to hardship, and flushed with victory, would drive every modern Roman out of Rome.

The military art of this brave and warlike people is worthy consideration; and ancient tactics, though at present more curious than useful, will ever remain an interesting example of the good effects of obedience and discipline.

The dress of the Roman soldier resembled in a great measure that of a Scotch Highlander. He had besides a helmet, shield, and coat of mail. He was trained by continual exercise to the fatigue he had to undergo, and the enormous weight he had to carry. His armour, his arms, his provisions, which he always carried along with him; his utensils, and the pallisade with which he fortified his camp, were the ordinary incumbrances of a common soldier upon a march, seldom less than twenty miles a day;* and on his arrival, digging the trench, and raising the rampart, was his first and immediate employment: towers at small distances one from the other were

* The Roman soldier wore nails in his shoes, like the common laborer of the present day.

to be constructed afterwards; though laborious the task, it was soon accomplished. A Roman soldier was laborer, carpenter, and mason; nor was he interrupted at the approach of an enemy; he worked in armour, and had his arms constantly at hand. The camp was square, with an entrance at each front; a conveniency not less necessary in the frequent sorties they had to make, it being thought disgraceful to suffer their camp to be insulted by an enemy. Each gate had a quarter guard, and a picquet was always ready to turn out when called for. The Esplanade was two hundred feet wide; the streets regular; and barracks in winter secured the soldiers against the inclemency of the weather. As the Roman power declined, their camps were no longer fortified, and their very armour became too heavy for those who intended to run away.

I think it was at the siege of Veia, where they made the first winter campaign, that their first regular pay began. Till that time emulation was encouraged by reward. The soldiers had their collars, their bracelets, and their crowns: the Generals their ovations and their triumphs. In the former, the Hero entered on foot, or on horseback, wearing a crown of myrtle instead of laurel: flutes were heard, instead of trumpets; and at the Capitol, pacific animals only were sacri-

sacrificed. This was an honor acquired by victories of little consequence. To enjoy the honors of a triumph, the Hero must have conquered a province, or slain in one battle five thousand of his fellow-creatures. CÆSAR thus humanely triumphed four days following.—I am sorry to think, that to enter Rome in a car, rather than on horseback, they frequently invaded without reason, and slew without mercy. No shew could be so interesting, no pageantry so sublime; musicians singing *Io Triumphe*; trumpets sounding a charge; Kings in chains, and beauty in tears. A JUGURTHA—a ZENOBIA.—What a lesson for humanity! What a sight for a philosopher!—I cannot forgive the vanity of AUGUSTUS, who intended to have exposed CLEOPATRA also, the greatest beauty of her time, the beloved of the man who adopted him, a Sovereign like himself, in so humiliating and so disgraceful a situation. After a long procession of spoils, the General himself appears in a purple robe, with his laurel crown, and ivory sceptre; his triumphal car drawn by four white horses, and, as luxury increased, by other animals.—It was indeed necessary that a slave should continually remind the hero that he was a man: he might also have added, liable to the same diseases, pains, and accidents, as the very meanest spectator.

Disci-

Discipline was exact, and punishment severe. The soldier took an oath not to run away from the enemy, or abandon his arms, and to obey the orders of his commander. If he was found from his camp, beyond the trumpet's sound, he was punished as a deserter. The Officer who engaged an enemy without the order of his General, though he conquered, was punished with death. MANLIUS TARQUATUS passed this severe sentence on his own son.—He was a better son than father. They frequently refused the exchange of prisoners, sometimes to punish those who had saved themselves by flight, at others, to inculcate that useful lesson—*To die rather than submit.*

The ancients always proclaimed war before they began it. It often happened that great battles began towards the evening, and night put an end to them. A feather was the signal of defeat;—laurel, of victory.

It was the Roman policy to treat with severity those only who resisted. *Parcere subjectos et debellare superbos.*

When they made a conquest, part of the land was sold by auction, the remainder divided among the people. As at these sales the rich increased their property, it was at last ordered that no one should possess more than five hundred acres, which the Senators evaded by fictitious

tious names. Opposition to this abuse was the ruin of the GRACCHI.

It was not usual to take the field till after the Summer Solstice. It does not appear that the line of march of the ancients was much incommoded by baggage waggons; and probably one company of English Guards, during the late campaign in Germany, was more luxuriously accommodated than a Roman legion. Sometimes the waggons were placed on the opposite side to that from which danger was apprehended. At others they were secured in the centre. They marched with caution. The usual disposition was a phalanx, or a column.—Sometimes marching by the flank, at others making their flank the front, in case of a sudden and unexpected attack. The country they had to pass, and the vicinity of the enemy probably decided for them. The Officers were always at their posts, and CATO is described marching on foot, even in Africa, all in armour; his pilum in his hand;* exposing himself, in that at least, to the same fatigue as a common soldier. They had no cannon; nor were *Balistas* and *Cata-*

* The Pilum was a javelin seven feet long; strong, sharp, and heavy. It seems to have been irresistible in the hands of a Roman soldier, and never failed to keep the enemy's horse at a distance.

pultas,

pultas, machines of great antiquity, introduced into their army till they had lost their original valor, and preferred fighting at a distance.

The strength of the Roman legion varied at different periods. The original complement was four thousand two hundred men divided into cohorts, manipules, and centuries. Hastaires, Princes, Triaires, and Velites, were the different orders of soldiery of which it was composed—six hundred triaires, of the others, one thousand two hundred each. The principal weapon of the legionary soldier was the pilum. The triaire had pikes, and the velites darts. The shields of the latter were small and round. The shields the others carried were two feet and a half broad, and four feet long:—they nearly covered their whole body. Short swords, worn on the right thigh, were common to them all. It was a disgrace to a Roman soldier to lose any of his arms in battle. Poor HORACE was in that predicament: he was a coward, and had the courage to own it. Each legion had several *Military Tribunes* annexed to it: an office somewhat similar to that of Major-General. *Centurions* had the command of centuries (companies), were of different ranks, and were the captains and subalterns of the present day.

During the Republic, a Roman Knight, who, bye the bye, rode without a saddle, had a helmet

and

and breast-plate; a shield on his left arm, long sword in his belt, and lance in his hand. Three hundred horse was the usual complement to a legion of infantry, who, charging in small squadrons of eight in front, and four deep, gave HANNIBAL an advantage over them in every engagement. His heavy horse, equal in goodness, were superior in number; and his Numidians, active as Hussars, were admirably qualified to attack or to retreat, to fly or to pursue. In the early days of the Republic they had but few cavalry. When Rome was on its decline, they had little else.

A Roman army under the command of a Consul consisted of four legions. When the two Consuls joined, of eight; and each commanded alternately day by day. At the famous battle of Cannæ, the legions were augmented to five thousand men, and the number doubled; but the same bad system continued, and the good generalship of ÆMILIUS was of no avail against the ignorance and obstinacy of VARRO, who engaged the enemy, contrary to the advice of his colleague; and his whole army, consisting of at least eighty thousand men, were all cut in pieces or taken, three thousand only excepted. Unluckily VARRO escaped, and ÆMILIUS died. HANNIBAL, whose whole force consisted of little more than half that number, lost eight thou-

thousand only. It is one of the most unfortunate circumstances in life, and most unaccountable, the obstinacy with which Ignorance is usually accompanied. In this battle HANNIBAL shewed his superior generalship. Inferior in number to the Romans, he placed the weakest of his infantry in the centre, which he made to advance before the rest, foreseeing they would be obliged to give ground, and that the enemy, by advancing upon them, would give an opportunity to his wings to surround and encompass them. The manœuvre succeeded to the utmost of his wishes.—His centre gave way.—The wings wheeled to the right and left inwards. The enemy were thus caught as it were in a drag-net, and but a few only had the good fortune to escape. What remains, shall be reserved for another Letter, for I find I am talking scientifically on a subject of which I confess I know but little. FORMIAN, a Philosopher of Ephesus, had the folly to make a dissertation on the duties of a General in presence of HANNIBAL, who being asked by his admirers, what he thought of their Philosopher, replied, "*That he had met with many an old fool, but never in his life had he met with so complete a one as Formian.*"

LETTER LXXI.

THE usual method of forming of the Romans was on three lines in chequer—Hastaires, Princes, and Triaires, in detached manipules of twelve in front, and ten deep, with intervals equal to their front.—The Allies, who were but half the number of the Romans, were on the right and left. Rome was more fortunate in her Allies than the Combined armies of the present day, whose power does by no means increase in just proportion to their quantity. The cavalry were posted on the wings. The velites, who were ranged in front of the line, began the attack, and after a slight skirmish with the light infantry of the enemy, in which the legionaries took no part, they retreated through the intervals into the rear. The princes then advanced to form on one line with the hastaires, and the signal was given to engage. Before this took place, it was not

not unusual for a champion to come forward and dare any of the enemy to single combat. They knew no other duels. Thus BRUTUS engaged the son of TARQUIN,—and MANLIUS TORQUATUS the gigantic Gaul, whom he attacked and killed. What an interesting moment, having two such armies for spectators!

Their war cry, the rattle of their swords against their bucklers, their glittering armour, their nodding plumes, all contributed to put the enemy in dismay. They charged upon a run. The pilum was thrown at the distance of ten paces. The soldier on the instant advanced sword in hand, availing himself of the confusion he had already occasioned in the enemies line by a missive weapon, whose wound was fatal.

The triarii, who were armed with pikes, either defended the rear against the enemies' horse, or assisted by the velites were ready as a *corps de reserve* to act as occasion might require.

The cavalry were opposed to each other, and as the Romans depended principally on their infantry, their cavalry were frequently overmatched. In desperate cases, LIVY tells us, they would take off their bridles before they charged the enemy. We should consider such a manœuvre as dangerous to ourselves only.

They sometimes formed in separate columns, the hastaires, princes, and triaires, each behind the

the other with open intervals. They did so at Cannæ, and had reason to repent it. Such, it is true, was the order of battle at Tunis, and at Zama; but REGULUS and SCIPIO, two experienced Generals, had elephants to encounter, and took the best precautions they could against them. Those animals, terrible in appearance, and trained to slaughter, were often more dangerous to their friends than their enemies. The velites, whose business it was to attack them, would frequently by means of their darts, and the abominable noise they made, turn them back on their own troops; and when that failed, had the address, by running from them, to entice them through the intervals of the legions already formed in columns on purpose to let them pass.

The Roman Legion seems to have had considerable advantages over the Grecian Phalanx; detached companies rendering it more easy to manœuvre, and more pliable both to the will of the General, and the circumstances of the moment. The Phalanx, on the contrary, was a monstrous and unwieldy mass; impenetrable and irresistible while formed; but when broken, was literally *undone*. The front was terrible, but the flanks were weak; and, like a great bull whose horns were dangerous, but whose whole body was defenceless and exposed, when attacked

ed by the Romans on every side, was easily subdued.

The Grecian order of battle neither suited the arms, nor the manner of fighting of a Roman soldier; and whether advancing his left foot he threw his pilum, or covering himself with his buckler he drew his sword, he required more room than the close order of the phalanx would admit; and whenever from accident or design they assumed that form, they suffered for it.

Their blockades were tedious; but when they came to the assault, they had engines that soon rendered it decisive. The battering-ram destroyed the masonry; their wooden towers higher than the walls, gained a command over them; and the kind of draw-bridge they then threw over, made a breach unnecessary. They had also their mines and counter-mines, equally used both by the besiegers and the besieged. Neither were they deficient in defence. They had their platforms and their batteries: they had bastions to flank the soldiers of the enemy, casemates to defend their own: they had machines to break the force of the battering-ram, others to render it useless; and various engines of destruction on their walls that made an approach hazardous. When this did not avail, they had their sorties to destroy, or delay the works of the enemy.

When we read in ancient history of whole armies

armies being destroyed; of plains covered with dead bodies, and rivers tinged with blood, it is a consolation to think that the invention of gunpowder, which from its destructive principle might be looked upon with horror, has been so little fatal in its consequences. Compare the battles of ALEXANDER and CÆSAR, with those of MARLBOROUGH and FREDERIC; and you will find that artillery, by which the fate of modern battles is usually decided, has been a saving of the human species. Sieges I know must be excepted. Balistas and catapultas were less fatal than bombs and cannon. If fire was employed, it was by the besieged themselves against the machines designed for their destruction; and mines were only used to counteract and prolong the operations of the enemy, not to blow them up into the air. This last is an improvement on ancient tactics, to which the invention of gunpowder is justly entitled. I flatter myself, however, it is used with discretion, and that the lives and limbs of our fellow-creatures are never sacrificed but in cases of the greatest necessity. In that assurance I think the hero has more reason to lament the invention than the philosopher.—He cannot see without concern the brave and the skilful equally exposed with the merest coward; and that even the strength of an AJAX, or the swiftness of an ACHILLES, are no longer

of

of any avail, since a cannon or musket ball now levels all distinctions. The brave BAYARD, *le Chevalier sans peur, et sans reproche*, who was afraid of no man, and had vanquished many, was at last shot by a musket ball without seeing his adversary.

Whether the art of war is improved or not, let Generals decide. I shall only remark, that in ancient generalship is to be observed much stratagem and cunning. In many of their harangues, for it was an invariable custom to harangue their army before they engaged an enemy, you will find much eloquence, though they were frequently, I think, too long for the occasion: they cannot be too short. A Scotch General under GUSTAVUS, at the approach of an enemy, said no more to his men than this—"*See ye those lads?—Either fell them, or they will fell you.*"

PHILOPŒMEN studied the advantages and disadvantages of every spot he saw: consequently every wood, river, hill, &c. was a lesson to that General, and formed his mind to that quickness of decision on which the success of a battle principally depends. Others without doubt followed his example. Skill and enterprize seem common to them all. Constant practice made every man an adept in the honorable science of destruction; on which they even

so far refined, that, instead of securing a retreat, they would frequently cut off every hope of escape to render their situation more desperate, and the soldier more determined. Had HUDIBRAS lived in those days, he had taught them another lesson. Contempt of death, and love of their country, frequently carried those heroes beyond our ideas of military prowess. We read with astonishment of HORATIUS COCLES and of ALEXANDER; and sometimes fancy that the fidelity of history has given way to the fiction of romance. The rapid successes of CÆSAR are also wonderful. But I must ask, if the Roman people were more happy and more contented, when they had slain one half of the Globe, and plundered the other?—Did not they become more luxurious—more vicious—more effeminate,—first slaves to their own passions, and shortly after to the very people they had subdued?—The *Veni, Vidi, Vici,* of that hero are expressive of his character; but it should be remembered, that he reduced the Citizens of Rome to nearly half their number. How much more amiable was PERICLES, who never willingly engaged an enemy when the danger was great, and the success uncertain!—He often told the Athenians, *that as far as depended on him, they should be all immortal.*

Bred up in true militia principles, I consider the

the necessity of fighting as its only excuse, and self-defence as its best justification. I prefer TITUS to TRAJAN,—the man who lamented that he had let one day slip away without a single act of benevolence, to him whose greatest concern was that he could not rival ALEXANDER.

Though I admire the brilliant actions of a hero, it is seldom I can approve his sentiments. In CÆSAR, for instance, I see conduct and activity beyond all example; a daring spirit which no peril could intimidate, nor no difficulties subdue: *sang froid* in danger, resources in distress, and fortune ever favorable.—But was he not, this friend of CATILINE, profligate, ambitious, and cruel?—as void of principle, as of humanity?—a curse to other nations, and a tyrant to his own?—more dreadful than even pestilence or famine?—Rivers of tears, and seas of blood, were the price of every triumph, and he covered his bald head with laurel by the butchery of his fellow-creatures.*

* By *cruelty* nothing more is meant than that which is necessarily included in a life unnecessarily dedicated to the destruction of mankind. CÆSAR was humanity itself compared with the cowardly cut-throats who immediately succeeded him.

LETTER LXXII.

SAINT Peter's is not only the most beautiful church in Rome, but in the universe.—When I view the beautiful colonnade that incloses this immense area, while I admire its obelisk and its fountains, I think of Saint Paul's, and grieve at the comparison. The Façade is not by MICHAEL ANGELO, nor is it by any means equal to the rest of the building. From the balcony, in the days of superstition and ignorance, we Heretics were all of us excommunicated without exception and without mercy.

JULIO II. ordered the building; BRAMANTE and BUONAROTI, one began, the other finished it. The original design was a Grecian Cross; it would have been more handsome, the cupola nearer to the eye, and more conspicuous.

The elegance of this church within is not to be conceived. It is not by looking at Saint Paul's that you can form any idea of Saint Peter's.

Peter's. You must figure to yourself the most beautiful building in the world, adorned throughout with the most beautiful marbles, pictures, and statues, adapted with so much art, and so much taste, the proportions so nicely preserved, that nothing particularly attracts the eye, though the whole is charming.—It is, indeed, a temple worthy of such a God! The atmosphere is agreeable both in winter and summer; and as often as I had a moment to spare, I felt myself no where so comfortable as at Saint Peter's. I can pray in a Catholic church; however various may be the doctrine, I cannot consider it but as proceeding from the same Master. If the intention be good, the place is of little importance. The Mussulman, who prays regularly five times a day, says his prayers indifferently in his chamber, or in the street. In this, I believe, I must imitate the Mussulman; for in your country, besides the difficulty of getting a seat, *which must be paid for*, it is not permitted to pray in your churches but on fixed days, and at stated hours; the house of God is kept constantly locked up, and you are equally prevented from prayer and thanksgiving. I am sorry for it. Having lived long in a country where each individual is at liberty to pray when he pleases, and as often as he thinks fit, I cannot persuade myself that the Parson and his Clerk are the

sine qua non of devotion. I could wish the door of that house to stand open as long as the day lasts; for I conceive that one solitary prayer offered by the contrite heart freely, willingly, and without a prompter, to be more acceptable to the DEITY than the united prayers of the fullest congregation collected together by duty, custom, or necessity.—But to return to Rome. Though Saint Peter's is, without exception, the most beautiful and most sumptuously adorned of modern buildings, Saint John Lateran takes precedence as a church. There the Emperors were crowned; and it is there his Holiness the Pope takes possession of his spiritual dignity. In the Baptistery adjoining to the church, they tell you, the Emperor CONSTANTINE was baptised: it is a question, I think, whether he ever was baptised at all. Other churches there are out of all number; but it is needless minutely to describe them. It cannot be of consequence to you to know what pictures they contain, unless you mean to see them. In that case, many books are already written for the purpose, and every picture mentioned. It is sufficient to inform you, that in every Catholic country, every church, great or small, is adorned according to its means; and many as splendidly as an English drawing-room. Instead, therefore, of entering into a long detail useless and unplea-

unpleasant, I shall mention a few only, and then make some remarks on the religion itself.

The Corsini Chapel is one of the principal ornaments of the church of Saint John Lateran. It is magnificent in the extreme; and you will observe, not without surprise, that Pope CLEMENT XII. of the CORSINI family, takes his eternal repose in the same urn of porphyry which once contained the ashes of MARCUS AGRIPPA.

The *Scala Santa*, the stairs our SAVIOUR is supposed to have ascended at the time of his passion, you may ascend also, but it must be on your knees. I saw a number of people, chiefly women, eagerly employed in that operation out of devotion. The Egyptian obelisk which stands before the church, once adorned the Temple of the Sun at Thebes.

San Paolo you should see on account of the columns, astonishing in number, immense in size; many of which were brought from the mausoleum of ADRIAN. The air in this neighbourhood is so bad that the Friars of the Convent retire to Rome during the summer months.

Santa Maria degli Angeli is a Carthusian Monastery, formed out of a part of the baths of DIOCLESIAN. MICHAEL ANGELO was the architect. It is impossible to conceive a handsomer

somer edifice, but it has not the appearance of a church. You will admire its construction, will be pleased with its pillars, its pictures, and its ornaments; but, unless I am much mistaken, you will see nothing there to inspire you with devotion.

In Saint Agnes is a beautiful statue of the Saint, and a curious basso relievo at the altar worth observing: the Saint was to have been first defiled by the executioner, and was preserved by a miracle. St. Sebastian was an *ancient gladiator*, of the Casa Pamphili, BERNINI'S Saint being too small for the place. The Souterains under the church were once the common stews of ancient prostitution.

In Santa Maria del Popolo you will see a curious Epitaph, made in the year 1485, which mentions the *peste inguinaria*, thought by some to be the French disease.* Others fancy that disease of still older date, and that even TIBE-

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* MARCO ANTONII Equitis Romani
Filio ex Nobili ALBERTORUM familia
Corpore animoque insigni
Qui Annum agens XXX
Peste inguinaria interriit
An. Salutis Christianæ
MCCCCLXXXV die XXII Julii
Hæredes B. M. P.

RIUS,

RIUS, who was covered with blotches, had a share of it. But had it been known at that time, would not OVID have mentioned it?—would not MESSALINA have had it?—she who prostituted herself to all comers, and of whom the Satyrist says—"*Et lassata viris nondum satiata recessit.*" We may conclude, I think, that it was first known in Europe at the siege of Naples in 1528. With regard to the cure of this disorder, it is astonishing that its antidote mercury should have been discovered so early as the time of PAOLO GIOVIO, and neglected afterwards. That Author tells us, that some persons were cured by anointing themselves three days following with mercurial ointment, but that terrible blotches still remained. If the application of mercury for three days only cured the disorder, there was every reason to suppose that a longer continuance would have removed the blotches also. Some he says were cured by violent exercise and spare living. One would think the good effects of violent exercise might have indicated the use of sudorifics, which were not put in practice till many years after.

San Nicolò in Carcere, they tell you, was the scene of the Roman charity. It is a favorite subject of the best painters; but surely a greater fuss is made about this act of charity than it deserves. The poor girl who supports her

her aged father by the sweat of her brow, has infinitely more merit than she who lets him suck the milk of her breast that would otherwise be an incumbrance to her.

In San Pietro in Vincoli is the celebrated Moses of MICHAEL ANGELO. I prefer his Christ in the Minerva.

In Santa Bibiana is the statue of that Saint by BERNINI, which is justly admired.

In San Pietro in Carcere is an ancient prison, where they tell you Saint PETER was confined, and JUGURTHA died.

Many ancient temples are transformed into modern churches, some of which have preserved their former elegance.

From the steps of San Gregorio is a most beautiful and picturesque view of Rome, its temples, and its ruins.

About half a league from Rome on the *Via Appia* are the Catacombs of St. SEBASTIAN, where the primitive Christians are thought to have retired at the time of their persecution. They are said to extend several miles. My curiosity was soon satisfied; nor had I a wish to stay an instant longer in a place so dismal, so dreary, and so disconsolate. I am returned home in very indifferent spirits, and not without some apprehension of having taken a severe chill in the place I have just left. It is a bad time for

for such visits; it rains incessantly. November in most countries is a horrid month; nor is it ill suited to horrid deeds.—Yesterday was a remarkable day in England; to day, the sixth, was the meeting of CATILINE's conspirators.

LETTER LXXIII.

UPON nice investigation a great similitude may be found in the religious ceremonies of ancient and modern Rome; nor is it extraordinary that the primitive Christians, to make converts of their Pagan persecutors, should tempt them with ceremonies not unlike their own.

Though the ancient Romans had Gods and Goddesses without number, the wisest among them did not believe the omnipotency of the Deities they worshipped but through the mediation of a Deity supreme. The lesser Deities were little more than the Catholic Saints of modern Rome.—On some occasions they even treated them with less ceremony; yet JUPITER CAPITOLINUS, the *Deus Optimus Maximus* of ancient Rome, was adored and feared by all. CICERO, and many of their first characters, believed in the existence of a Supreme Being, and the

the immortality of the soul. "Ask of the Gods *a sound mind in a sound body*," says JUVENAL in his Tenth Satire;—a satire which DRYDEN very properly calls *divine*, and which I could wish you to read at least once a year as long as you live, as the likeliest means I know to make you contented and happy in every situation. "SOCRATES tells us to beseech them to grant what may be beneficial to us, *though we should not ask it;* and refuse what we do ask, *if it may be hurtful to us.*"—All had a perfect reliance on a Supreme Being; and, though vice may procure a transitory pleasure, all seem to agree, that no perfect happiness can be attained but in the practice of virtue.

I fancy the ancients were more devout than we are. Their first visit in the morning was to their temples. They had their excommunications and their purifications; and observed their holidays, which were numerous, more religiously than we do ours. It is a mistake to fancy any religion founded on sensuality only. EPICURE, it is true, places happiness in pleasurable enjoyments; but, according to his doctrine, no pleasure can be found but in the exercise of virtue. When by an *epicure* we mean a glutton, we use the word improperly; for we are told, even by a Stoic (SENECA), that the greatest frugality was observed in the garden of EPICURE.

Augury

Augury and the Auspices were political institutions taken from the Tuscans. One was regulated by the flight of birds; the other examined the entrails of victims dragged to the altar, and slain on purpose.—It was a strange idea, not peculiar to Paganism only, that the DEITY could delight in blood, and see with pleasure the creatures he had himself created unnecessarily devoted to destruction. Ancient rulers made religion of political advantage; modern politicians are for destroying it altogether.—Wretched philosophy, and worse policy! No election, no war was undertaken without first consulting the Auspices, which were always under the controul of the Senate; and so great was their superstition, that if in an election the merest trifle was omitted,—if the pantomime was not exactly performed, the election became void, and the Magistrate, whatever was his rank, readily resigned. Though their superstition was extreme, it was held by many in the highest contempt. CICERO says, he wonders two Augurs could meet each other without laughing at the follies of those who listened to them. Priests in all ages have imposed on the credulity and ignorance of the multitude. The Roman Generals availed themselves of this, and frequently acted on pretended Auspices. NUMA had his secret conferences with the nymph EGERIA; and SERTORIUS had

a Hind

a Hind from which *he* also pretended to receive divine admonitions:—but when Augury opposed their wishes, it lost its credit. When the Augur told CLAUDIUS PULCHER, to dissuade him from engaging the enemy, that the sacred pullets refused to eat, he replied—"*Throw them into the sea then, and see if they will drink.*"

I confess I more readily can excuse the absurdity of superstition, than the arrogance of disbelief. There is no nation without some religion, —God forbid there should! The most excellent laws of the best regulated Government cannot always prevent crimes, unless there be also a secret something more potent in the mind of man that forbids him to commit them. *Do as you would be done by*, and *love your neighbour as yourself*, are religious maxims more useful in society than the best laws of the wisest legislators: yet modern philosophy is of another opinion, and is working hard to diminish our security in this world, and to deprive the miserable sufferer of his hopes and expectations in the world to come.

I fear you will see even at Rome more outward show than real devotion; religious processions without order or decency; churches crowded with sinners, but few repenting ones, if it be fair to judge of their inward sentiments by their outward manner. The flesh seems too

potent

potent for the spirit; many seem occupied by worldly objects only;—and others so shamefully inattentive to what they are about, that it is clear they are incited to it by necessity, not by choice. The worship itself might be better regulated. The multiplicity of masses at the same time is highly improper. Some are beginning while others are ending: you are standing up to one, when the bell rings for you to go down on your knees to another:—thus decency and propriety are sacrificed to conveniency; and encourage an indifference bordering on contempt. Naked Poor should not be admitted into the churches at the time of divine service, to disturb and disgust the congregation;—nor should dogs be suffered to enter. I was present at an extraordinary scene at Florence, at one of the Sermons preached there during Lent. It was in the Duomo. PADRE PRÒ, a very eccentric genius, was preaching; in the midst of his discourse a dog began to bark,—the whole church resounded,—the preacher stopped, and the dog ceased. The instant the reverend father reassumed his discourse, the dog began again; and ran up and down the church, barking from one end of it to the other.—It was past all enduring.—"*Abbiate patienza!*" cried PADRE PRÒ to his auditors (he was preaching against freethinkers), "*Abbiate patienza, fratelli miei, è il Diavolo!*"

(Have

(Have patience, my brethren, it is the Devil himself.)

It was a custom not long ago for men to assemble in the churches after it was dark to chastise themselves, at which time it is thought some beat the benches, some their next neighbour, but few beat themselves; it was usual at the same time to confess their sins aloud by way of mortification.—A droll fellow, after confessing the most horrid acts he could imagine, said, "As a greater penance he would tell his name;" "*he was the unfortunate and wicked Mr. N. N.*" Mr. N. N. who was not far off, and to his utter astonishment heard every crime that was imputed to him, began to declare his innocence, when the other, not at all disconcerted, still insisted "that he was the unfortunate sinner Mr. N. N.; and that the gentleman who had spoken thus kindly in his behalf, was a good and generous soul, willing to take the offences of another upon himself."—When penance became a mockery, and confession a satire, it was time to leave it off.

A church was also appropriated to such women as thought proper to flagellate themselves, and a guard placed at the door to prevent men from entering.—I fancy the votaries of the *Bona Dea* were otherwise employed. In every act, without doubt, we should consider the intention; yet some there are, though they may claim our

pity, cannot pretend to our approbation. What do you say to those infatuated wretches we read of who make a merit of turning continually round like a top,—who lacerate their bodies,—or stand for several years together in the same posture?—This is phrenzy. Religion is better shewn by acting up to the several duties which the wisdom of God has imposed upon us.

I fear you will have an indifferent opinion of my devotion when I confess to you that my usual prayers are the Lord's Prayer, and that of thanksgiving only. We cannot be too cautious in what we ask, nor can we be too thankful for what we receive. Even that which we ignorant mortals consider as a misfortune, frequently proves itself a benefit to us in the end.—Besides, were it otherwise, what right have we to complain of a little bad, when the same benevolent hand is the daily dispenser of every good we enjoy? Let us thank him, therefore, for the good on its own account; and for the bad, because it might have been worse.

Though I am deficient in devotion myself, I respect it in others. I cannot, like many of my countrymen, step over the Catholics who are on their knees, disturb their worship, hurt their feelings, to look at a picture. We should not forget that we once were Catholics. We might not have heard of Calvin, if it had not been for

for LUTHER;—nor of LUTHER, had it not been through pique and resentment.—Though no longer Catholics, we are Christians still.*

I cannot commend the violent zeal for conversion, which is made an essential part of the religion of this country. A true Catholic must necessarily believe that GOD had predetermined to damn all Heretics without distinction;—yet there are millions of his creatures who have never heard either of them or their religion, for whom the earth is more profusely liberal in her productions than in the Campagna of Rome. One Catholic humanely laments that the soul of so excellent a Prince as TRAJAN should not be saved; and wisely remarks, that he must inevitably be damned, as he died without confession.—How different are the opinions of men in different countries!—a Mussulman, who was an equal admirer of the famous DE RUYTER, said—"*He*

* The sale of Indulgences, and some other abuses, were the apparent motives of the Reformation, to which pique and private interest are thought to have contributed. The Augustinians, who till that time had the selling of Indulgences, were deprived of it to favor the Dominicans; it was then that they thought proper to examine the propriety of Indulgences, and the right of him who granted them.

is really an honest man,—it is much to be lamented that he is a Christian."

If the famous CLEMENTI, whom I found here in the year 1766, and bought of his father for seven years, is not still a Catholic, the fault is not with me.—I assured the Pope I would not endeavour to convert him. Meeting him one Sunday when we were in the country, I asked him—"Why he did not go to mass" (there was a Catholic chapel about ten miles distant): he said—"There was no horse."—"*No horse!* Why don't you take the grey horse?"—"*O quello, Signore, scappa via.*"—"Take then the black poney."—"*E quello casca subito.*" So what with the horse that fell, and the horse that ran away, I fear Signior CLEMENTI attended mass as seldom as you do a sermon. With regard to myself I am perfectly well convinced, that if it had been absolutely necessary to salvation to be a Catholic, I should have been born a Catholic.—I had rather trust to Providence than to my own judgment; to the will of my Creator, rather than to the opinion of men. THEODORIC was himself an Arrian, yet when one of his officers, who was born a Catholic, renounced his faith with a view to obtain his favor, he ordered he should lose his head, wisely remarking, that he who was unfaithful to his GOD, could not be faithful to his King.

The

The Purgatory of the Roman Catholics may reasonably admit of some discussion. If a mass can relieve you from it, and that mass is to be procured by money, what an advantage does this give to the rich!—It would be extraordinary indeed, if after revelling in this world by means of their riches, they should by the same means obtain the exclusive privilege of not remaining in Purgatory in the world to come; yet the most determined sinner in this country dies contented, when he can leave behind him a sum of money for masses to be said for his soul.

Fasting may not be unwholesome; but as it is practised, it has its objections, since it is unequal, and bears hardest on the poor, who have the least need of it. There may be some mortification in a boiled egg, or a turnip,—but none surely in a sturgeon or tunny. If fasting be meant to lower the flesh, that it may not be too hard for the spirit, I cannot think craw-fish or lampreys properly adapted to that purpose, nor do I perceive in the conduct of the Catholics that it has that effect. The best and most luxurious dinners I ever sat down to were of maigre, and given on a fast day. Thus the rich have another advantage which, I think, was never intended them.

Confession, when sincere, is a relief to the mind, and when the Confessor is a man of true religion

religion and virtue, may be of the greatest utility: thus a sinner may be checked in his career; a bad habit corrected before it be too late; and those brought back to the right road who inadvertently had straggled out of it.—The evil consequences of the first false step may be clearly pointed out to those who cannot resist temptation, and those who are faultering may be warned of their danger, and taught not to repose too much on their own virtue. The first step towards vice, is the desire to conceal our actions. He who does not wish to conceal any thing he does, will seldom do any thing that requires concealment. It is not often that sinners, who obtain absolution by promising what they do not mean to perform, confess twice to the same person; yet there is no doubt but confession would be more efficacious, were the confessor always the same.

All are obliged to confess once a year. Some are in the habit of cleansing their consciences every month; but the more determined sinners, to save trouble, give them a thorough scouring at Lent, and think that sufficient. Confession cannot be made too often.—It is absolution only that I fear. That surely should be sparingly and cautiously administered; it otherwise is an encouragement to sin, and prepares the way for fresh remorse, and fresh repentance. As for the

penance

penance usually inflicted, it is a mere mockery: what are a few *Pater Nosters* or *Ave Marias!*— Bleeding, purging, and dieting, might answer a better purpose; and if for every sin they commit they were like HORACE's *Barine* to lose a tooth, the Devil would be kept under more effectually than by a spiritual penance, trifling at the best, little to be feared, and easily evaded.

LETTER LXXIV.

THE Vatican is an immense edifice of irregular architecture, built at different times by a variety of architects. We are told that it contains 11246 chambers, and they also pretend, St. Peter's, and the Gardens included, that it covers as much ground as the city of Turin. A Letter would be ill adapted to describe all its beauties of antique Sculpture and modern Painting;—the works of the best Grecian artists, and of RAPHAEL. Here, I am sorry to say, you may still see the representation of the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew at Paris in the year 1572, which the Court of Rome celebrated as a victory, and which every gallant Frenchman must look upon with horror and contrition. It was a most disgraceful business!—I speak not as a Protestant, but as a man of honor and a Christian.

The Library is rich in manuscripts. The Virgil and the Terence merit your inquiry.

The

The English are usually shewn the religious controversy of HENRY the Eighth with LUTHER, sent by that Sovereign as a present to LEO X. He received in return an honorable title, which the Kings of England, though no longer Catholics, still retain. It is not a little extraordinary that the same person who received this honorable title should have been afterwards excommunicated. You are also shewn his Letters to ANNA BULLEN, to the power of whose charms we owe the reformation. I am a stranger to the beauties of Avignon, but the pleasure I daily receive in contemplating those of Rome, occasion some surprise that for so many years together the Popes should have preferred another Palace to the Vatican.

Of the Palaces with which this city abounds, I shall mention a few particulars only. All of them are magnificent without, few are convenient within. The stair-cases are chiefly of marble, but covered with filth; and frequently offensive to more senses than one. The rooms are large and lofty; but the greatest part are without fire-places. The doors are ugly, the locks are bad, the windows are ill glazed, and the floors are without carpets. They have no back-stairs, nor have they the dressing-rooms, the water-closets, the elegances and conveniences so com-

mon-

monly found in the houses of London and Paris. Pictures and statues are their chief ornament, and in these both English and French may find much to admire, and something to envy. Yet, however beautiful the latter may appear, however worthy of regard, I still think them better suited to a garden or portico than to a drawing room.

Monte Cavallo on the Quirinal enjoys the purest air of Rome. Here the Pope generally resides. I cannot admire the horses from which it takes its name, nor can I think them by PHIDIAS or PRAXITELES. The men are admirable.

In the Rospigliosi Palace are some good Pictures, but the famous Aurora by GUIDO is most worthy your attention. The painter has made the wind blow contrary ways at the same time:—it is of little consequence. With caution should we criticise what is generally admired. Were SHAKESPEARE, that child of nature, that universal genius, the boast of the country that gave him birth, to be judged by the rules of ARISTOTLE, it might lessen his glory. Yet, on the other hand, is it not a proof of the superior excellency of his beauties that no defect can prejudice?—Had he been born a century later he would have been less original, and more correct.

Would

—Would he have lost or gained?—LONGINUS says, the sublime with some defect, is preferable to mediocrity that is free from fault.

The Colonna Palace may boast of the most superb gallery; Ruspoli the most superb staircase. Among the most famous pictures of the former, is the Adam and Eve by DOMINICHINO;—they are represented with navels, the Painter rather chusing to deviate from the truth, than make a monster. The portrait of the Cenci is an interesting picture to those who are acquainted with the history of that unfortunate female.

The Doria Palace contains an astonishing collection of Pictures; good, bad, and indifferent. The Borghese apartments are so gloomy that I would not possess all they contain to be obliged to inhabit them. They are to be considered only as a Repository for Pictures and Statues. Pride and ostentation are so far of service to the poor, that they frequently owe to those motives a subsistence from the rich, which they would not receive from their charity and benevolence. In front of the Borghese Palace is a house allotted to the old and worn out servants of the family. Whatever may have been the motive, in the present instance I respect this magnificence;—it is noble—it is just—it is honorable—it is what all must admire though few

can

can imitate. I have seen a strange contrast to it in another part of Italy, where, when a servant is ill, as many days are deducted out of his monthly salary as he is unable to work. This severity to one whose illness is taken in their service, this want of charity, at the very time he is most in want of their protection, is the height of barbarity, and I wish, for the sake of humanity, and the comfort of their own minds, that any thing I can say of their conduct may induce them to alter it.

The famous picture of the Gamblers by CARRAVAGGIO, in the Barberini Palace, affords an useful lesson to young men to be cautious with whom they play. It is said that this Painter, who knew nothing of perspective, was the inventor of half-lengths. ALBANO calls him the ruin of the art. RAPHAEL'S Mistress, painted by himself, is much inferior to the beautiful Fornarina of the Gallery at Florence. The Death of Germanicus by POUSSIN is an interesting picture, admirably executed. It is a pity it cannot be compared with the Iphigenia of TIMANTHES, which the Frenchman has partly imitated: we might then form some judgment of the comparative merit of ancient and modern painting.—GERMANICUS was too good for the age in which he lived. He might have been Emperor, had he approved the means of making himself so, and

died

died poisoned at thirty-five years of age, the most accomplished Gentleman of his time, both in body and mind. In the court-yard you may read the following curious inscription:—" *Tito Claudio Augusto quod reges Britanniæ domuerit, et gentes barbaros subegerit.*" I am not a little proud of that country which is thus represented as barbarous, when at the present moment some of the first Palaces in Rome are not better glazed than an English cottage, and are not half so comfortable.

The Helen by GUIDO, in the Spada Palace, is justly admired. I wish we could compare it with that of ZEUXIS at Athens. Poor Dido by GUERCINO is absolutely spitted on the sword of Eneas:—it is a pity a picture of so much merit should be hurt by so ridiculous a circumstance. She is represented on the funeral pile. Burning the bodies of the dead, as was the practice from the time of SYLLA, was bad economy: at present it would be utterly impossible; they could not find wood: after the ANTONINES they were buried. Though the Anthony and Cleopatra is an inferior picture, the subject of it is interesting,—it is the Triumph of Beauty: yet CLEOPATRA was not young when she made a conquest of ANTHONY.—She was already arrived at that age when women may be still beautiful, but are no longer pretty; and when experience

rience makes ample amends for the loss of that freshness of which time has deprived them.—At seventeen, in the full bloom of youth and beauty, she gained the heart of CÆSAR, but could not keep it:—but at thirty, having more art, she got such fast hold of ANTHONY, that, notwithstanding his ambition, he preferred the pleasures of her company to the conquest of the world. It is said also that the famous NINON increased in power, as she advanced in years.—I fancy in love, as in gambling, *on commence par etre dupe, et on finit par etre fripon.* We are told that CLEOPATRA was clever, full of grace, and that the melody of her voice was so peculiarly engaging, it captivated all who conversed with her. At one of their fishing parties, ANTHONY having caught nothing, ordered a diver to fix a fish on his hook. The next day the Queen was a match for him, for having discovered it, she ordered one of her own divers to fix *a salted fish upon his hook, brought from the Euxine Sea.* This occasioned great laughter, when she politely said—"*My dear General, leave the angling rod to us Princes of Pharos and Campus; thy game is Cities, Provinces, and Kings.*"—Poor ANTHONY! he was not proof against so many charms. In latter days, HENRY IV. of France, the most amiable of Monarchs, relinquished all the advantage of a victory after the battle of

Coutras

Coutras for the love of the Comtesse de Guiche.—It is difficult to be a great man with this passion, or a good man without it.

The Statue of Pompey the Great, the principal ornament of this collection, is probably the very statue that Cassius invoked when he assaulted Cæsar, and at the foot of which his victim fell.—The expecting, impatient conspirators without doubt viewed it with more agitation than I did. Casca gave the first blow, and so great was the fury of them all, that in their eagerness to assassinate Cæsar they wounded one another.—It is however remarkable, that not one of them died a natural death: some even slew themselves with the very dagger that murdered him.—"Alas, poor Cæsar! was this then the end of all thy ambition!—was it for this you endured so much fatigue, encountered so many dangers, and destroyed so many of your fellow-creatures,—to fall at last, cruelly butchered, at the feet of the very man whose ruin you had occasioned!"

Prince Spada told me a curious anecdote relating to this Statue. It was found partly on his ground, partly on that of another person, and occasioned a law-suit. The Spada family pretended, that where the head, the most noble part, lay, the rest of the body ought to belong. His antagonist replied, that however good that argument

ment might be with regard to a man, it signified nothing with regard to a statue. That the most ignoble part of the body, which beyond all doubt was the most considerable, lay on their ground, and consequently gave them the best title to the whole. The Judge, like another SOLOMON, without his wisdom, after deliberately hearing both the parties, adjudged the Statue to be cut in two, and divided equally between them. Luckily, with less barbarity they settled the difference, the SPADA family purchasing the other half.

The Altieri Palace has suffered a great loss in the two famous Claudes. This painter used to say, that he sold the landscapes, and *gave the figures;* they were frequently done by another hand, FILIPPO LAURI.

The Farnese Palace was built out of the ruins of the Colosseum. It is an immense fabric; but stripped, abandoned, and uninhabited, as it now is, I wish I could conjure the materials back again from whence they came. The Barberini Palace also owes its origin to the same place; the wits of that time said—"*Quid non fecerunt i barbari faciant i Barberini.*"

The Little Farnese possesses some beauties in fresco that cannot luckily be taken away. The design of the whole is by RAPHAEL, and executed by GIULIO ROMANO, his pupil. The Three Graces and the Mercury, are thought to be

be by RAPHAEL himself. I cannot conceive why Dolphins are represented crooked; nothing is less like a real dolphin than the pictures that you see of them.

In the Corsini Palace are many excellent pictures. In the Ecce Homo of GUERCINO the painter has admirably combined extreme pain with the most perfect resignation. But the most extraordinary of all is the Portrait of Pope ALEXANDER VI. in the very act of embracing the Vanozzi his mistress. The antique Curule Chair is the only one existing: the Consuls, Pretors, and Ediles, were the only Magistrates who had the privilege of using them; they carried them in their chariots. From the Casino in the garden is an extensive view of Rome and the country adjacent.

In this Palace CHRISTINE of Sweden died, at the age of thirty-seven years. She abdicated her throne to enjoy her liberty, and chose Rome for her residence. Some think she was induced to it from a motive of religion; but in that case her conduct would surely have been different. It is more probable that, like Madame de MAINTENON, she was disgusted with the tiresome etiquette and dull uniformity of a Court. This Queen is said to have possessed many of the charms of her own sex, and many of the best qualities of ours; yet the particularity of her

dress, her manners, her passions that admitted of no controul, rendered her a proper object of censure.—She used to say (probably with more wit than truth), that she preferred the company of men, not because *they were men*, but because *they were not women*. MONALDESCHI, a favorite attendant, she had murdered. In what manner he had offended is not known: he is supposed to have been indiscreet, and to have boasted of favors which, whether he had received or not, is, as it ought to be, a matter of doubt. The Lady was not only inexorable, but cruel. She had him forced from her presence, and is said to have laid aside every pretence to the natural tenderness of her sex, while this bloody tragedy was acting in the next room to that in which she sat. The unfortunate favorite had some suspicion of his fate, and wore a coat of mail, which only served to prolong his sufferings. She was the daughter of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, highly distinguished both as a statesman and a soldier. His country flourished under his administration, and he died, like another WOLFE, in the arms of victory. Is it not extraordinary that the same country should have produced two such eccentric geniuses, male and female, as CHARLES and CHRISTINE?

In the Santa Croce Palace, besides other pictures, are the Four Seasons, by ALBANO.

In

In the Mattei Palace are several good basso relievos, and a good bust of CICERO. In the Braschi is a wonderful colossal statue of ANTINOUS; and a stair-case, that when finished, will be the most magnificent in Rome.

The sight of that immense fabric Il Collegio Romano, may bring to your remembrance its former inhabitants, the Jesuits—their great talents, and greater crimes. Those gentlemen, who were well informed of the most secret designs of every Court in Europe by the means of confession, were strongly suspected to have turned them to their own advantage, and that of the parties whose interests they espoused. DAMIEN belonged to a Convent of Jesuits in Flanders; and those of the same Order who attempted the life of the King of Portugal, are said to have been received afterwards at Rome by CLEMENT XIII. like martyrs who had suffered heroically for the Faith. GANGANELLI had not so good an opinion of the Jesuits as his predecessors;—to him they owe their expulsion,—and he to them, most probably, his untimely end. A traveller arrived at Pisa late in the evening from Rome, and wanted a passport immediately to proceed on his journey: the Grand Duke, PETER LEOPOLD, was retired into his chamber, and the gentleman, who was thought to be a Jesuit, was told he must wait till the morning;

that, however, did not satisfy him, and by dint of entreaty he at last obtained what he wanted.—Shortly after the news arrived of the Pope's death. The Grand Duke in relating to me the above circumstances, seemed to have no doubt that the person to whom he granted the passport was privy to his death, which, though not absolutely effected, was made secure beyond the possibility of failure. If we reverse the medal, some good may be attributed to the Jesuits.—They were great travellers, and we have been benefited by their travels. I shall not lay much stress on their introduction of turkeys into Europe, for, in my opinion, fowls are to the full as good:—but the *Bark*,—we cannot, I think, be too grateful for that; it has already saved more lives than they ever destroyed.

LETTER LXXXI.

THE Villas of Rome are numerous and elegant. Many are within the walls, none are far off. That of Prince BORGHESE is most admired. This garden is the morning walk, and the evening drive of the Belles of Rome. The style of it is new in this country, and you will see an imitation of English taste united with Roman grandeur. The house is crouded with Statues and Busts; Bas Relievos and Vases; all of them antique, and many inestimable. I shall mention a few only.

Quintus Curtius on Horseback, leaping into the Gulph, is a curious representation of an act of patriotism that in these days may reasonably be doubted; yet we know that the ancients had an idea that by a sacrifice of their own lives they could save the life of another person. It was no uncommon practice in their armies, and at the beginning of an engagement one man would volun-

voluntarily throw himself on the swords of the enemy, to favor, as he thought, the public cause. Thus DECIUS in the war with the Latins sacrificed his own life to the prosperity of his country; rushing into the middle of their army, he was instantly cut in pieces: the Latins were beaten. It is to this custom HORACE alludes in his beautiful Ode to LYDIA.

The Death of Seneca is much esteemed. He is represented in the bath after his veins were opened.—It is not so easy to die as some people imagine, and the soul seems to quit its old habitation very reluctantly. SENECA was a proof of it: finding that he could not get rid of life in the manner he proposed, he took poison; even that did not operate, and he was at last suffocated by the fumes of a hot-bath. This philosopher was rich, voluptuous, ambitious; suspected to have intrigued with the mother of his pupil; and *a Writer of Moral Essays*.—Though many parts of his conduct as preceptor and confidant of NERO are highly reprehensible, the last accusation is hardly to be credited.

The Apollo and Daphne of BERNINI is a good modern statue. Apollo is an elegant figure, highly finished, but he is not a God,—Grecian artists alone knew how to represent a Deity. The David is by the same artist:—the Abbé RICHARD, a Frenchman, and partial to his

his countryman, says it may stand in competition with the Gladiator; and LA LANDE, not to be behind hand, says, "*Qu' il y a bien des personnes même, qui croient que l'ecole françoise peut soutenir le parallele avec les ecoles anciennes.*"—Come and see.

The Fighting Gladiator, as it is called, is the admiration of modern artists. Whom it is meant to represent is doubtful. He is looking up.—The remark Mr. MOORE makes, that the eye of your antagonist is the part you fix, is so strictly true that it makes against his own supposition of his being a Gladiator, for the regard of this combatant is most certainly directed towards an object immediately above him. You will observe, that the manner of fighting of the ancients was different from ours. They used a shield, and advanced the left foot: the moderns, whose bodies are exposed, parry with their swords, and advance the right.

Lucius Verus is thought to be the best bust at present existing. It is certainly a wonderful Portrait. Here are Venuses in the greatest profusion; four statues and two busts of that Goddess are in one room,—they would serve for six.

The Pictures above stairs do the Prince much honor as an encourager of the arts, being mostly by modern artists. The rooms are light, airy, and

and cheerful; the furniture is in better taste than is usually seen in Italy. It is a pity so elegant a house should not be inhabited.

The Clodius of the Villa Pamfili is an interesting statue, if you consider the accident that occasioned it. He is represented in a female dress, profaning the mysteries of the *Bona Dea* to intrigue with the wife of CÆSAR. I cannot think but he might easily have found a better opportunity. Among the many religious ceremonies of the ancients, that of the Bona Dea was the most extraordinary. Women only were admitted. Even statues of the masculine gender were at that time covered. GOD knows what the women did there,—CLODIUS perhaps might guess. That wild youth, enamoured of CÆSAR's wife, at whose house these mysteries were held, disguised himself like a woman to enjoy her company. He gained an easy admittance, and was conducted by a confidante of the Lady's to a private apartment. Whether it was impatience, —whether it was curiosity, that induced him to leave his retirement, is not known.—It is said, that the first woman he met, supposing him to be of her own sex, and taking some liberties with him, perceived her mistake, and gave the alarm.—A glorious confusion must have ensued, and without doubt put an immediate finish to the *sacred rites* they were celebrating. CÆSAR, whose

whose good sense was conspicuous in every thing he said or did, declined quarrelling with CLODIUS, who was the idol of the people, but divorced his wife; and when asked why, if he thought CLODIUS innocent, he divorced POMPEIA, replied—"*Because the wife of* CÆSAR *ought not to be suspected.*"

The Bust of Donna Olimpia, called by the Romans *La Padrona*, is not less remarkable. She was sister-in-law and mistress to Pope INNOCENT X.; a name ill suited to such a Pope: She shamefully disposed of every office of the State to the highest bidder, and set the crime of simony at defiance. Every day produced a new satire.—Neither the mistress nor the lover were spared; till a Comedy, which at last appeared, called, *The Marriage of the Pope*, published at London, and said to have been acted in the presence of CROMWELL, occasioned her disgrace. The view from the terrace is beautiful. The Gardens are extensive, but not in the best taste. By cutting down the old pine trees, which are become bare poles, and planting better trees, this villa might be greatly improved.

The Villa Albani is in the highest style of magnificence.—Neither Saint PETER nor Saint PAUL ever entered so superb a mansion; yet it was built by a Cardinal, whose Mistress the painter has represented as a Muse in the ceiling

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of the gallery. Antique Statues of the greatest celebrity, and the choicest marbles are to be seen in every part. The Antinous is thought to be the very best representation of that favorite of ADRIAN.

The Villa Medici lost its greatest ornament when the Family of Niobe were removed to Florence, nor are the Gardens any longer frequented as they were formerly. It was nearly on this spot that the Conqueror of MITHRIDATES retired from public business to enjoy the fruits of his labours, and after a life of brilliant conquests, and the most luxurious pleasures, had the good fortune, not very common in those days, to die a natural death—honorable in the general sorrow it occasioned. It was in the Gardens of LUCULLUS that an end was put to the lubricity of MESSALINA by order of CLAUDIUS :—wife and husband were both of them extraordinary.—She married herself publicly to CAIUS SILIO while the Emperor was at Ostia ; and he, at his return, not seeing her at table, forgot that he had ordered her to be murdered, and enquired where she was.

Papirius and his Mother in the Villa Ludovisi, is an admirable piece of ancient Sculpture. She is represented in the act of questioning her son concerning a debate in the Senate, and her countenance is highly expressive of curiosity and atten-

attention. The youth, better to conceal what he did not think proper to reveal, fobs her off with a false confidence. He tells her the Senate were debating whether it should be permitted in future for husbands to have two wives. The good Lady, highly alarmed at such a proposition, assembled her female friends, and they went in a body to the Senate, to solicit what they thought much more necessary, that they also might be permitted to have two husbands.

Arria and Pœtus is an amiable instance of conjugal affection. ARRIA, seeing PŒTUS her husband hesitating about killing himself, when it was necessary he should die, took the dagger out of his hand and stabbed herself. She then returned it, with these remarkable words:— "*Pæte non dolet*"—PŒTUS, *it gives no pain.* This celebrated Lady is not the only heroine of that family, nor is this the only instance of her heroism.* This groupe is also admired, though much inferior to the other. In the summer-house is the Aurora of GUERCINO. The figure of Night is admirable. The Gardens of SALLUST were nearly on this spot.

The Villa Aldobrandini is rendered famous by the antique Painting commonly called the Al-

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* *See* PLINY'S *Letters.*

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dobrandini Marriage. This villa belongs to the second branch of the BORGHESE family; a family whose riches in Statues and Pictures are inestimable.

At the Villa Madama the *Pastor Fido* of GUARINI was represented for the first time:—the grove was then formed into a theatre.

At Frescati, ancient Tusculum, was the villa of CICERO, from whence he wrote his Tusculans. I wish I could see its pictures, its statues, its rich furniture and fine plantations; in short, as it is described when CLODIUS plundered it. The account PLINY gives of his own villa, though written in the highest strain of panegyric, gives us but an indifferent opinion of the taste that prevailed there. The box and the yew, cut into various shapes, which are objects of his admiration, would be viewed with disgust by the more refined taste of modern gardening. In this neighbourhood are many elegant modern villas, to which the Roman Nobility retire during the summer months.

The situation of Albano will please you.—The lake is beautiful, and the *emisario*, an under-ground drain, is wonderful. POMPEY had a villa here. Ancient Alba was about two miles distant. The Alban wine was esteemed next to the Falernian.

The Sybils Temple at Tivoli is one of the most

most elegant remains of ancient architecture.—The cascade is more picturesque, though less grand than that at Terni. ADRIAN's villa once contained all the luxuries of art that a lively fancy joined to unlimited power could accomplish.—It is said to have been seven miles in circumference. The Villa d'Este, though no longer inhabited, is worth your notice; the view from the terrace is delightful; the horizon is extensive, and the cupola of Saint Peter's at the extremity of it. The Solfatarra—the Floating Islands—the Tomb of Plautian—the Temple della Tosse—and MECÆNAS's Villa—are all objects of curiosity to a stranger. Tivoli was esteemed by the ancient Romans as one of the most healthy, and most pleasant situations in Italy. HORACE was so enamoured with it that he wished to end his days there.

Besides their villas, the Roman Princes have superb mansions on their estates, where they sometimes pass the Villegiatura, and live in the greatest splendor. I passed several days with them in my youth, but you are not likely to be benefited by their magnificence. A country life is no longer in fashion. Villas in the neighbourhood of Rome, and diurnal excursions, are preferred to those superb, but distant mansions: yet there only can they enjoy what PLINY so strongly recommends—*Otium cum dignitate*,—

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and the rural blessings HORACE so feelingly describes;—Blessings unknown to Sovereigns and to Courts, but infinitely surpassing those that they enjoy.—DIOCLESIAN could not be persuaded to forsake the comfort of his garden, to return to all the splendor of a throne.

The first Romans were contented with a few acres of land.—They tilled it themselves. Modern Romans do not retire to their country seats to cultivate their estates, but spend them. Population is generally allowed to increase in proportion to the means of subsistence. The Roman State is become desolate, because it is uncultivated. Here is neither water-meadow, nor artificial grass; even the arable land lies untilled because the proprietor is not allowed to make the most of its produce. A *Commercio libero* is not only prohibited, but the farmer is even obliged to sell his corn to Government at a low price, who afterwards set what price they please. LA LANDE tells us they buy also with one measure, and sell with another.—This is downright roguery.—What an example from Government! The soil is thus deprived of its best manure—encouragement; and the most famous city in the world stands in the midst of the most apparent misery and desolation;—disgraceful to herself, and a pestilence to all around.

LETTER LXXVI.

SHOULD any one imagine that the Cardinal Virtues, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance, were so named because they are possessed and practised by the Cardinals themselves, he has only to make a visit to Rome to be convinced to the contrary. Cardinals are men: they are born with passions and appetites like our own: many of them are young, and all cannot be supposed to have the force, or the inclination, necessary to resist the temptation of the flesh. Even the prayer of Saint AUGUSTIN, before his conversion, was—"Donnez moi seigneur la continence, et la chasteté, *mais ne me les donnez pas encore si tot.*" Whether these gentlemen think like the Saint or not, it is certain that they do not imitate their Master either in his poverty or his humility; and I much doubt, if in charity and general benevolence there is one of these Princes of Christianity who

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is not outdone by a Mussulman.—Here let me stop, out of respect to some that I both esteem and love. I shall only add, as a contrast to their ambition and worldly views, that CHARLES V. Emperor of Germany, King of Spain and Naples, Sovereign of the Low Countries, and Master of Peru and Mexico, after a reign of thirty-nine years, resigned his Crown, and retired into a Convent; while many of these gentlemen begin their career in a Convent, and all hope to end it on a Throne.

The union of temporal and spiritual authority renders the Pope more absolute than any other Sovereign. He has neither Senate nor Parliament; and though he employs the Cardinals, he is not obliged to consult them. VOLTAIRE used to say, that could he obtain his wish, *he would be Grand Signior to the age of thirty; from that time till sixty, King of France; and afterwards Pope of Rome.* Were it not for that mad ambition which renders man ever blind to his own happiness, who would be a Pope!—Who in his right senses would submit to be shut out from Society, to be loaded with the intruding cares of State, without partaking of its enchanting vanities!—And yet such is the folly of man, such the love of dominion, that during the schism of the Church not less than three Popes at the same time assumed the spiritual and temporal

poral power of the Triple Crown.* There was a time indeed, the time of DIOCLESIAN, a time of persecution, that the *Nolo Episcopari* of Bishops was sincere; and for three years together the Papal Chair, with all its advantages, continued vacant;—advantages peculiar to this Sovereign, whose power extends itself over the consciences, as well as over the persons, of his subjects. He draws considerable sums of money annually from other countries, which enrich his own. He has ports both in the Mediterranean and Adriatic Seas; and enjoys the blessings of peace, without being prepared for war. He has neither wife, child, nor mistress; nor has he any domestic cares to perplex or estrange him from the duties of a Sovereign. He has the sole power of absolution in the highest cases, and can free the most determined sinner from all his sins.—These are great advantages truly: yet, on the other hand, he is usually too old when elected Pope to expect to live long enough to accomplish any great undertaking, about which he is also indifferent, not knowing who is to be

* JOHN XXIII., GREGORY XII., and BENEDICT XIII., Tiara, or Triple Crown, so called, being a symbol of the Monarchy the Popes assumed over the three parts of the world then known.

his successor; and having no family of his own, he has the insatiability of Nephews to gratify at the expence of his subjects,—a constant source of discontent and oppression. In short, Popes are more to be respected in their spiritual capacity, than as Sovereigns of Rome, or Fathers of their country; a title voluntarily conferred on a Pagan, and which I fear no Pope has ever merited.

This Government, though absolute, is elective; which, though specious in theory, is the most turbulent and dangerous of any. When ALEXANDER on his death-bed bequeathed his States to the most worthy, it was a noble and disinterested gift, but at the same time a dangerous one. The Cardinals when they elect a Pope, have other rules to go by.—They first take care he shall not be young, and rather choose that he should be also infirm, that he may not live long. —Completely taken in by SEXTUS V. they are become, I presume, more wary, and neither crutch nor cough can deceive them now.

Though the Government is defective, the Police is worse. Rome in its origin was an asylum for villains of every denomination.—In this at least it has not degenerated. No people are more licentious, more revengeful, or more cruel, than the present inhabitants.—I am sorry to say, none are so little restrained. The Piazza

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di Spagna, that "*imperium in imperio*," maintains its privileges, and, in downright contradiction to good sense, in direct violation of all honor and justice, encourages crimes of every kind, and affords protection to all.—There the most dastardly pickpocket looks justice in the face unconcerned; and the very murderer, when he reaches that shameful asylum, laughs at the impotency of a Government that dares not lay hold of him.

Though the COLONNA and ORSINI families, contending factions of former times, have no longer pre-eminence, every Prince, every Cardinal, assumes a kind of aristocratic power, and protects whom he pleases. The Minister of each Sovereign does the same. The laws, civil and criminal, are thus held in contempt. Criminals are seldom punished; nor is it often that a rich debtor is brought to justice, or confined for debt. At a disturbance the other night at the Theatre, occasioned by the servants, I asked the Officer of the Guard, why he did not interfere.—"What!" said he, "to have excuses to make to-morrow morning to some Prince or Cardinal on a complaint of their servants."—*Non sono tanto minchione*—(I am not so great a fool).

Not long ago a Roman Prince, whose handkerchief had been often stolen, took the precau-

tion at last to sew the end of it to his pocket. Shortly after standing in a church to hear mass, he felt his neighbour, who was tolerably well dressed, pulling hard at it; upon which he turned round, and in a gentle whisper said—"*Non s'incomodi questa volta, é cucito.*"—(Do not trouble yourself this time, for it is sewed to my pocket.)

Though the streets swarm with rogues and assassins, conviction is not easy in a country where no one will stop a thief, or prevent a murder. Personal safety operates strongly on a people naturally revengeful and cruel; they judge of others by themselves; and in this they shew more prudence than either honor or virtue. SOLON, when asked what city was best modelled, that, said he, "*where those who are not injured, are no less ready to prosecute and punish offenders than those that are.*"

The executive power is in the hands of the Governor, who, in a great measure, resembles the Prefect of ancient Rome, established by AUGUSTUS. He is the principal Judge in all criminal cases; and when you consider the difficulties he has to encounter, you may judge what a pretty time his Excellency has of it;—he consoles himself, however, with thinking, that on leaving this office he must be made a Cardinal.

You ask what their executions are,—they are horrid.

horrid. *La Corda* is given for trifling offences. The Criminal is hauled up to a great height, his arms tied behind him, and is let fall again on a sudden to within a few feet of the ground; an operation which seldom fails to dislocate his shoulders: this is sometimes repeated three times following. The most atrocious offenders are drawn and quartered.—It is a bloody business! Going with my family the other morning in an open carriage to the Villa Borghese (the Carnival at Rome usually begins with an execution), we unluckily passed the Piazza del Popolo, and the limbs of several malefactors were still hanging on the gallows like butchers' meat on the shambles.—It was a shocking sight! An Abbé dined with me the same day who had attended one of them to his execution. He belongs to a company of Priests who perform this function by turns out of devotion. They go in the cart with the Criminal, but in a disguise not unlike that already described of the Misericordia at Florence. His companion was an old offender; an assassin by profession, and a most hardened sinner. He told the Abbé that he had often prayed to God that he might die on a gallows, rather than be killed in the street, and he thanked him for his kindness. He continued bold and undaunted till he arrived within sight of the place of execu-

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tion; it was then his courage failed him, and he said—"*Adesso comincio a sentir un poco la paura della morte*"—(I now begin to feel a little afraid of death). Arrived at the gallows, he said to the Executioner, who had been his associate in former crimes—"*Questa amico Tito é una brutta cdia che tu mi fai, non l'avrei mai creduto—ma pazienza!*"—(This, friend Titus, is a sad trick that you are playing me; I should never have thought it,—but no matter!) He said no more, and died as hardened as he had lived.

When I was at Lyons a man was broken on the wheel: he deserved his fate. He had poured melted lead down the throat of a man he found sleeping on his back with his mouth open, in order to see the effect it would have on his countenance, and enjoy his contortions. He was as hardy as he was cruel, and, though all his bones were broken, desired to be sent to the hospital. The rack, that emblem of tyranny, is no longer in use. It was a disgrace to humanity; and, without doubt, made some confess crimes of which they were not guilty; and others accuse innocent people to save themselves. A Jeweller, I think of Sens, had frequently missed things of value: suspicion naturally fell on the maid of the house; she was the only person who had been in the room, and, as a further proof of her

her guilt, the things missing were all of them found in the sacking of her bed. The Girl denied the fact; but no sooner was she put to the torture, than she confessed all they asked, and was soon after executed. The Jeweller, to his great astonishment, perceived that things were still carried away as before, and, being now more upon his guard, soon discovered the thief. —It was a tame Magpie, that amused himself in picking up rings, &c. off the counter, and hid them in the sacking of the bed in which the unfortunate Girl was used to sleep.—The Jeweller was surprised,—the Judges concerned,—but the Girl was hanged; and I am told, to make her amends, a mass is still said for her soul.

It is to the mildness of our laws, and to the impartiality with which they are administered, that we owe the humanity of our robbers, who in other countries would be murderers also. The certainty of punishment is more necessary to prevent crimes than the severity of it. Could the injured man in this country find justice in the laws, he would be less inclined to seek it in the stiletto. WILKES, who had personally offended the King of England, and reviled his Ministers, could only be called out in a duel :— and LUTTERELL, execrated by the people, still walked the streets unarmed and unmolested.—

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It is not probable that either of these gentlemen in any other country would have outlived a week.

Imprisonment is frequently adopted here instead of punishment. Many have been confined without knowing of what they were accused, or who were their accusers, till death has set them free. CÆGLIOSTRO, whom they cannot condemn, is probably to die in prison. Confinement without a trial, is the height of despotism. Delay in criminal examinations is cruelty, since it inflicts an unnecessary punishment on the innocent. Could I have persuaded myself to enter those dreary mansions of confined misery, I should have been curious to see if they are kept sweet and clean to prevent infection; if the lesser villains are kept separate from those whose crimes are more atrocious; and the men from the women. As the innocent man is frequently confined, as well as the guilty, common justice requires that his health may not suffer; and for your own sakes, Lords of the Universe! take care that his morals be not corrupted. The prosperity of a country depends much on its principles and morality. Carthage and Rome on their decline were cruel, immoral, and unjust.

All matters of State, all transactions with foreign

reign Courts, are in the department of the Cardinal Secretario di Stato. Whatever relates to immorality belongs to the Court of the Cardinal Vicario. Blasphemies, and all acts contradictory to the tenets of the Catholic Faith, the Inquisition takes cognizance of; but is much more mild in its proceedings than formerly. You will be glad to hear it is no longer that tremendous Court under which GALILEO suffered a long and unjust confinement. Nor do the gentlemen who at present compose that awful tribunal, resemble those who would have punished with death, but for the interposition of his Sovereign, SERAFINO BIANCHI, for discovering to HENRI IV. a plot against his person, and saving the life of a King *who was not a Catholic.*

As to civil causes, they have nearly the same defect at Rome as in other parts of Italy; and, if you believe common report, are not expeditious, nor are they always impartial. Englishmen should visit other countries, to set a just value on their own. They would then learn to respect, as they ought, their first Magistrate, whose government is mild, and example virtuous; and revere those laws under which their persons and properties are secure.

You have heard much of the *Iron Mask.* The Cardinal de BERNIS has just told me, he thought

thought Madame de POMPADOUR knew who this extraordinary person was.—If so, it is an instance that a woman *can* keep a secret.*

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* *Iron Mask*, a state prisoner, so called from the mask he constantly wore. He was confined many years in the Bastile, where he died in 1703.

LETTER LXXVII.

HAVING already written many Letters on other subjects, you will now expect that I should dedicate one Letter at least to the Arts, since Rome, without any merit of her own, has long been their best repository. We have, without doubt, to regret the loss of many excellencies in Sculpture as well as in Painting, yet many of the former still remain in defiance of time, inundations, fires, and, worse than all the rest, the rapacious hands of men.

Goths and Vandals, driven by necessity from their own homes, found their way to Rome. ALARIC King of the Goths besieged and took the city in 409. During three days it was plundered, and great part of it burnt. In 455 it was again plundered by GENSERIC King of the Vandals; the sack then lasted fourteen days, and almost every thing of value was destroyed or carried away. By TOTTILA in 538 it was

again

again taken, and plundered a third time.—Luckily, he left the fortifications standing, of which BELLISARIUS availed himself sometime after. The Gauls also were in possession of Rome several years, committing all kinds of outrages. In 1527 Rome was attacked by the allied army.—It did not stand a ten years siege, but was taken in less than as many hours. What defence could be expected from a band of luxurious Priests, and a bigoted multitude as destitute of spirit as of discipline. Monseigneur de BOURBON commanded the army, and that strange fellow, BENVENUTO CELLINI, claims the honor of having shot him at the first assault. The Pope, CLEMENT the Seventh, shut himself up with his Cardinals in Castle Sant' Angelo. The most precious remains of antiquity fell into the hands of these modern Barbarians, who destroyed even that which the Goths had spared. Antique rings were valued for the setting only. Germans were never admirers of works of taste; and Spaniards, ever covetous of gold, committed cruelties little inferior to those of HERNANDO CORTEZ in Mexico, to discover where it was hidden. They were not behind hand in brutality. Women of the highest rank were ravished in the presence of their husbands, nor were the Convents a sanctuary. It was at the same time observed, that though there were many

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examples of men who threw themselves out of windows to put a finish to the insults that were offered them, the women with a Christian-like patience bore the part they had to suffer, nor in modern Rome was there so much as one LUCRETIA to be found.

When you add to the above account the inundations and fires to which this city has so frequently been exposed; her private dissentions, her public enemies; that she has at different times been overflowed, burnt, plundered, and sacked, you will be astonished that her Statues and Temples, as well as her Pictures, were not all lost in this second chaos. Beautiful still are the remains, and I am happy to think, that if ever the Russians, Prussians, or Swedes (the Goths, Huns, and Vandals of former times), should be again tempted to invade this favored spot, the Arts at least will not perish. All Europe now is civilized; Sovereigns cultivate the Arts, and their subjects are taught to respect them.

Till MARCELLUS robbed Syracuse of her Statues, the Romans were unacquainted with the elegant works of art. A hardened race inured to toil, and solely occupied with their conquests, despised such effeminacies; and CATO then told them, they were introducing dangerous enemies. The reflection of the Philosopher, however just,

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was of little avail. Other successful Generals followed the example of MARCELLUS, and Rome was embellished with the spoils of other countries. At EMILIUS's triumph, the whole day was barely sufficient to bring in the Statues he had collected. CICERO tells us, they were not less rapacious in times of peace, yet so shamefully ignorant were they of works of art that, when the Consul LUCIUS MUMMIUS sent Pictures and Statues to Rome from Corinth, he told those to whom he gave them in charge, that if they came to any accident by the way, he would oblige them *to make others in their stead.*

As taste improved artists were encouraged. Those who held the highest offices of State had the privilege of a Statue. The portraits of a numerous ancestry soon became the boast of a Roman Senator. Their Penates, or household Deities, which were usually kept in their most private apartments, became common to all. This accounts for the astonishing number of Statues still found in Rome, and its environs, notwithstanding CONSTANTINE removed many of the best to adorn his new city:—to be afterwards thrown down, and trampled under foot by outrageous fanatics, or melted down without any regard to their excellencies by covetous ignorance for the value of the brass. Even at Rome itself, Statues and Marbles brought from distant coun-

countries in the time of the CÆSARS, have been since burnt to make lime by their unworthy successors. The Romans, though they cultivated the Sciences, despised the Arts;—slaves only were employed, or Grecian artists. It would be a curious inquiry, how ancient Greece, once so famous both in arts and arms, acquired her superiority over other countries; and how she lost it?—However great the influence of climate may be, and the authority of MONTESQUIEU must have great weight, other more essential circumstances must surely combine to render a people famous. The climate is nearly the same as it was in more illustrious times:—from whence, one might think it more owing to education and emulation, and a form of Government propitious to both that raised her to a summit of excellence which has never since been equalled. Though I thus render a tribute of praise to a country that once deserved it, I must beg you not to include me in the number of those who are more inclined to praise the past, than the present time—who fancy every thing was better then, than now:—more taste; more virtue; more honor. If it were really so; if man in every age gets worse and worse, it might not be difficult to conceive what pretty fellows our great grand children will be. This is an idea generated by that discontent which is usually felt

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in every age, and in every station, and I flatter myself has no better foundation. Some ages, it is true, have been more propitious to Genius than others. Climate, and Government, education, emulation, and encouragement, produce talents; but favorable circumstances also frequently combine to call them forth. That of PERICLES in Greece—of AUGUSTUS in Rome—the fifteenth century in Italy, and the reign of Queen ANNE in England, if I mistake not, have been the most favorable to Arts and Sciences. Whatever may have been the cause, the superiority of ancient Greece is incontestible, and even the principal Statues still remaining, which are the embellishment of modern Rome, are by Grecian artists.

The Apollo Belvedere, once the ornament of the Temple of Delphos, is an ideal figure, more than human. The very veins and muscles are concealed with art. The head is beautiful; and the figure, which is out of the common proportion, is so delightfully formed that the eye is never satiated. I prefer it to the Venus. I can suppose, therefore, that a female who examines it with a more curious eye, must find it still moré interesting, and might wish for the power of PROMETHEUS to animate so charming a statue.

The Laocoon is a wonderful mass, whether it consists of three pieces, or of one only. Though not

not certain to be the identical statue PLINY mentions, it is undoubtedly of uncommon excellence. The same subject was frequently attempted by different artists. This, if not the original, may be a copy by POLYCLETUS himself. It is the opinion of a great Connoisseur, that if Laocoon had been alone, the statue had been perfect; the feelings of the father had not then been lost in the anguish of the man. It is a nice distinction, and at any rate is an amiable proof of the extreme sensibility of the gentleman who made it. The criticism also may be just; yet I fancy it would be difficult to avoid this defect, without falling into another still more unnatural. This groupe, in the opinion of WINKELMAN, is one of the most precious remains of antiquity: that gentleman, who was the son of a shoe-maker, has falsified an old proverb—*Nil sutor ultra crepidam*, for he was a good antiquarian.

The Torso is a delicious morsel for a Connoisseur; never will you see muscles so elegantly expressed, or bones so finely covered.

The Dying Gladiator, though undoubtedly by a Greek artist, was probably done at Rome: all Greece could not have furnished such a model,—that polished nation took no delight in scenes of blood.

The Fighting Gladiator may be improperly so

called. It may, probably, be the Portrait of a Grecian Warrior, and brought from thence. Both are admirable.

Too little remains of ancient painting to form any just opinion of its excellence. The Aldobrandini Marriage, and others found at Rome, may reasonably be supposed to be the works of Roman slaves, or Greeks degenerated. Tradition speaks highly of the paintings of POLIGNOTUS, ZEUXIS, and TIMANTHES. The taking of Troy, a famous picture by POLIGNOTUS, was one of the ornaments of the Portico of Pompey. The Helen of ZEUXIS was composed from the separate beauties of five different women of Crotona, and considered as one of the finest pieces of painting then existing.—This Painter was arrived at such excellence; was become so rich, and so proud of his own performances, that he gave them at last as presents, pretending that they were above all price. The Iphigenia of TIMANTHES was also famous. In this picture the artist represented the Assistants weeping, but prudently covered the face of her father AGAMEMNON. Weeping is not the excess of grief; it is a relief to it.—HOGARTH made a gross mistake when he represented SIGISMUNDA in tears, crying like a child for the loss of her kitten. These Painters, who, according to CICERO, used four colours only, he praises highly

highly for the correctness of design. But the works of ECHIONE, NICOMACO, PROTOGENES, and APELLES, he considers as the very perfection of the art.

The Jalysus of PROTOGENES, rival of the Venus by APELLES, the real subject of which picture seems to be a matter of doubt, took that Painter seven years to finish. It has been highly celebrated, and was one of the ornaments of Rome at the time of VESPASIAN.

The Venus of APELLES was a *chef d'œuvre* of the art, and stood the test of Grecian criticism at its brightest period. PHRYNE, the famous courtezan, is said to have been his model. This Painter put *faciebat*, and not *fecit*, to his works, to shew that he did not consider them as finished; to three only he is said to have put *fecit*—his Venus was one of them. Had these paintings, once so highly esteemed and celebrated by the most refined taste, lasted till our time, without doubt they would have maintained their place near the best Grecian Statues, and have divided our admiration.

Of modern Sculptors, MICHAEL ANGELO and BERNINI are certainly the best: yet one is too good an anatomist; and the other, like the rest of his countrymen, is *manieré* to a fault. They were not Romans. Though GIULIO ROMANO is the only native artist Rome can boast, we must

not forget that METESTASIO was a Roman; the best dramatic, lyric Poet the world ever produced. La Didone was his first drama; La Clemenza di Tito, his *Capo d'Opera.*

Modern Painters are more fortunate than modern Sculptors; for, though the Greeks were the inventors of painting, the destroyer Time has removed all possibility of rivalship. RAPHAEL, RUBENS, MICHAEL ANGELO, DOMINICHINO, CORREGIO, and TITIAN, are as fully in possession of the art, as if the celebrated Geniuses that preceded them, the POLIGNOTUS, the ZEUXIS, the TIMANTHES, the PROTOGENES, and the APELLES, had never existed. I must remind you of a saying of the latter—"*Nulla dies sine linea.*"—The maxim is excellent, and suited to every pursuit,—practice and perseverance seldom failing to succeed at last.

It has been said, that if the body were naked, the face would be little regarded.—If then the exact symmetry, and various attitudes of the body, have such charms, how great must have been the advantages of those Sculptors and Painters who had the most beautiful of all bodies constantly naked before their eyes! The Gymnasia and the Baths were the schools of ZEUXIS and of PHIDIAS.

In England we have only Portrait Painters. For historical paintings we have not the models,

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if we had the art. No naked beauties are seen in cold climates. Rome is more fortunate; for though the naked figures of the Arena are no longer to be seen, excellent living models are to be procured: and the design of RAPHAEL, composition of RUBENS, grandeur of MICHAEL ANGELO, expression of DOMINICHINO, grace of CORREGIO, and colouring of TITIAN, are also to be seen and copied in almost every Palace.—An admirer of the Beaux Arts will find employment every where; but the Man of Letters may seek in vain for a HORACE, a VIRGIL, or a CICERO.

LETTER LXXVIII.

AMUSED as you will be, as long as the day lasts, in visiting the various beauties of this great City, many of your evenings will probably be spent at home. I know you dislike great assemblies: here are no small parties, at least none that you will be admitted to. Society is on an indifferent footing. The Roman Nobility are not fond of strangers, and you will observe that extreme hospitality is only found where visitors are scarce. The Cittadini, on the contrary, are more polite, and better informed, than in any other country. Talents seem entirely confined to that rank; and it is there the Cardinals and Monsignori's (Bishops) pass their leisure hours.—There they enjoy the sweets of society without form or punctilio; listen to the soft music of some enchanting female; or in the most familiar dalliance forget the less amiable functions of their different offices.

offices. There you will be better amused; but even there you will find your difficulties. They are fond enough of strangers; know how to appreciate merit, and are not jealous of it: but their wives have connections more advantageous and more stable,—men whose rank and situation do not admit of rivalship; nor do they willingly suffer spies on their actions, or eye witnesses of their levity.

The *Prima Sera*, or first part of the evening, begins soon after sun-set, and ends about nine. This assembly is pretty general in every house where females reside. It is confined to particular and confidential friends only. Political matters are frequently transacted at these meetings,—many of the Roman ladies, like those of Paris, dividing their time between love and politics.

The *Conversazione*, as it is called, but where there is little discourse that SCIPIO or LELIUS could listen to with pleasure, is nearly the same as a great assembly in any other country; and consists of a considerable number of well dressed people of both sexes, who either gamble, make love, or *ennuye* themselves till supper time; husbands only are excluded: you will seldom see a husband in the same assembly with his wife in any part of Italy.—How infinitely preferable are the *Coteries* of France, where a select company con-

constantly meet at each other's houses, from whence some make visits, others go to the theatre, and all return to sup, and contribute their account of the various occurrences of the day! I can conceive no plan of life so convenient, or so likely to afford amusement.

Rome is the chief residence of pomp, punctilio, and nastiness. You arrive at an immense palace; ascend a magnificent, but dark staircase, frequently crowded with poor, and always covered with dirt. You pass through a number of large, lofty, but uncomfortable rooms, full of servants and dependants of different denominations. After a long and disagreeable march, your name constantly repeated till you are tired of hearing it, you arrive at length at the door of the room where the company are assembled, and there your name is announced for the last time. The lady of the house receives you at the door; you make your bow, she makes a curtesy, and you are then left to shift for yourself as at other great assemblies.

The Theatres at Rome have little to recommend them. The actors indifferent; the boxes inconvenient; and the entrance abominable. No women are allowed; Eunuchs, the *he-creatures* that resemble them most, perform in their stead;—a strange piece of prudery on the part of his Holiness, in direct opposition to the law

of

of Nature, and the tenets of the Church. Though prejudiced against them, I cannot deny that some looked handsome, and all represented women much better than I expected. The feet of the dancers were not their greatest beauty; it was a defect no art could conceal; and a Chinese, fancying them women, would think them monstrous. While on this subject, let me remind you, that the eunuch NARSES has, in some measure, rescued that unhappy name from the contempt of mankind. He was the conqueror of Totila, rival of BELISARIUS, and restorer of Rome.

You must not think that every eunuch is a good singer, or that every man who personates a woman is an eunuch. This cruel and ungenerous operation does not always succeed; and though our first woman at the Argentina is an eunuch, our first woman alla Valle *has a wife and three children.* The ancients, it is true, did not admit women on their stage; but their parts were acted by men, not by eunuchs; a custom that continued in Europe till long after the time of SHAKESPEARE, and may be one reason, perhaps, why his love scenes are less frequent, and less tender, than in the authors who succeeded him.—Had he written for a SIDDONS, what ISABELLA's,—what BELVEDERE's,—might we not have seen! The ancient Romans had their

eunuchs

eunuchs also; but, if you believe JUVENAL, they were put to another use.

The Romans are severe critics. Their manner of hissing is particularly formidable; and when that is no longer permitted, they are very ingenious in finding a substitute—they sneeze—*Evviva! Grazie!*—and will thus make civility answer the purpose of the highest impertinence. They may readily be forgiven when the performance is like the last I saw. It was so dull and uninteresting, that CÆSAR, had he been present, might have read or written without giving offence. It is much to be regretted that the Capuchins are no longer permitted to act Plays during the Carnival.—It must have been highly entertaining to hear a JULIETTA with a voice like thunder; and see a MEROPE, with a beard reaching down to her girdle.

The merriment of the Carnival at Rome is confined to the eight last days only. Cardinals, Monsignoris, Abbés, all partake of it. The populace, as the time is short, seem more mad than in any other part of Italy; and it is for that reason perhaps, that, though the dress is allowed, no mask is permitted in the streets after it is dark. Upon these occasions MOORE observes, that all endeavour, old and young, to appear as different as they can from what they really are, and that none succeeded so well as

those

those who represented *children*. That they succeeded I have no doubt; and yet, though we can laugh at the follies of *a young child*, we are provoked at the follies of *an old one*. During the Corso in the evening you are pelted most unmercifully with sugar-plums; the chief fun of which seems to be that of making an Abbé as white as a millar. The race is in the same style as that at Florence.—Luckily the common people of this country seldom bet; if they did, many a good horse would suffer.—They would first endeavour, at the risk of their own lives, to stop him from winning; and if that did not succeed, nothing less than his death would satisfy them afterwards. The Pallio is furnished by the Jews, who, MONTAIGNE tells us in his time, were made to run themselves. Intrigue always forms a principal part of the diversion of a Carnival. The mask is a convenience to some, and a temptation to others;—the ball is the place of rendezvous, and a coach in waiting procures the Priest a *tête-à-tête* with his mistress without scandal. It has lately been a custom to put lights out of the windows of every house in the Corso the last day of the Carnival. It is called *interring the Carnival*. It has a good effect. If I mistake not, Duke BRASCHI told me that he was the inventor.

The Holy Week at Rome is the *point d'union* of

of all the travellers in Italy. The various functions of the Pope, and the excellent music of his chapel, make an agreeable close to a long and tiresome Lent. The ceremonies are curious, and worth observing. Latin, which was the original language of music in Europe, is still continued in the Pope's chapel. On the Wednesday evening the various functions begin with the Miserere of ALLEGRI. They tell you this music has been annually performed in the Holy Week one hundred and fifty years; and consists of eight bases, eight tenors, eight counter-tenors, and eight sopranos, without any instrument. The style of the composition, which is exceedingly grave and solemn, little agrees with the name of the composer. The music is, however, divine; nothing is wanting to inspire devotion, and touch sensibility to the quick.—Women of strong passions and tender hearts, cannot but be affected by it; and the same causes which occasion the loss of their honor in this world, may lead them to immortality in the world to come. VOLTAIRE says—"*De la tendresse á la dévotion n'est qu'un pas; tous les deux sont faiblesses.*"—If he understands *bigotry* for devotion, he is right: one is a weakness of the head; the other, of the heart.

Thursday at twelve o'clock the Catholics suppose that CHRIST gave up the ghost; we fix it on

on the next day, Good Friday: they of course raise him from the dead on Saturday the third day; we on Sunday,—which is right, God only knows. In the morning you have music in the Pope's chapel. Numerous are the processions, and various the ceremonies afterwards, in all of which you will remark more confusion than devotion. Were it otherwise; were there more regularity, more silence, more decency; you would not think perhaps the pompous pageantry ill bestowed.—Some imposition may be necessary.—VOLTAIRE, who despises the miracles of MAHOMET, respects him for being able to impose on his own wife. At any rate, if it be a fault, it is a fault on the right side; and I had rather see too much than too little ceremony where the DEITY is concerned. The most interesting part of this day's ceremony, is the washing of the feet of twelve poor Priests, in commemoration of the same function performed by our SAVIOUR. Here the Pope is the principal performer.*—CHRIST may have washed the feet of his Disciples with more humility, but I doubt if he did it with more grace.—I speak of that grace which Lord CHESTERFIELD recommends, and a dancing-master teaches. You

* Pope PIUS VI.

will

will be amused at the dinner that is given afterwards; what they do not eat, they carry away. They are served by the Cardinals.

The Pope receives the Communion sitting, to shew his familiarity with the Deity; yet I fancy he loses much of his spirituality in the opinion of every spectator present, by too nice an attention to the temporal trappings with which he is so frequently, so sumptuously, and so unnecessarily, adorned: but when he gives the Benediction from the balcony of the Vatican to the numerous and silent multitude, which fill the vast area beneath, all devoutly on their knees, it is, without exception, even to a heretic, the most pleasing, most awful, and most interesting sight I ever beheld.

Friday is not unemployed. You have music morning and evening. The Adoration of the Crucifix by the Pope and Cardinals is also interesting; and the Cross, which is illuminated and suspended in the middle of the church, has a most extraordinary effect, and cannot fail to please you.

On the Saturday, at Saint John Lateran's, you may see, if you please, the Conversion of a Jew.—One is generally reserved for this occasion. It is a long and tiresome ceremony.

On Sunday the Pope celebrates mass at Saint Peter's: it is a very fatiguing day both for himself

self and others. In the evening the church is illuminated, and you will be astonished at the expedition and facility with which it is accomplished. It is said to appear particularly beautiful from the adjacent hills. The famous Girandola at the Castle Sant' Angelo finishes the ceremony of the Holy Week.

Formerly on Saint Peter's day the King of Naples did homage to the Pope by his Embassador, and paid a tribute of seven thousand ducats; a small compensation for the loss of two kingdoms: his Holiness, however, prudently accepted the tribute, and contented himself with the ceremony.—It was better than nothing. I saw it once; it is now no more.

For all these functions an uniform is the best dress; even the Swiss respect it.—Those Guards clad all in iron, annoy exceedingly the unarmed visitor, and probably shew more prowess against the friends of Rome, than they would against her enemies. The same fondness for sights still remains: *Panem et Circenses* is still the cry. A horse race, or a funeral; the Benediction of the Pope, or the execution of a criminal, equally assemble the multitude.

Having mentioned the Conversion of a Jew, I should have told you they have a Synagogue, and a part of the City allotted to them. They are locked up every night, and are set at liberty

in

in the morning; but are obliged, as I am told, to hear a Sermon every Saturday afternoon: and La Lande tells us, that a person is appointed to keep them awake. Some fancy when they die that they are to make their way under ground to Jerusalem,—and, in a severe illness, will let their nails grow to facilitate the operation. Some leave it in their wills for their bodies to be carried thither. A ridiculous circumstance happened lately at Leghorn. A Jew dying in Spain, where no Jews are permitted to reside, desired on his death-bed to be carried to Jerusalem; thinking perhaps to find as much opposition under the surface of the earth, as he had experienced above it. There was a difficulty, however, how to get the body out of the kingdom without danger of discovery. It was at last determined to cut it into pieces, salt it, and put it into a barrel directed to Leghorn. The merchant to whom it was directed, finding a deficiency in the weight, discovered a hole in the barrel, from which several pieces had been taken, and made his complaint. The Captain offered to pay for the deficiency; the merchant insisted on the restitution of the pieces taken:—"*That,*" said the Captain, "*is impossible, for they have been eat and digested long ago.*" The sailor who had committed the theft was then questioned: he was asked, "*If it was good?*" he replied,

replied, that "*it was not bad.*" "Then, my good friend," said the merchant, "I am sorry to tell you, that, instead of *salted pork*, you have been eating *a salted Jew.*"

POSTSCRIPT.—In reading over my Letter, I find what I have said of CÆSAR requires explanation. It may be necessary to remind you, that by making use of his *Tablets* during a representation at the Theatre, he offended the Roman people.

LETTER LXXIX.

THOUGH the Italians do not live comfortably, it cannot be denied that some of them live well. As much as we have read of LUCULLUS's table, I doubt if that of the Cardinal de BERNIS does not exceed it; if not in expence, at least in elegance. I cannot suppose nightingales better than ortolans; and as to the paps of a sow, or a wild boar served up whole, a tender *fricando*, or well flavoured *fricassé*, I should prefer to either. The Falernian wine, let it have seen what Consulates it may, could not have equalled Champaigne, any more than black broth, a *soupe á la Reine*. The Triclinium could not have surpassed an easy Bergere; and, surely reclining on the left side while they eat, was an awkward posture, and must have spilt the broth, and spoiled the relish of every dish.—In short, I see nothing to envy in their manner of living, from the account their own authors give of it.

Lux-

Luxurious as our tables at present are, though covered with every delicacy of every country and every season, great dinners last too long. I even pity the servants—if hungry, they must envy every bit you eat: and of a maigre day, what a temptation to eat Gras, when they see others, and some Catholics among them, eat of it so heartily! You sit at table till you are disgusted with the victuals. Even HARLEQUIN says—"*On dit que l'appetit vient en mangeant, il y a trois heures que je mange et je suis presque rassasié.*" You sit till you are heartily tired of your neighbours on the right and left of you; if dull people, you have a pretty time of it. The Duke of Wirtemburgh, who understands living better than any man, asked a friend of mine just arrived at his Court, which of the ladies present he admired most; and ever after, both at dinner and supper, took care to place him next her.

If too good a dinner, or too much of it, be a fault, you will not have it to complain of here at least. Great entertainments, those of the Cardinal de BERNIS excepted, are less frequent at Rome than in many other parts of Italy. Luxurious living is confined to a few only; nor is it often that a stranger is invited to partake of it. When S. H—— returned from a visit to a friend of ours in England, remarkable for not

knowing what comfort is, he was asked how he liked his fare.—" I will tell you," said he, " in a few words: *nothing was tender but the fish; and every thing sour but the vinegar.*" I had reason to think of that gentleman at a dinner I was at yesterday;—but my friend is poor, our friend was rich. Small families live in the strictest economy, and order no more than they expect to finish: little is left, and that little is put by for supper, or for the next day. There is little mediocrity at Rome: those that are not rich, are poor; and as for that happy being, the contented Bourgeois, whom you meet with continually in Switzerland, you may seek for him in vain from one end of Italy to the other. As a relief to the poorer sort, forty Convents distribute soup every day at the same hour,—and it is said, that a good walker may partake of three of them.

Many live in summer on what they lay up in winter, the reverse of ants. The Noblesse found their expectations on a Pope to enrich their families;—the Cittadini more frequently realise their expectations by means of a handsome daughter: thus two opposite causes produce the same effect. They are not very delicate on this head, and a mother will conduct her own daughter to her gallant.—I have known it done to save appearances, and she has come herself to take

take her back again. Daughters are the principal riches in an Arab family,—they sell them. Many do so here.

At dinners in the country, at suppers at a tavern, where men and women familiarly unite, and each person pays his share, eating and drinking is more attended to than merriment. I have been witness to much noise, but never to much gaiety: I mean that well-bred gaiety which shews itself more by words than actions: gaiety must, in a great measure, depend on the form of Government under which we live; on the ease of our circumstances; and on the satisfaction we receive from our daily occupations.—Apply this to Italy, and you will lament with me that this amiable people should have so little reason to be contented with either.

The chief expence of the Noblesse is in equipage and servants. Many servants are necessary for shew; few are best for use. He who has but one servant, has always one at command: I know, by experience, that it is not always so with those who have many. A King of Spain was nearly suffocated in his closet, the person whose particular charge it was to attend his fire, not being to be found to put it out. A Cardinal who had come to visit Poussin, told him, who was lighting him down stairs, that he was sorry to see him without a servant. Poussin re-

replied—"*I have more reason to be sorry to see that your Eminency has so many.*"

Jacquais are much in fashion: a corruption, I suppose, from *jockey*. They are dressed in short jackets; but in other respects may be considered more as pages than stable boys. The would-be fine ladies of a lower rank, whose finances will not permit them to keep a footman, hire one by the day; and as it is usually on a Sunday, he is wittily called *Dominichino*. In some families economy is carried still further, and the father is the footman: he is then no longer spoken to as *Signor Padre*, but *Signor Servitore;* when they are returned home, he is *Signor Padre* again. The Roman women walk well, and with dignity.—You will see many JUNOS, but few VENUSES.

The salary of a livery servant is only six crowns a month, but they have great perquisites. At every house you visit they are entitled to three pauls, which they regularly come to demand the morning after. The English usually give five, or ten. We remember the time in England when servants stood in a line with their hands open for the usual fee at parting: *there*, however, you had something for your money; *here*, though you do not gain admittance into the house, you are made to contribute towards the support of the family. GIARDINI complained

plained, that though neither the master nor mistress would receive him, the servants did not fail to make him the usual visit.—I think, in return, he should have been denied to them. At Florence servants come to you at New-Year's Day only, as our tradesmen in England do at Christmas. One of mine, an Italian, came to me with a melancholy countenance; he said he had been at Prince C——'s, and they would give him nothing. I told him, "though, in conformity to a dirty custom, I gave their servants, I was very glad that they did not give mine."

They keep early hours at Rome, and that I know will not displease you. Assemblies usually break up soon after eleven. I speak of the winter, which is not only the best, but the only season a stranger should be at Rome.

This is the only town where it is necessary to dine late. Here you have much to do in the morning, and little in the evening, consequently the later you dine the better:—it is not so in England, where you dine late, you know not why. At a Club to which I belong, it is curious to observe the change a few years have made: at its first institution in the year 1762, by one of the rules dinner was to be always upon the table at a quarter after four o'clock, and the bill brought in, whether called for or not, at *half an hour after six;* by a subsequent rule of the same Club,

Club, it is now become the *dinner hour*. Theatres, intended for your amusement, and which are the delight of other countries, you must of course forego, and you rise from table without knowing what to do with yourselves till the hour of an Assembly, which does not begin till it is time to go to bed. The system most certainly is not a good one;—few approve of it; none pretend to justify it; and yet, I see but little chance of amendment.

A Roman Prince gives a ridiculous account of his *debut* at Paris when he was a young man (he is now an old one). He says he had not less than three persons employed to dress his hair. First one came with powder, pomatum, curling-irons, &c.; presently after the operator entered with the comb; at last, in capered the master himself, who taking Monsieur le Prince familiarly by the chin, and turning his face about several ways, after a little reflection, without quitting his hold, cried out—*á la Richelieu*, and capered away again. Luckily the times are altered, and we are no longer slaves to fashion. I remember in England when cuffs were worn up to the elbows, and ruffles to the fingers' ends; waistcoats with large flaps that covered the whole thigh; and shoe-buckles considerably less than the knee-buckles of a modern fop. As for the hair, that in a few years has undergone a variety

of

of alterations: it has been curled, frizzed, and cropped; at one time tied up behind, with a quantity of false hair painful to carry; and at another, like a drake's tail, scarcely visible. These are the changes of a few years only. If you look further back, fancy to yourself the pretty figure the long flaxen wig of Beau SIDNEY, or the immense ruff of Queen ELIZABETH, would make in a modern circle. I doubt if that grave gentleman commonly called MERRY D——, could look upon either without laughing. They still continued their full dress at their assemblies when I was here in the year 1788, though it was left off every where else. Rome is the favorite residence of form and etiquette; but true politeness, I mean that which is the result of good sense and good nature, is not less conspicuous in other countries. Though less strict with regard to dress; though frocks are now worn, and you may go without a sword, you will still be annoyed by their punctilio. A circle every where is unpleasant; here it is inconvenient. You are constantly getting up, and change your place as often; you resign it when a person of superior rank arrives. If no person, be his rank what it may, would accept of a seat already occupied by another, society would be less formal, and the different gradations of rank less troublesome; otherwise, a Master of the

Cere-

Ceremonies might be necessary in every assembly. Pride is as great an enemy to society, as vanity is its friend: you may observe the extreme of both, and their effects,—one at Paris, the other at Rome.

I have passed a very unpleasant day in visits of ceremony. Surely we render life less agreeable than we need, when we are so frequently employed in doing what we do not like to do, and do unwillingly. Madame de SEVIGNE' says—"*Quelle folie de se contraindre pour des routines de devoirs et d'affaires? Eh, bon Dieu! Qui en scait gré?*" I fear mankind are too often dupes to the conduct of others;—too many years of our lives we do as others do.—We leave the nursery, but continue the leading string; and are but just able to go alone, when we have but little longer to go at all. CICERO makes CATO say in his old age, that he would not live over his life again if it were offered him. Many others, I make no doubt, are of the same opinion. With regard to myself, I can say very sincerely, though I do not know that I have committed more follies than my neighbours, I am so heartily ashamed of those I have committed, that I could never consent to commit them over again. The Lady I have just mentioned thought differently.

LETTER LXXX.

WE reckon time from midnight to midday, and from midday to midnight. The ancient Romans reckoned from twelve to six, and from six to twelve. The modern Romans reckon twenty-four hours, which end soon after sun-set. The first hour after is called one hour of the night. It is convenient enough at night, but in the morning, when they talk of the sixteenth or seventeenth hour, it is not always intelligible. I always thought two watches nonsensical, yet here they would be of use:—one should go *alla Francese*, and *al' Italiana* the other. As the length of each day differs several minutes from the preceding one, to avoid a daily alteration, which would be inconvenient, they wait till the difference amounts to fifteen minutes; all the clocks then make a skip of a quarter of an hour on a day appointed, of which the Almanack will inform you. At Basle the clocks

clocks are still more extraordinary. They regularly go an hour faster than the time of the day. When the sun is in the meridian, and it is twelve o'clock every where else, it is one at Basle.

Some of the Roman customs will surprise you. The Piazza Navona was the Circus Agonalis, and so contrived that it could be overflowed at pleasure. In ancient times naval engagements were there represented. It is the summer Corso of modern Rome. On every Sunday carriages drive round and round the water up to the horses' bellies; who frequently will lay down and roll, to the no small diversion of the spectators, and confusion to those within. The houses are full of company; the windows crouded, and though ridiculous the spectacle, it has a novelty in it which for once is not unpleasing.

It is usual in summer, of a Saturday, to sup at a tavern, to eat Gras after twelve o'clock. They call it *la Sabbatina.* I sent my musicians, after I had supped myself, to the Piazza Colonna to play while any company remained. I was young and extravagant in those days; money, of course, was to be thrown away, and it was better in giving fêtes than in gambling. It was also less ruinous. A concert which I gave in the Piazza di Spagna to all Rome, consisting of

two

two orchestras and the best singers I could procure, cost little more than a hundred pounds. Another I gave on the Tyber, opposite la Ripetta, which was of instrumental music only, cost not half that sum. Ancient Romans made a trade of this courtesy. I had no other view than that of amusing, for a few moments at least, a people who were starving. Give *you* a concert to Lady —— in St. James's Square. Get the whole Opera Band together, fidlers and singers, and see what a pretty piece of work you will make of it. I have no doubt that cat-calls and uproar would soon silence the one; and dead cats and rotten eggs soon shut the mouths of the other. Here, all was quiet; every note was listened to with attention; nor was there so much noise in all the Piazza di Spagna, as at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket.

The greatest part of the night in summer is passed in the streets and squares; where the Gentlemen in their night gowns and straw hats, enjoy the freshness of the night in company with their Mistresses. Cardinals, Monsignoris, Abbés, all avail themselves of this disguise, and of the darkness that surrounds them. If a carriage passes, you will hear a general cry of—*Volti la lanterna!*—Servants carry dark lanthorns behind the carriages to light their masters up the dark stair-cases, who otherwise would break

their

their necks. Thieves only, I believe, make use of them in England. But when a foreigner passes with a flambeau behind his carriage, the whole street is in an uproar, and both men and women hide their faces with their fans. You must not fancy that women only make use of fans. The men in this country use them also. Nothing, at first, can be more ridiculous than to see an old fat Priest fanning himself; but you soon get used to it, and think him perfectly in the right; if he likes it. Though it is the custom in the summer all over Italy to pass the nights in the streets, I cannot approve so unnatural a practice. The best sleep is surely that which is taken in the cool of the night. I approve more the Turkish than the Italian manner. The Turks, it is true, are illiterate, yet shew much good sense in many parts of their conduct:—they are consequently lusty, healthy, and long-lived. They rise with the sun, and go to their repose as soon after his departure as they conveniently can. They never mistake fatigue for exercise; give themselves no unnecessary trouble, and seem naturally to follow the dictates of EPICURUS. Those who love music have slaves to play to them. Many an English Gentleman of our acquaintance, after much expence and trouble, is a nuisance to his neighbour, without having any reason to be satisfied

tisfied with himself. Though music is a charming talent, I think more time is allotted to it than it deserves, considering the little use that is made of it afterwards; besides it increases sensibility, particularly in a female breast, which surely is no advantage, and frequently procures a *tête à téte* that had always better be avoided.

In summer the common people sleep naked; their linen is hung up by the bedside and put on in the morning. It was lately attended by a very ridiculous circumstance. A lady who was taken suddenly ill in the night, rang for her maid. The girl in her hurry put on her gown, and forgot her shift. She was sent for the Confessor. On her return it began to rain, and having no hat she covered her head with the tail of her gown, forgetting at the same time that her own was bare. She had a lanthorn in her hand, which at every puddle she came to she clapped behind her, saying to the Confessor—"*Do you see, Father—do you see?*" "*Yes, my girl,*" replied the old Priest, "*I see plain enough,—step along, step along, as fast as you can.*"

The matrons of ancient Rome feasted their eyes on the convulsive pangs of a dying gladiator.—The ladies of modern Rome faint away at the sight of a nosegay. Though I rather suspect some degree of affectation in a dislike carried to such excess, yet the underside of leaves

leaves are known to be unwholesome at night. Flowers are thought to be so at all times, but more particularly in the room where you sleep. The Philosophical Transactions make mention of a woman whose death was occasioned by the smell of a great number of roses in her bed-chamber. They are still more at variance with perfumes. In that I am partly a Roman;—I like them not, but console myself with the idea that where I find a smell, I should otherwise find a stink.

The Spartan women, that they might have handsome children, had the pictures of NEREUS, NARCISSUS, &c. (handsome men), at the bed's foot. Here you will see the pictures of Saints at the bed's head, but the figures of Saint FRANCIS, or Saint ANTHONY are little formed to answer so good a purpose.

It was the fashion when I was last at Rome for the Ladies to carry their pocket handkerchiefs in a work-bag, which they hung upon their arm. The Cavalier Servente of a Lady at Pisa carried her handkerchief in his pocket, and gave it her every time she wanted to blow her nose.

Ladies do not go out in the morning alone without a servant, nor is the *cuffione*, that excellent substitute for a mask, which the Florentines wear all the year, the practice here. Girls are kept

kept strict, nor suffered to run about the streets as they do in a country that shall be nameless; and the parents behave in their presence with more reserve than in some parts of Italy. As to education it is nearly the same as in Tuscany, and too much neglected every where:—yet, more good is to be derived from the encouragement of virtue, than by the punishment of vice.

Gambling is tolerated by Government, and practised in every house. The very servants have their Pharo bank. It may be thought good policy to suffer strangers to be plundered, but it never can be right to suffer the Roman families to ruin one another.

The descendants of the Roman Princes are all of them *Dons* or *Donnas*;—Don ANTONIO, Donna ISABELLA:—how much better they sound than Monsieur and Mademoiselle.

Italians are still fond of the names of the heroes and geniuses of antiquity. Great names are still current in every part of Italy. I have seen timid CORIOLANUS's, illiterate HORACE's, FABIUS's without prudence, and LUCRETIA's without virtue.

This Government having little to do in its own concerns, is a great medler in those of other Courts. Sovereigns therefore find it safest and best to have the direction of their own posts;

and instead of one post at Rome, there are many. Prudent and necessary as this measure may be, you will find it very inconvenient.

When the Pope goes in procession, which happens frequently, the coach-box is without a coachman. The coach has six horses in the German fashion, with two postilions only.—They are finely curled and powdered; and are fantastically drest. They go uncovered, and as often as it rains are finely soaked. The Cross is carried before by a Priest on a white mule, uncovered also. The whole equipage is singular, and deserves your notice. When a sumptuous chariot, sent as a present to the Emperor of China arrived, the coach-box was taken off, it being against all rule that any one should be seated higher than the Emperor. Should this be the etiquette at Rome, his Holiness would do well to have the box of *his* coach taken off also, for it is an useless incumbrance, obstructs his view, and is as nonsensical as it is inelegant.

It was a custom among certain Literati at Rome to meet at each others houses to read their compositions, and to this custom the present Arcadi are thought to owe their foundation. This Academy was established in 1690, of which your Humble Servant has long been an unworthy member, under the respectable title of *Emineo Abanteo;*—the wood of Abanteo having been gene-

generously bestowed upon him for nothing. To be crowned by this Academy was once in high request, and not without difficulty obtained. PETRARCH did not receive that honor till after a strict examination of three days, and obtained it at last for his Poem on Africa, which few have read, and not many have heard of. The CORILLA famous Improvisatrice has lately been crowned without any examination at all. Female talents, when accompanied by some share of beauty, have always a peculiar privilege, nor are they ever so powerful as when they are addressed to the heart.

Though the Italians see so much of us, they are totally ignorant of our customs. A Gentleman who has just left me has been asking some very curious questions:—"*If we do not cut our horses tails, that they may not entangle in the hedges in hunting?—If high phaetons are not used to be more out of the way of foot-pads?*"—and a friend of mine at Florence, a Man of Science, says the English are a hundred years behind the Italians in manners, because at the house of a Man of Letters, where he dined when in London, they had *no napkins*, and all drank porter out of *the same pewter pot.*

LETTER LXXXI.

THE principal passion of an Italian is love. Love includes jealousy; and jealousy, revenge, in a country where Churches and Palaces protect murderers, and Confessors absolve them. Take care whom you offend! You will be frequently in the way of temptation;—the women are handsome, and not cruel.—Beware of the men!

I think it is MISSON who says, that the women of Italy do not go in the same coach with the men. I know not how it might have been in his time, but there are no such scruples now. In every part of Italy you will see women accompanied by men, whether on foot, or in carriages; at an assembly, or at church; their Cavalier Servente constantly attending them at all times, and in all places. Jealousy is a worn-out fashion. Even in Spain, the bars, bolts, and padlocks of former times are no longer heard of;

of;—*Il Cortero*, as he is called, enjoys all the privileges of a Cavalier Servente.

Though in modern Rome there is no such man of gallantry as CÆSAR, nor woman as MESSALINA, yet were OVID to return—OVID who wished for the jealousy of a husband to give a higher relish to his enjoyment, he must find resources in his own constitution, rather than in the obstacles that would be thrown in his way. Though the husbands of modern Rome do not possess all the virtues of a Stoic, they have his patience at least, and lend their wives with as little concern as CATO himself. They are better calculators in Italy than in Turkey;—here one woman has many husbands. The Julian Law, which was not less severe against the husbands than against the wives, when the former were privy to their own dishonor, would have enough to do in modern Rome:—and if suspicion on the part of the husband were sufficient, as formerly, to effect a divorce, I make no doubt that we should have many CÆSARS;—and if a lady's infidelity to her husband were always to be rewarded with a second marriage according to her own inclinations, we might expect to see many Lady ———.

The badness of the morals is greatly influenced by the celibacy of the Clergy. Cardinals and Monsignoris having no wives of their own, are

are but too apt to accommodate themselves with those of others. As for the Abbés, they are not only men of intrigue themselves, but, as FALSTAFF says of his wit, are the cause of it in others. They are excellent at carrying a billet-doux, or presenting you to a female of easy virtue. In short, vice is too much encouraged by example; and sometimes even by those whose exalted rank and sacred functions render it most pernicious. Unnatural characters are never pleasing. An avaricious young man is as despicable as an extravagant old one; and a debauched Priest gives a disgust, that a prudish actress cannot atone for.

In England we have one advantage over the modern Romans. If our wives are unfaithful to our beds, we can get rid of them: but, on the other hand, if they are chaste, or cunning enough to set discovery at defiance, we have no resource, and they may run us in debt, and ruin us at pleasure. Were they made responsible, they would not contract debts so easily; it would not be worse for themselves or families: and as to their intrigues, though by the Scotch law a woman divorced cannot marry her seducer, it might be better perhaps to oblige the seducer to marry her under a severe penalty, and let the husband keep her fortune.

You ask me, if I am not too severe on the Italian

Italian ladies?—Surely you have not read what Lady —— says of them, or you would not think so. That Lady, speaking of Florence, says—" This City is in high favor with young Englishmen, who are perfectly at their ease during their residence here. The ladies in general of easy virtue, and their expences light, as a genteel present is from two to five sequins; it is true, these ladies are apt to borrow to supply their play-purses, but the sums are but small, and bear a certain proportion to the presents I have mentioned." They are gallant, it is true, because their inclinations lead them to be so, and their husbands set them the example; but it is the gallantry of Ladies, not of common prostitutes: and I can assure you, that in sixteen years constant residence in that country, I never saw, or even heard, of any thing that can justify so severe a censure.

If you should still ask me, if I am not *too severe*, I can only say, that if you expect me to speak the truth, *I am not.* I particularise no one; and while I confine my censure to the general system, the matter is brought to a short issue—*is it good, or is it bad?*—If you are of opinion, that two young people can be alone together, from morning till night, and day after day, under continual and mutual obligations, without any prejudice to their virtue; if you can suppose a husband to

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approve of this system, and encourage it without being accessary to his own cuckledom,—you suppose more than LUCRETIA's virtue, more than JOSEPH's forbearance.—I believe in no miracles, except where my religion is concerned: in every other instance, I think I am at liberty to judge from appearances, and be directed by common sense. I conclude passions to have the same tendency, more or less, in every country in the world; and that opportunity, importunity, and example, make the principle difference. I have but an indifferent opinion of virtue when exposed to danger, and fancy a frail mortal only secure when he avoids temptation.—Too much is worse than too little confidence. One of our own Poets very judiciously says—"*He comes too near who comes to be denied.*" In one instance I must highly commend the Italian ladies.—A kiss, though considered of little importance in some countries, is considered of the highest importance in this: they know better, therefore, what they are about, and are not cajoled to do what they did not intend. If a pretty woman suffer a man to kiss her hand, slander I know will say he kisses her lips; and if he kiss her lips, will conclude that nothing is refused him:—but I am confident, slander will not dare to say she grants *every favor* to a man to whom she has never been known to allow an improper familiarity.

liarity. A gentleman complained to a lady the other day, that though he had followed her constantly for several months, he had never had an opportunity of speaking to her in private, she replied—"*Find you the means to make me desire it, and leave the rest to me.*"

Though I disapprove the extreme levity of many of the women of this country, and have but little to say in defence of those husbands who bear the weight of their infamy with the patience of a jackass,—yet I cannot subscribe to all the sentiments of your last letter on this subject in their fullest extent. A duel is surely a very improper way of satisfying your resentment where the honor of a wife is concerned.—It is seldom prudent to risk your own life in a case like this, and put it in the power of a man who has already done you one injury, to do you another.—Besides, the lover is not always the seducer;—there are more wives like POTIPHER'S in the world, than men like JOSEPH. While your wife is innocent, it is your duty to endeavour to keep her so.—You should protect her as a guardian, and advise her as a friend: but when she is guilty,—when she has already made a voluntary surrender of her own honor,—you should rather invoke the *pazienza* of an Italian to your aid, than, like ORESTES, punish one crime by committing another.

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You have already my opinion of a Cavalier Servente in former Letters. Many years residence in this country has so far accustomed me to its manners, that though I should grieve to see a custom like this take footing in England, where female virtue is the basis of domestic happiness; yet, as of two evils it is usual to prefer the least, the gallantry of Italy, in this instance, may be less exceptionable than the gallantry of France—unless you should think a multiplicity of lovers of less consequence in society, than one only. If the ladies of Italy have not all the merit of *fidelity*, they have that of *constancy* at least.—There are countries where they do not pretend to either.

You are surprised, you say, that connections of this kind should last so long in a country where lovers are continually together; and conclude, they would be more constant did they see each other less. This, as a general proposition, appears to be true; but I believe it to be so in appearance only. Constancy in this country is founded on a total privation of every other enjoyment: they are the slaves of habit: day follows day in the same dull uniformity; nor do they feel the want of a better life, unless they have before experienced it. Were these gentlemen permitted to rove, many would return no more: few I believe would say with the Poet—

" *Those*

"*Those are but visits that I pay; 'tis* CHLOE *is my home.*" The seal of an English Lady of my acquaintance, is a Bird in a Cage, the door of which stands open; the motto, *La liberté me rend fidelle.*—This may do on a seal; but she who has a bird she wishes to keep, let her not leave the door of the bird-cage open.

It was the remark of a sensible Neapolitan, the Marquis CARRACIOLI, that we do every thing with our women in England, except converse with them. The numerous clubs in London to which women are not admitted, and the various diversions in the country of which they cannot partake, are a necessary bar to that social intercourse which forms the chief happiness of other countries.—Whether an alteration in this particular would be a national advantage; whether the introduction of more gallantry would promote domestic felicity, or would destroy it; are questions which I hope there is still virtue enough remaining in my countrymen to determine for me.

LETTER LXXXII.

ROME, which owed its origin to strangers, still owes its affluence to the same source. The English alone are said to expend more than fifty thousand pounds a year in the Piazza di Spagna, and its neighbourhood; a large sum, yet not nearly sufficient to pay for the Baccala consumed in the Roman State. Should they become less bigots,—if ever the Pope should permit his subjects to eat flesh instead of salt-fish, we should be the sufferers.—Be not alarmed! his Holiness is more Priest than Statesman, and knows full well the more simple the doctrine, the less will be its impression on the minds of the people.

To encourage trade, and make money circulate, the Jubilee was established by Pope BONIFACE VIII. in imitation of the Secular Games, when all Catholics were invited from every part of the world to visit the Tombs of the Apostles,

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and tempted by the promised remission of all their sins. Succeeding Popes finding its advantages, improved on the first institution. CLEMENT VI. reduced it to fifty years—*the Jubilee of the Jews.* URBAN VI. to thirty-three years —*the age of our Saviour.* SEXTUS V. reduced it a third time to twenty-five years, which may be called—*the Jubilee of Caprice;* at which period it at present remains.

Ancient Rome supported itself without manufactures by conquests: modern Rome has as little pretensions to the olive, as to the laurel crown. The only manufacture is that of silk; but not enough of it is made for their own consumption. Wool is exported to England and Naples; flax and hemp to France. England, France, and Germany, supply them with cloth; and linen is imported from Switzerland. Every thing is supplied by foreigners; they pay a heavy duty, and with that the Pope is satisfied. The advantage of the present moment is more considered in an Elective Government, than the evil consequences that may hereafter ensue.

Artists are chiefly supported by English travellers, who usually follow Mr. GRAY'S advice, and buy every thing which is to be bought: and among other curiosities, copies for original pictures; and antiques made on purpose for them. Would you buy pictures, beware of counterfeits,

and

and remember *Andrea*. Medals will also be brought to you in quantities, which science requires some caution also. It is the rarity that fixes the value: you would not think, perhaps, that an Otho in copper, is worth more than an Otho in gold.

False pearls are made here in the greatest perfection. If not too large, they may pass at a distance for real ones, and at any rate will answer the purpose full as well. The pearls CLEOPATRA wore were esteemed at one hundred and sixty-one thousand four hundred and fifty-eight pounds.—How much better might that money have been employed!

Roman fiddle-strings are famous: the best are made immediately after Lent. They are made of lambs' guts; those of dogs have been tried, but do not answer so well;—it is lucky for them. Of the two last articles you may make a provision for your friends in England at little cost.

Visit the Governor and principal Officers of State. To the Cardinals go in person; to others send your coach, and you may save yourself the trouble of mounting a long and dirty stair-case. Where a book is kept, you will write your name; otherwise leave your card. Be not ignorant of etiquette: for want of this knowledge, an English Duke of our acquaint-

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ance thought himself affronted at Milan by Count FERMIAN, when he intended him a civility: he got into his own coach first to give him the right hand. Civility in one country, is rudeness in another. In France, when three persons are walking together, the middle is the post of honor, and given to the person of the highest distinction; when two only, the right hand. The Turks, on the contrary, give the left, as you have then the command of their swords. We give the wall.

Send cards to all you intend to visit without delay. I have sometimes been rude, intending to be civil.—I have delayed a visit to make it in person, till it was too late to make it at all.—Send your name immediately, and go yourself when you can.

Avoid play.—Italian games you will not understand, and will be made to pay most extravagantly for learning: nor is it safe to venture on games of chance in a country where roguery frequently passes for superior cleverness.

Your mornings will be employed better at Rome than in any other town in Europe. Palaces and churches are always open to you. Some of the rides and drives in the neighbourhood of Rome are delightful; all are interesting. *Monte Sacro* principally merits your attention. Hither the discontented retired in the time of the

the Republic.—It was a seat of sedition, and throne of triumph. Tribunes first rose from that little spot, and were the principal cause of all the disturbances that happened afterwards. Not far distant from this Mount, in a small cottage belonging to one of his freed men, NERO concealed, and afterwards killed himself. On every side are baths, temples, aqueducts,—the elegant remains of former magnificence: and while you reflect on what they once were, you will probably lament that the time is not far off when they also will exist no longer. The country through which you pass is not less remarkable. It was there, on the banks of the river, HANNIBAL encamped to contend for universal empire. The battle was never fought; after three days, he retired, and returned no more.

Should you like long excursions, Fumicello, Ostia, Civita Vecchia, are all proper objects of a stranger's curiosity: at the former, where the Tiber enters the Mediterranean, you will remark how astonishingly the sea has retired in a few years from the Roman coast.

If your love of shooting still continue, you will not be without diversion of that kind. Woodcocks and snipes are in great plenty in winter; and in summer, quails. If curiosity should incline you to attack a more noble animal—*a wild boar*, it will be easy to obtain that per-

permission at the time of the Carnival. For my part, though I brought my gun along with me, intending to pass several years out of England; and could have obtained leave to shoot where game is plenty, I gave it away to avoid the temptation; being fully convinced, that if you wish to be well received by the inhabitants, you must conform to their ways, and be contented with their diversions. Hunting, my favorite amusement, sometimes intrudes itself on my imagination,—it soon passes,—it is useless: nor is it usual to think long of that which it is impossible to enjoy; so I content myself with a quiet ride, better calculated for health than amusement.

Cookery is not bad at Rome. You will live well. The markets are well stocked with game of all sorts, and you, who are fond of fish, will find it always fresh, and in great plenty. The sauce will not always please you. Italians are as fond of oil, as you are of butter; the latter, however, may be had if you chuse to order it. CARRACIOLI used to say,—"In France, though they have only one religion, they have many sauces; in England you have many religions, and only one sauce." He was as much an enemy to butter as I am.

You will be well lodged in the Piazza di Spagna, and should you arrive early may take your choice.

Coaches are dearer here than in Tuscany. They ought to furnish a neat coach and good pair of horses for twenty sequins a month. I paid twenty-two: you will probably pay more. The Coachman has four sequins and a half a month; a Lacquais de Place four pauls a day; a Traiteur will supply you well at eight pauls a head, and better at ten. A Cicerone was paid thirty sequins for the whole tour:—what the price is now I know not, for I never intend to go through that drudgery again.

So much for the winter. Should you be here in the summer take care of yourself. The air of Rome is unwholesome. The Physicians bad. Those gentlemen seem to retain the sanguinary disposition of the first inhabitants, and never think they can spill blood enough. Fly to Frescati or Albano while the bad air lasts. Take moderate exercise, live temperately, and you may then set the Doctor and his lancet at defiance. It is not safe to travel in the Romagna till after the heavy rains in autumn, which are sometimes as late as the end of October.

Having finished all I have to say of Rome, I cannot take my leave of the Romans without expressing a concern that they should conceive a bad opinion of our hospitality, from the indifferent reception many have met with in England, even from those to whom in Italy they have shewn civi-

civility. I shall not deny the fact, and though I disapprove the conduct, I must beg leave to say a word or two that may in some measure excuse it. The love we bear our companions, is founded, I believe, on the pleasure they procure us. If we prefer the society of one person to another, it is because his sentiments are similar to our own, and his pursuits the same; because he joins in with our amusements, and contributes to them: yet the Italian who comes into our country without speaking, or even understanding a word of our language; without approving of, or conforming to our customs, expects to be received familiarly as an *enfant de famille*, and looks for cordiality where he occasions inconvenience. Let him reflect for an instant, let him be candid, and he will allow that under such circumstances it is totally impossible. Having said thus much in excuse of my countrymen, I shall now add, that the kindness we daily receive on the Continent demands every return that civility can repay.

LETTER LXXXIII.

THOUGH but little of it is now remaining, I shall still consider the Via Appia as the first interesting object that presents itself on leaving the gates of Rome. HORACE says very properly—"*Minus est gravis Appia tardis.*"—If he found it rough at the pace he went, a foot's pace,* and while it was level and entire, judge how the bones of those must suffer who, at the distance of so many hundred years, travel post over it at the mercy of an Italian postillion, as void of humanity as of feeling.—It was my case on my first journey to Naples; the road has been altered since. It once extended from Rome to Brandusium, upwards of three hundred miles; and the parts that still remain, have already lasted more than two thousand years.

* The ancients seldom travelled more than twenty miles a day.

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Various are the ruins in this neighbourhood, but as it was not my intention to stop the course of my journey, I made little inquiry concerning them. One temple, however, is worthy remark. They tell you it was erected on the very spot where the Mother and Wife of CORIOLANUS stopped the march of that conqueror; and, by tears and entreaties, prevented the destruction of Rome, and of their country.—What cannot women do! What have not women done! Have they not, in all ages, given proofs of their power?—and are they ever so powerful, as when they are supplicants?—You see the remains of many ancient tombs on the Via Appia. The Tombs of the Ancients were usually by the road side; which, while it reminded them of their ancestors, was an useful warning to a Traveller to mind his business, and not lose time unnecessarily on the road.

The ruins of ancient aqueducts which present themselves on this road, were there no other remains of her grandeur, might serve to shew what Rome once was. One has been restored by a worthy successor of theirs, SEXTUS V. and is the *aqua felice* of the present day.

It was on this road, a few miles distant from Rome, that MILO and CLODIUS met and fought. Though both of them were attended by a numerous and well armed retinue, the rencounter was pro-

probably accidental, at least on the part of MILO, who was in a chariot, and had his wife along with him. It was their last battle. CLODIUS was slain; and MILO, notwithstanding the eloquence of CICERO, was banished to Marseilles. An ancient tomb near to Albano was probably that of CLODIUS.

The view of the country is in many parts beautiful, and you pass few places that are not interesting by reflection. POMPEY'S tomb reminds us of his fortunes and his fate,—of an extraordinary beginning, and untimely end.—We are told, that five pyramids were erected in remembrance of the five signal victories he gained before he was Consul; if this be the tomb, two only are now remaining.

Velletri, a city of the Volsci, was also the country of AUGUSTUS: but, as I am no flatterer, and have already on other occasions spoken my mind freely of that extraordinary personage, I shall say little more concerning him. I have already mentioned what was said of him by others, that "*he should not have lived, or should not have died.*"—If you can believe half the villainy laid to his charge, you will rather agree in the former sentiment.—Velletri, therefore, has little to boast on that head, whatever it may have had on any other. If you have time, see the Ginetti Palace: the stair-case

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is superb, and the view extensive. This town was once an object of contention between the ancient Romans and the Volsci: you will not think it worth any contention now.

Terracina, once the capital of the Volsci, is the last town belonging to the Pope. Here you bid adieu to the bad air of the Pontine marshes, and enter the Neapolitan State. In visiting the superb mansion of PIUS VI., I could not help reflecting on the vanity of all human grandeur, and never in my life felt a greater contempt for riches.—His Palace pillaged,—not even a door or window-shutter remaining,—and his Holiness himself removed—GOD knows where!

Monte Circello will recal to your memory that Enchantress from whom ULYSSES with so much difficulty escaped.—Take care! other enchantresses still remain, and *Mercury* may not be equally serviceable to you, as to the Hero of Ithaca.

Mola was built on the ruins of the ancient Formian, whose situation has been so much celebrated by ancient Poets, and whose wine HORACE, a very competent judge, ranks with the Falernian.

In this neighbourhood was the Formian Villa of CICERO. He was murdered here by order of ANTHONY and consent of OCTAVIUS, as he was in his litter endeavouring to embark for Greece,

Greece.—Alas! poor TULLY! it must have grieved you in your last moments to die by the hand of an assassin whom your eloquence had defended;—out-witted, and basely sacrificed to your bitterest enemy, by an ungrateful youth, whom your credit had raised to the highest dignity.—You should have died when you rescued your country from CATILINE. It was a more glorious moment than when, to satisfy his ambition, and your own vanity, you resigned it to OCTAVIUS.

The town of Gaieta is finely situated by the sea side. The Castle, which defends the Port, renders it one of the strongest posts belonging to the King of Naples. Here, till lately, was preserved the Skeleton of the famous CONNETABLE DE BOURBON, who commanded the army of the Emperor CHARLES V. at the siege of Rome in 1528, where he lost his life. Without entering into a shocking detail of the cruelties committed by his army on taking the town by storm, I shall ask, if it is not strange that man, endowed with reason, on which we set so high a value, should make that very reason a principal cause of his own destruction;—while instinct, which we so much despise, directs every other animal to provide for its own safety? Surrounded with natural evils of every kind, is he not constantly in search of dangers, as if he were

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at variance with his own felicity?—A CONNETABLE DE BOURBON, to forsake the delights of Paris, to get himself knocked on the head unnecessarily at the walls of Rome, is the height of extravagance! I foresee some difficulty in pursuing this subject while writing to a Soldier; but as the Soldier I am addressing is of a different cast, I shall hope not to be mistaken. Urged on by a patriotic zeal, he is armed in defence of his King and Country, not against them: my resentment is only against those honorable cutthroats who, to satisfy their revenge on one man, are the cause of the death of thousands who never offended them.—In this light, and no other, can I view the conduct of the CONNETABLE DE BOURBON.

The Garrigliano (ancient Liris) will remind you of the fate of MARIUS. In the marshes of that river he hid himself from the resentment of SYLLA, and was there discovered and taken. The remembrance of his former glory might, I think, have inclined MARIUS to have been found in a less dishonorable situation.—The Guardian Angel of Rome—the Conqueror of the Cimbri—the Hero of his day—unarmed, unaccompanied, vilely concealing himself in the midst of mud and filthiness—to escape a death which he had so often braved in the midst of blood and slaughter,—is a proof that MARIUS in his old

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age sat a greater value on life than it deserved: yet, like POMPEY, he had lived too long.

Capua was the principal school for gladiators in the time of the Republic; and here originated the war of Spartacus, called that of the Slaves; begun by a parcel of gladiators who had been ill treated by their masters. Here HORACE tells us MECÆNAS played at fives, while he and VIRGIL slept. Old Capua is two miles distant from the New. If you were within two miles of Troy, you might be glad to see the ground on which it stood; little else is to be seen of Capua. You will seek in vain for the splendid ruins of the rival of Rome: part of an amphitheatre only remains; and you will probably exclaim, *where are now the delights of Capua!*

Capua will remind you of HANNIBAL,—HANNIBAL, of Cannæ. No battle was ever more decisive; no victory was ever more complete. It is thought, that HANNIBAL, had he marched immediately to Rome, might have made himself master of the empire. It was the opinion of his General of cavalry, who flatly told him, that though he knew how to gain a victory, he knew not how to make the most of it afterwards. It is a great question. Two faults have been laid to the charge of this great Commander: that of not marching immediately to Rome after his success at Cannæ; and that of suffering his troops

troops to debilitate themselves by inaction at Capua. Without doubt great advantage might have been expected from so general a panic; but it is not less certain, that the Romans were the people on earth that recovered themselves the soonest. Their maxim was—*De Republica nunquam desperandum.* They never despaired, and always rose superior to their misfortunes. The very ground on which HANNIBAL encamped some time after when he laid siege to Rome, was sold for its usual value. MACHIAVEL is of opinion, that HANNIBAL was not so much to blame in the first instance as it is in general thought: yet, notwithstanding such authority, as he marched afterwards to Rome when Capua was besieged by the Romans, to force them to raise the siege, and did not succeed; I conclude he must have repented that he did not follow the advice of MAHERBAL, and attack Rome when he had annihilated her army, and before he had debilitated his own in the delights of Capua.

The military talents of HANNIBAL cannot be considered without admiration. His victories seem to have been the result of his own genius. While superior to the Romans in cavalry, he constantly fought them on the plain; inferior always in infantry, he remedied that defect by stratagem; and by perfectly understanding the cha-

characters of the Generals who opposed him, he turned their different humours to his own advantage. It was HANNIBAL that conquered SEMPRONIUS at Trebbia; FLAMINIUS, at Thrasymene; VARRO, at Cannæ, not the Carthaginian that conquered the Roman army. When you consider that he sustained himself sixteen years in an enemy's country, without any other aid than his own superior abilities, you will allow that he was one of the first military characters that have ever existed.

You have now eighteen miles through the Campagna Felice to the City of Naples.

LETTER LXXXIV.

I SHALL not enter into a long, tedious, and unnecessary detail of the origin of Naples, a great part of which, I make no doubt, is fabulous. Various are the accounts we read of this city, under the different appellations of Parthenope, Neapolis, and Naples. I shall only observe, that it was of Greek origin; in alliance with Rome, and the winter residence of her most illustrious Senators. When POMPEY went to visit LUCULLUS at his villa at Tusculum, which was open on every side for the benefit of the prospect, he lamented that a house so admirably constructed for the summer should not be habitable in winter. LUCULLUS replied:—"Do you think that I am less provident than the storks and cranes, and that I do not know as well as they how to change my habitation with the season?" Since the time of the Republic Naples has undergone many changes. Goths, Lom-

Lombards, Saracens, Normans, Germans, and French, all in their turns have possessed the lovely Parthenope; at all times less famed for fidelity than beauty.

Though it is not my intention to enter into a detail of their several conquests, I cannot but mention, in honor to the Goth, that the inhabitants experienced more humanity from him, when he took the town in 543, than from BELISARIUS some years before. TOTILA not only spared their lives, but as they were nearly famished by the long continuance of the siege, he distributed nourishment to them with the skill of a physician, as well as with the humanity of a conqueror. The whole conduct of TOTILA on this occasion is particularly amiable: he took care of their bodies, and laid no restraint on their minds. Such as voluntarily entered into his service he readily received, and provided those with ships who chose to retire to Rome.—Could the most civilized General in Europe have done more!—Would he have done so much?

Naples is delightfully situated. The various beauties of Nature and Art vie with each other to adorn this enchanting scene. A boundless Ocean spotted with Islands at agreeable distances;—a Country rich and extensive, diversified with innumerable Edifices;—a Mountain whose

whose smoaking summit is superior to all around: and a Sky without a cloud.—In short, the town, the country, the bay, ships, islands, mountains, palaces, and villas, which ever way you look, all is beautiful and majestic:—former objects of admiration are entirely forgotten—even Rome itself. From the Certosa you have the most advantageous view of Naples. Were I single, independent, and totally free from those duties society imposes, the monastic life, were it less rigid, might not displease me; and were I disposed to become a Carthusian Friar, this, in preference to any other, is the situation I would choose.

The city of Naples is about nine miles in circumference: has increased in population during the last century. Its present inhabitants are computed at three hundred and fifty thousand, many of whom live entirely in the open air. The Lazzaroni, who have no habitation, whose best shelter is a church porch, and whose softest bed a wooden bench, are not less than thirty thousand. Were the King of Naples to make a present of thirty or forty thousand of the inhabitants of Naples to the town of Pisa, it would be a benefit to both.

We are told that the Egyptians had no autumn. They reckoned three seasons, and allowed four months to each. Were the inhabitants

bitants of these countries inclined to lessen them still further, they might reduce them to two only—summer and winter. Though mild the climate of Naples, were I to speak from my own feelings, I should not commend it. Though I like heat, I cannot approve of a climate where in certain seasons, and at certain hours of the day, you are debarred from air and exercise. I even found more rain in winter than I expected, and in summer a *siroc* (a hot blast from the south-east), that was sometimes intolerable. The thermometer has been known to rise above twenty degrees in a few hours: the leaves are withered by it; the air loses its elasticity, and you can have no idea of the effect it has both on the body and mind. It is certain that while it lasts it plays the very deuce with the nerves, which require a cold-bath to put them into order again. No parched Arab ever longed more for a limpid stream than I do for a western breeze; and at the present moment I should prefer a cottage on Salisbury Plain to a palace at Naples. This hateful moment only excepted, vegetation never ceases. Green peas, asparagus, artichoaks, &c. &c. &c., the produce of spring in other countries, are not uncommon here in winter. Cultivation only is wanting. Where Nature is herself bountiful, Art is seldom conspicuous. In poor countries you see

most

most industry. The Scotch gardener is better than the Neapolitan. England, a country which produces nothing but crabapples, blackberries, and sloes, by dint of industry, enjoys all the luxuries of other climates. The pine-apple there is not less good than on the other side of the Equator; and we have not only all the fruits of other countries, but, by means of stoves and hot walls, eat them in seasons which Nature never intended. You may rest contented where you are: believe me, you have little to envy. If you have not our warmth, we have not your verdure. The lively green, favorite color of the faithful, that is to the eye what content is to the soul, is a stranger here: and, fond as you are of exercise, assure yourself there is no country where you can go out so many days in the year, and so many hours in the day, as in England.—But to return to Naples.

Though ancient temples, and modern palaces, give Rome a decided superiority in magnificence, the hand of art is still conspicuous among the natural beauties of Naples. Superb edifices are not wanting. Houses in general are well built; many of them have flat roofs, ornamented with flowers, where the inhabitants during the summer heats breathe a freer and purer air. The streets are broad, and the pavement is of lava, and very hard; but, I am sorry to say, is very slippery.

The street of Toledo surpasses in grandeur any street in Rome; and the Chaija, in point of situation, has the advantage of every street in Europe.

The principal Squares have little regularity to recommend them. In that of the Castle, Cocagnas are given to the populace four Sundays following during the Carnival,—that is, animals of various kinds are torn to pieces alive for their diversion. The four companies of butchers, bakers, fishmongers, and poulterers, defray the expence.

The *Place du Marché* reminds us of MASSIANELLO. It was there, in the year 1647, that extraordinary man began his political career; and though of mean birth, and without the advantages of education, fortune, or connection, so far gained the hearts of the people by opposing an arbitrary Viceroy, that during the short period of fourteen days he trampled on the laws, reversed the government, and disposed of the persons and properties of his fellow-subjects at his pleasure; till intoxicated with power, he lost his senses, became outrageous, extravagant, and cruel; and was shortly after put to death by the very people who had supported him. This is a proof, I think, that, though the arms of the town are an unbridled horse, no people require the curb more than the Neapolitans:—and it is not less

less certain, that when once the people of any country take the Government into their own hands, they become the worst of tyrants.

Naples, like other Catholic towns, is crowded with churches, yet there are few that, either for external architecture, or internal ornament, can vie with those of Rome. The Cathedral possesses that inestimable treasure, the head and blood of San GENNARO; a worthy gentleman, who suffered martyrdom under DIOCLESIAN, and has since become, I know not how, protector of the town of Naples. Much has been said of the miracle he performs several times in the course of the year, on the success of which the prosperity of this country is thought to depend. It is neither more nor less than a phial of congealed blood made to liquify;—a circumstance believed by many to proceed more from the hand of the Bishop, than from any virtue in the dead head of the Saint.—Be it as it may, I do not see with what propriety you can call that a bungling trick which, for so many years together, has deceived at least half a million of people. The procession, which consists of Saints, Clergy, and populace, is astonishing; the function is awful; the moment of suspense interesting.—If the miracle be delayed, the people are in despair: they beat their breasts; they tear their hair; they entreat the Saint; and they at

last threaten him. On one of these occasions, the miracle being tardy in its operation, and the people turbulent, I was desired by a Neapolitan friend to retire out of the crowd (I was in an English uniform), lest they should attribute the failure of the miracle to the presence of a Heretic.

San GENNARO is thought to be omnipotent. A lady who is confined to her room with a sore leg, though she applies a plaister, to render the cure more certain, has bound the print of San GENNARO over it.

The Order of San GENNARO is the highest Order of the Court of Naples, though it was founded so late as the year 1738. I have heard that a Sicilian Nobleman who wears the Order, a red ribbon over the right shoulder, has also bestowed it on the Portraits of all his ancestors. When it was observed to him, that the Order did not exist at the time they lived, he coolly replied—"*It is true; but if it had, they might have been honored with it.*"

Many Palaces are worthy observation, and some good pictures are to be seen in most of them. The Palace of the King will employ several hours. *Capo di Monte* is enriched by the spoils of Parma and of Rome. The FARNESE family encouraged the arts, and understood them. Observe the Portrait of Leo X.; this

this is the famous Copy by ANDREA DEL SARTO, which GIULIO ROMANO, a scholar of RAPHAEL, mistook for the Original by that Master. TITIAN's Danae has an advantage over his Venus—it is not a portrait. Statues also, long the ornament of the FARNESE Palace at Rome, have lately been transported hither. A gentleman who was with me thought the head of the famous Hercules too small for the body. The same fault has been also found with the Venus de Medicis. Let Connoisseurs say what they will, a small head is certainly a great ornament, though it is not impossible but a large head may contain a better understanding;—thus it is that wit and beauty so seldom unite. I am told, that JOHN HUNTER, the famous Anatomist (and there is no better authority), has lately decided in favor of the *long-heads*. Could this pre-eminence be once fairly ascertained, it would save a deal of trouble.—Is a Foreign Minister wanted, send to his Hatter; and he, after a little practice, will tell you, *that the head of Mr.* —— *measures exactly* ——; *that it is just sufficient for an Envoy, but not for an Envoy Extraordinary.*

LETTER LXXXV.

THOUGH the town of Naples has few antiquities to boast, the environs afford an ample field of amusement. At every step we meet with some remains of ancient Roman grandeur in the midst of those natural beauties which bid defiance even to Time itself. No fancy can conceive the splendor of ancient Rome from the ruins that remain, though so justly celebrated for magnificence and taste. The Forum no longer exists: the Campidoglio is no longer that which MANLIUS defended, nor that where POMPEY and CÆSAR triumphed: the Colosseo is diminished: the Circus lost. Even the Pantheon, the most perfect of Temples, stands at present in a hole, surrounded by paltry and filthy habitations. What idea can we form of the Forum of TRAJAN from the pillar only that remains? What idea can a few ruins give of the Palace of NERO, the *Aurea Domus*, which, from its

its magnitude, had more the appearance of a city than a house.

It is not so here: the beauties of Nature receive no diminution. It is not Neapolis, but Naples we enjoy;—Naples, whose climate and situation are the same they were when LUCULLUS, the most luxurious of the Romans, made it his winter residence.

The usual tour of Rome employs several weeks; Naples will only require as many days. A Cicerone is necessary at both. This gentleman, whose business it is, will give you a distinct relation of every part. I shall only mention that which particularly interested me. Calaches are always ready; an agreeable and speedy conveyance. You drive yourself; but, though the coachman, who gets behind, gives you the reins, he prudently keeps the whip in his own hands.

The Grotto of Pausilippo is the first object that presents itself. A subterraneous passage, cut through the bottom of the mountain, in a direct line with the town of Naples: it is long and narrow. SENECA complains of its obscurity. It is a little improved since, but is still dark; and unluckily is the only entrance into Naples on the side of Baia. There is not any certainty by whom it was made. Some attribute it to LUCULLUS; while the populace, who in all countries incline to the marvellous, more readily

readily believe it to be the work of magic; and the Mantuan Bard, whose tomb is on the top of the mountain, is thought by many to have been the magician. Of this tomb some doubt the authenticity; yet as the Consul SILIUS ITALICUS,* a lover of poetry, and himself a Poet, considered this as the tomb of his favorite Author, whose birth-day he kept with more solemnity than his own, and whose tomb he often visited with a religious respect, let others doubt if they think fit, I firmly believe this to be the tomb of VIRGIL,—nor will I suffer any person whatever to deprive me of so great a pleasure. It is simple and unadorned, suited to the modesty of the man whom it is meant to commemorate.—Let those who have no other means to remind posterity that they ever existed, have superb monuments!—VIRGIL has immortalized himself; and may say with his friend HORACE, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*"

The Lake Agnano, and Baths of San Germano, I shall leave to your Cicerone: but the *Grotta del Cane* merits some remark. This little Cave takes its name from the repeated experiments made on that faithful domestic animal the dog, who being forcibly held within the vapour,

* SILIUS ITALICUS was born under TIBERIUS.

which

which rises about a foot above the surface, in less than two minutes is deprived of all sentiment, and if continued, is shortly after deprived of life. Many of these animals are kept on purpose. They fly the approach of a stranger, and are not always easy to be caught. Were they not sensible of what they have to suffer, I should pity them less; were they permitted to die when deprived of sentiment, I should not pity them at all; but they are restored to life at the moment they cease to feel; are thrown out of the Cave into the open air to recover their faculties—to be reserved for future experiments, to satisfy the rapacious cruelty of their masters, and the curiosity of travellers. The Cave, we are told, is ten feet long, four feet wide, and nine feet high.—I did not measure it; nor was I inclined to stay an instant longer than was necessary in so detested a place;—I could almost have detested myself for being of the same species with those who so unnecessarily torment so affectionate, so obedient, so amiable an animal!—I say unnecessarily, for, allowing the pernicious consequences of this vapour to proceed from the fixed air it contains, as is generally believed, a lighted candle would answer the purpose of experiment to the full as well: you would see by that how far it extends; that it is fatal, we know too well.

The

The Solfatarra is a large oval, on a plain about a mile in length, surrounded by hills of no great elevation. Sulphur, allum, and sal almoniac, are collected here in considerable quantities, particularly the former. It is hollow underneath. On the top the earth is too hot to be handled; and both dries and consumes paper without burning it. There is little doubt that the Solfatarra was once a volcano like Vesuvius; and it is not improbable but Vesuvius may in time become another Solfatarra.

Pozzuoli, which contains at present ten thousand inhabitants, was a place of considerable importance in the time of ancient Rome. Several ruins of its former splendor still remain. The Temple of JUPITER SERAPIS is most worthy observation.

You are shewn a ruin which they call the Bridge of Căligula. Whether it be so or not is of little importance; it could only serve to ascertain the exact spot where that mad buffoon, who sometimes fancied himself JUPITER, sometimes JUNO, DIANA, and VENUS, vainly thought to triumph over the sea itself.

The Lucrin Lake, once famous for its oysters, and celebrated on that account by HORACE, MARTIAL, and JUVENAL, is now no more; in its stead you have *Monte Nuovo*,—a new and astonishing excrescence, which produces nothing.

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That a mountain like this should make a sudden and unexpected appearance without any visible reason, is indeed wonderful; less extraordinary will it be, if, in length of time, when the burning mountain of Vesuvius shall have consumed all its materials, it should become a Lake.

The lake Avernus, where the ancients sacrificed to the Infernal Gods, and whose noxious vapours, if you believe the Poets, killed whatever passed over its surface, is much altered since their time; nor does its present appearance in the least agree with the dismal account they give of it. You are now at the entrance of the Infernal Regions, where I shall beg leave to quit you.—Take VIRGIL for your guide.

All here is classic ground; and this delightful spot, once the scene of luxury and voluptuousness, is now one common ruin of temples, palaces, villas, baths, and tombs—melancholy relics of former magnificence! Here are the miserable remains of the palaces of MARIUS and SYLLA; the villa of CICERO; the baths of NERO; the tomb of AGRIPPINA,—she was the sister, wife, and mother of an Emperor. Though the brutality of NERO on this occasion is without example, AGRIPPINA deserved to receive her death from an unnatural and incestuous son, whose morals she herself had corrupted. Here also is the tomb of SCIPIO,—SCIPIO AFRICANUS,

NUS, who conquered HANNIBAL, destroyed Carthage, and died an injured, voluntary exile from the country he had saved. You have the Temples of Venus, Mercury, and Diana.—*Cuma* and *Baia* you have them not!—fancy must supply their places, and represent what they once were, when one was the retreat of TARQUIN, and the other, the favorite residence of the debauchees of Rome.

LETTER LXXXVI.

PORTICI, where the Royal Family frequently reside, is about five miles from Naples. However delightful this situation may appear to the eye of a traveller, it is surely a very dangerous and precarious residence; and may serve as an example, among a thousand others, that man is little benefited by experience. The perils that surround this town do not intimidate the inhabitants; and a Sovereign, who has the whole country at his command, has built him a palace on the very ruins of Herculaneum. As the chief merit of this habitation depends on the antiquities it contains, I shall make some few remarks on the ill-fated towns of Herculaneum and Pompeia, from whence they have been taken; and shall afterwards slightly mention some of the various beauties of this valuable collection, leaving the remainder, which

which would require volumes minutely to detail, to the Antiquarian, who of course will accompany you.

We may conclude, on the authority of both ancient and modern writers, that Herculaneum and Pompeia were destroyed at the same time by an eruption of Vesuvius, in the first year of the reign of TITUS, and the seventy-ninth of the Christian æra. Whatever doubt may still remain with regard to Herculaneum, whether overwhelmed or not by the lava of the mountain, it is certain that Pompeia, which is not only farther distant, but out of the usual course of the lava, perished by the ashes only. It is probable the inhabitants of both places had sufficient warning to effectuate their escape, as few skeletons have been found. The elder PLINY was one of the few that lost their lives. The account his Nephew gives of this fatal accident is very interesting. It is not less certain that six eruptions at different intervals have taken their course over Herculaneum, either of which would equally have destroyed the city.

That Herculaneum, buried near a hundred feet under the surface of the earth, should have remained concealed for so many centuries, is less extraordinary than that it should be discovered, unsought for, so late as the eighteenth century,

by

by a countryman while digging a well. Had not some marbles, which at that time made their appearance, encouraged further and more important researches, we should have known nothing of Herculaneum.—Thus it is that great events frequently proceed from the most trivial causes.

The Forum and the Theatre are the most considerable edifices hitherto discovered at Herculaneum; the latter only remains uncovered. Little more is to be expected from thence; for to restore Herculaneum, would be to destroy Portici. It is otherwise at Pompeia; the buildings there are barely covered, and excavations are made at the trifling damage of a few vineyards only. Is it not extraordinary that this important discovery should not have been made till near forty years after the other!

The Soldiers' Barrack, where you enter first, is very curious. *Caricaturas*, and other drawings, are still remaining on the walls,—occupations of their idle hours. The houses already discovered at Pompeia are in general small; all nearly of the same size, and on the same plan. An inner court, with a fountain in the middle; an open portico, which served both for air and shade, are pretty common to all. You will see but few windows towards the street, and those are so constructed as to prevent the curiosity of pas-

passengers. They had no glass windows;* a transparent stone was used instead of it; and the light frequently entered at the door, or through a hole in the ceiling. They had no chimneys; they had neither the pleasure of stirring a fire, or looking out of a window. Though the proportion of the rooms is not to be admired, they have a certain degree of simple elegance which cannot fail to please. The walls and ceilings are painted, and some of the ornaments are not ill executed. The floors are mosaic. Some of the houses are painted on the outside; others are easily distinguished to have been shops, and one in particular has a sign over the door that clearly denotes the kind of traffic which was carried on within. The streets, which are paved with the lava of a former eruption, are strait, and have an elevation on each side for people on foot. Though apparently narrow, they were sufficiently broad for two carriages to pass,—such carriages as were then in use, the breadth of which from wheel to wheel may now be exactly ascertained from traces still remaining on the pavement. I did not measure them; Mr. MARTIN tells us they are four feet.

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* That they had glass, is certain; but whether in use for windows, is doubtful.

A country house, little distant from the town, had it not been spoiled of its furniture, would have been a very interesting object of curiosity, and might have afforded more real satisfaction to the spectator than all the accumulated antiquities of Portici. We visit with pleasure the houses and furniture of distant countries; but how much would that pleasure be increased, if, in the eighteenth century, we could see the exact manner of living of a country gentleman of Pompeia of the year 79!

The Temple of Isis is the building of the greatest importance, and the best pictures were found there;—pictures, that though I cannot but lament their removal from their proper places, you will still see with pleasure at Portici, where without doubt you will make more than one visit. I cannot express, nor can you easily conceive, the satisfaction that is usually felt at the view of treasures so long hidden under the earth; once instruments of utility or pleasure to a people who have ceased to live upwards of seventeen hundred years.—But to describe them, my good friend, would infinitely exceed the limits of a Letter.

The statues of the Balbi, Father and Son, though inferior to that of Marcus Aurelius in bronze, are the best equestrian marble statues at present existing. Other statues and other busts,

busts, though they have a certain merit, are little worthy of notice after those of Rome.

The Etruscan Vases, as they are usually called, are peculiarly elegant. They were chiefly used in sepulchres, and contained the ashes of the dead. Some also served for domestic purposes. When you consider that all this country, to the very extremity of Calabria, once belonged to the Etruscans, you will less wonder at the astonishing quantity of Etruscan vases that of late years have been found there. When the Grecians became masters of this country, then called Magna Grecia, they added to their figures that grace and elegance so peculiar to themselves; it is probable, therefore, that the best of these are of Grecian workmanship.

The domestic utensils are all deserving of notice. You will perceive that female coquetry has been nearly the same in all ages: nor were the ancients so far behind us in luxury as is generally imagined. Ladies will see mirrors of polished metal, combs, rouge, and pins; earrings, necklaces, rings, and bracelets: in short, every requisite to adorn their persons:—and a French cook might dress an excellent dinner with the very utensils he will find at Portici. Instruments of husbandry; instruments of surgery; instruments of worship (some of which are curious enough), with a long etcætera, will occupy

occupy you rationally and agreeably for several hours.

Herculaneum was neither Athens nor Syracuse; nor would it be fair to judge of ancient Painting by the Pictures that have been found there. The Arts were then on the decline, nor is it probable that these paintings were by the best painters then existing. It cannot be supposed, when Sculpture was arrived at a degree of excellence that has not been equalled since, that Painting should have been deficient, in design at least; but to judge of its comparative merit we should see the works of the best Masters. The Iphigenia of TIMANTES; the Campaspe of APELLES; the Helen of ZEUXIS, &c., and those wonderful works of art that were once the ornament of the Temple of Peace at Rome. They represented beauty, to the admiration of those who must be allowed to have been competent judges of it. We are told, that a picture, representing the Parting betwixt Hector and Andromache, drew tears from PORTIA. The resemblance it bore to her own misfortunes might have contributed, but, surely, no mean representation could have produced such an effect on a mind like hers. When DEMETRIUS besieged Rhodes, and could have reduced the city, by setting it on fire, he chose rather to raise the siege, than thus destroy a

famous picture called JASYLUS, the master-piece of PROTOGENES. Surely this also could have been no indifferent performance.

The extravagant prices ancient Pictures bore, is a presumptive proof of their extraordinary excellence. POUSSIN said, that in his time he knew but one Painter—DOMINICHINO: and yet, this famous painter received only fifty crowns for his best picture, *San Girolamo;* while AUGUSTUS, a person of some taste and discernment, paid a hundred talents for the Venus of APELLES.

NICOMEDES King of Bithynia offered the Gnidians to pay their debts, which were very considerable, if they would give him their Venus by PRAXITELES. The offer was however refused. This would be a convenient way of paying off the national debt, had we such artists, and could find such kings. I believe there is not an Alderman, nor a Common Council-man in the city of London that would have any objection.

As to the valuable Manuscripts this Cabinet contains, the only ancient books at present existing, I am sorry to inform you they are likely to remain in the same state they were found. It is true, some measures have been taken to restore them to the public, but the difficulty attending unrolling the sheets, and the little curiosity

sity the proprietor has expressed to know what they contain, have occasioned the little progress that has hitherto been made; and has put an intire stop, I fear, to so useful, but troublesome an undertaking. I am heartily sorry for it. To complete the works of DENIS HALICARNASSUS, DIODORUS SICULUS, POLYBIUS, TACITUS, and LIVY, would be an inestimable acquisition to literature; and I should even read with pleasure the Pleadings of HORTENSIUS, the Comedies of MENANDER, a Tragedy by the Author of the Art of Love, and those Farces of LABIANUS that CÆSAR so much admired.

You will of course visit Vesuvius, to which we are indebted for our amusement at Portici; a volcano which for so many centuries has carefully covered those precious remains of antiquity with its lava, and by destroying, saved them. It is at the town of Portici that mules and guides are usually procured. You must not flatter yourself, my good Sir, that to ascend the mountain is as easy as to walk on the plain; nor must you consider it as a party of pleasure only; you will find it a very serious business, I can assure you, and not to be accomplished without much fatigue and trouble. The lava is either insufferably hot, or as sharp as a flint; the ashes roll from under your feet at every step you take; you will sometimes go backward, instead

stead of forward; and it will frequently happen, that the more eager your impatience, the more violent your exertions, the less you will advance. Mr. MARTIN tells us, it requires an hour and a half from Portici to the foot of the cone; little more than an hour to ascend it, and about half that time to come down again. I can only speak from recollection, and my memory is not the best. I was there at the famous eruption in 1766: I have not seen it since. It was then, indeed, a most extraordinary and most tremendous sight. What has been said of Ætna was equally applicable, though in a lesser degree, to Vesuvius. The *Liquefacta Saxa* which VIRGIL mentions, the lava of the present day, was then seen in its brightest colors:—a stream of red-hot liquid fire, slow in its motion, but burning, overturning, and destroying all that opposed its passage. The heat of the atmosphere was insufferable, and my donkey, after a short time, became the more welcome object; I unfatigued myself on his hollow back, and gradually cooled by the slow pace he went.

If your principal design be to visit the Crater, you should set out in the evening. If you are a Naturalist, the different courses of the lava will employ several hours, and you may satisfy your curiosity without ascending the mountain, the height of which, on Mr. MARTIN's authority, is

is not less than three thousand six hundred and ninety-four feet above the level of the sea. Should you wish to be further informed of this Volcano, Sir W. HAMILTON has written amply on the subject, to whom I refer you.

LETTER LXXXVII.

NAPLES is an absolute Monarchy, totally dependant on the will of the Sovereign, without either Parliament or Council to assist, or direct him; a system of Government, liable to so many objections, that I shall decline saying any thing about it. The Executive power is not less exceptionable. Gentlemen of the Law may be said to have the chief direction. When Naples became a province of Spain, a Council, called *Collaterale*, consisting of Lawyers only, was appointed to controul the Viceroy, who was under the necessity of consulting them. That system has been abolished since the Regal Power has been established, but the Lawyers, in many instances, still retain their authority, and no business is transacted without their intervention.

The practice of the law is too lucrative an employment in this country for justice to be expedi-

peditious or impartial. Were the use of gold and silver unknown, lawyers would be as scarce at Naples as they were at Sparta. What you have heard, or what you may have seen, of law in your own country can give you no idea of it *in this*. Here perjury is publicly avowed. Ask a man what is his trade, and he will not hesitate to tell you that he is *a false witness*. With a proper number of these honest men you may at any time alter a will, or gain a cause. The number of witnesses is considered, not their characters.

Never go to law with a Neapolitan. Some of our countrymen have done it, and even when they have succeeded, which has seldom happened, have always been out of pocket. It is otherwise at Hanover. There justice is done you even in that Court which regards the private interests of the Sovereign himself. The President of which, coming to England on some particular business, and GEORGE II. seeing him and asking him, how it came to pass that in his court he lost all his causes? The honest President replied—"*Please your Majesty, it is because your Majesty is always in the wrong.*"

In the highest departments of the law, I believe no country can produce more respectable characters than our own;—Gentlemen of more professional knowledge, or more acknowledged integrity. Lord KENYON has lately told the

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Attorneys of his Court, that they are bound to give their clients the best advice in their power, and to conduct the causes intrusted to them as if they were their own; and that if an Attorney, instead of honestly, and fairly advising his client, advises him to prosecute groundless and frivolous actions, for the sake of the costs; all such Attorneys would be condemned to pay the expences themselves. If I am not as lavish in praise of their oratory as of their integrity, it is because I am not a friend to it: I consider it as an enemy to truth, its chief advantage being to mislead. Truth, which is ever a plain tale, like beauty, appears to the greatest advantage when least adorned. We are told that, "*nihil tam absurdum quod dicendo non fiat probabile, nihil tam horridum et incultum quod non splendescat oratione:*" —it changes at pleasure vice into virtue, and what it cannot answer with success, will sometimes succeed in turning into ridicule.

I never was a friend to suits at law, which, generally speaking, are a benefit to the Lawyers only. As I have not a wish beyond what is my right, I am always ready to submit to a reference; if others thought the same, there would be less litigation, for there are not many instances where right is so involved in a question of law that lawyers only can decide. One would think a man need not go to law to know whe-

whether the legs of a horse are a part of his body; yet this wonderful discovery in natural history has been lately made at my expence. I bought a horse of a Florentine Nobleman, with an assurance, under his own hand, that he was "*sano di corpo*"—(sound of body). I considered it as a general expression, answering to what we call *sound*, and thought no more of it. The horse, upon trial, proved unsound in his feet, and I returned him. This occasioned a law-suit, and though I gained my cause, though the Judge after repeated hearings, after the mature deliberation of many months, decided at last, that the legs of a horse *are parts of his body*, it is not my intention ever to risk another contest.

The Criminal Court of Naples differs not less from our own. With us nothing can be produced in evidence that is not declared in the indictment; a circumstance highly favorable to the Prisoner. Nor is he obliged to answer interrogatories that may serve to condemn himself; I might say, he is not suffered, for the Judge humanely interposes in his behalf, and advises him to the contrary. Our Juries are judges of guilt, not the King, because the same person cannot be both prosecutor and judge; nor his Judges, for the same reason, because they represent him. Here the sole business of the Judge is to find the

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prisoner guilty of something or other, no matter what; and by any means, no matter how unfair. It is much to be feared, Gentlemen, if hereafter you are to be tried in the same manner, that not one of you will escape damnation.

I read with great satisfaction the other day in an English newspaper, of a poor German who, driven to the greatest distress, and unmindful of more than one commandment, had made too free with what did not belong to him, was seized, imprisoned, and tried. The action was brought for four pounds damages.—By our laws, forty shillings is made capital. The Judge in his charge to the Jury, desired them to recollect, that forty shillings at the time this law was made, were equal to five pounds now; and told them, that if they thought the Prisoner deserving of mercy, they would do well to give that circumstance its due weight and importance. The Jury, not less humane than the Judge, took the hint, and brought the Prisoner in guilty of thirty-nine shillings only.

If it were possible for criminal laws to be too mild, there is one instance, I think, where ours are so:—I mean where the error of a word saves a rogue from the gallows. Is he less deserving of punishment because his name is ill spelt, or less dangerous in society, because another man has been a fool? With all submission, therefore,

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to laws for which I feel the highest respect and veneration, I shall with caution blame a despotic Sovereign when he over-rules so trifling an objection.—But to return to Naples. I shall mention the cases of two Criminals, from which you may judge of the rest. One man received sentence of death three years after he had been dead; he died in prison, and no notice was taken of it. Another was condemned to die, and was to be sent into a distant part of the kingdom to be executed; an alteration taking place at that time in the criminal department, the sentence was delayed, and the man forgotten. Some time after, a riot happening in the prison, in which he took a part, he was tried for this second offence, and banished for five years; an extraordinary instance of a man escaping the punishment of one offence by committing another.

I cannot say much in favor of the Police of a town where robberies and murders are so frequent. A friend of ours was so much intimidated by the accounts he had heard, that he never ventured out after dark during the whole time he staid at Naples. In a carriage there is no danger, but on foot at a late hour, it certainly is not safe. The character of the people is not of the most gentle kind: they are turbulent, revengeful, and cruel. A few gladiators posted advantageously on Mount Vesuvius, gave rise

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to a rebellion which lasted three years, and threatened the destruction of all Italy. In modern times, MASSIANELLO has shewn what enormities a Neapolitan mob is capable of. In Calabria, your very guard is chosen out of a body of men who bid defiance to the laws; assassins by profession, and the most infamous among them are generally preferred.

The revenue is about a million sterling. The inhabitants are reckoned at two millions. Those of the Capital may be divided into five distinct classes: Principi, Avocati, Benistanti, Mercanti, Lazzaroni—*Princes, Lawyers, Gentlemen, Tradesmen,* and *Blackguards.* Taxes are heaviest on persons of middle rank; neither on the rich, nor on the poor—they are afraid of both. The land forces of this Sovereign may be of use for his personal security, but are not likely to have much weight in the balance of Europe.—If his navy can protect his own coast from the pirates, it is all it should ever pretend to; a fleet of greater importance, by inviting a superior force, might prove the ruin of a town it is impossible to defend.—Were Italy under one Sovereign, it would be very respectable.—Fifteen millions of ingenious people; the finest climate; the most fertile country; situated between two seas, and defended by the Alps and Apennines, are advantages peculiar to itself.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

THE origin of the Italian Drama was of the very meanest kind. A few drunken persons in a cart, besmeared with lees of wine, and singing to the praise of BACCHUS, was the first public spectacle, and was probably confined to the time of the vintage only. What followed was taken from the Tuscans, and consisted of verses sung about the streets, accompanied by persons dancing and jumping to the sound of a flute: they were sometimes scurrilous, and for the most part indecent. Rome was near four hundred years without any Comedy. LIVIUS ANDRONICUS was the first Poet who reduced the Drama into form, and prepared the way for PLAUTUS and for TERENCE. TERENCE, the familiar friend of SCIPIO and LELIUS, gave it that polish which makes us regret that so few of his comedies have been preserved.

The actors wore masks, not like those of the present

present day, but such as covered their whole head like a casque, and were made to resemble as nearly as possible the characters they had to represent; old or young, male or female. They had no women. Pantomime in their hands had arrived at such excellence, that it was become more expressive than eloquence. Roscius rivalled Cicero. Sometimes one person declaimed, and another gesticulated; but I apprehend it was in the very earliest times, and did not last long. The plays of the ancients were always by day-light.

La Calandra, the first modern Comedy, was acted at Florence in 1323. La Sophonisba, Tragedy of Tressino, was first acted at Vicenza in 1324. Till these appeared, plays had been taken from religious subjects only, chiefly alluding to the Passion of our Saviour. They were not less common both in France and Spain. In one of these, which represented the Resurrection, you may find a curious, though impious, Dialogue between God Almighty and one of his Angels:

A.—Pere Eternel vous avez tort
Et devriez avoir vergogne;
Vôtre fils bien-aimé est mort,
Et vous dormez comme un Ivrogne.
P. E.—Il est mort? A. d'homme de bien.
P. E.—Le diable l'emporte qui en scavoit rien.

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The Students of Saint Paul's presented a Memorial to Richard II., desiring that the Stories of the Old Testament might no longer be represented on the stage.—They had good reason to judge by the sample I have just given.

The ancient Drama was a mixture of poetry, music, and dancing. They sometimes sung, sometimes declaimed; the declamation was accompanied by the lyre, that the voice might not sink too low: it was a kind of recitative. The modern Opera is formed on the model of the ancient Drama, and has preserved all its defects;—I wish it had imitated some of its beauties. This species of entertainment originated at Florence, under the auspices of the MEDICI family. The Daphne of OTTAVIO RINUCCINI was first represented in 1594; and in 1600, on occasion of the marriage of MARIA DE MEDICI with HENRY IV. of France, the Euridice.

An Opera, when considered by the strict rules of Drama, is at best but an agreeable monster. Who in his senses can, even for a moment, conceive PACCHIEROTTI to be ALEXANDER?—and how are you to be interested where you find no resemblance! When BERENICE sings in recitative—"*Berenice che fai, muore il tuo Ben, Stupida! e tu non corri;*" the

 music

music assists the actress; animates the scene; affects the passions; and I pity poor BERENICE more than I should without it:—but when she begins her air, running through every note in the gamut, and at length finishes with a cadence which lasts till her breath fails, I admire the Singer, but forget the Princess,—the distress of BERENICE is lost, and I consider only the talent of the Gabrielli.

Duettos and Trios are not less exceptionable. Two or three persons of rank, all speaking at the same time, without listening or attending to each other, is not well bred; nor is it natural to sing, as they frequently do, in the midst of distress. The *Libretto*, as they call it, except such as METESTATIO has written, is wretched stuff: but it is of little consequence; the Opera is merely considered as a Concert, and the spectators listen to those airs only which please them most,—conversation fills up the intervals. It is, however, of importance to the Composer that the language be adapted to musical sounds. That interesting piece of recitative in Artaxerxes—"*Ed io bacio quella man' che mi condanna,*" is charming; your English translation of it—"*I'll not complain, but kiss the honored hand that seals my death,*" is abominable.—Nor do I think it possible for the very best of singers to make music pleasing with words so little

adapted

adapted to harmony. The famous air of Aprile *poveri affetti miei* is divine: translate it into English, and make music of it if you can. A Poet, who was writing an Opera, to which MISLIVICICK was to compose the music, came to consult him about the sentiments—"*No matter, Sir,*" said he, "*what they are; let there be a's, e's, and i's enough, the rest I don't care about.*"

The ballet and decoration are the life of an Opera;—one sense is thus made to assist and relieve the other.—Both are in perfection in France: both are indifferent here; they are too poor for the one, and want talents for the other. Famous as the Italians are for music, dancing they know little about. ROUSSEAU used to say, that he wished himself *blind* at the Italian, and *deaf* at the French, Opera. The French Opera is perhaps the only place of entertainment where to be deaf is not a misfortune.—We are told, that the music of TIMOTHEUS could make ALEXANDER leap from his seat, and draw his sword;—this would do more, *it would make him run away.* A French Author has found out that the French music is for the heart; Italian music, for the ear only: but I do not know how it is to get at the one but by means of the other, and I fancy that which does not please the ear, will never find its way to the heart. I think it

is CONFUCIUS who says, that the state of music is a proof of the good or bad customs of a country. The French nation would lose by such a judgment, and the Italian gain more than it deserves.

Our Ballets are chiefly pantomime; indifferently composed, and badly executed. Grotesque dancers are the favorites, and the higher they jump, the more they are applauded. Female legs, we are told, are not suffered to be shewn on the Spanish stage; if a dancer shews the knee-pan, it is a fine. If an Italian dancer was fined each time she shews her bumfiddle, she would soon have nothing left. It seems as if this taste for jumping was of very ancient date: an antique basso-relievo at Antibes has this extraordinary inscription on a dancer—"*Dum saltabat cecidit et interiit.*"

GOLDONI is the most celebrated dramatic Poet modern Italy has produced. He is called the Italian MOLIERE; but surely is very inferior. Low buffoonery you see naturally represented; but the elegant and easy manners of polite comedy, or the elevated sentiments of the Buskin, you cannot expect in a country where they have no longer any models for either. What think you of a Heroine who takes a flying leap out of a window, shewing at the same time to the spectators the most ignoble part of her body?—or

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of a poor Poet who catches his lice upon the stage, and throws them at the prompter?—or of Harlequin who eats pomatum, and drinks out of a chamber-pot?—Scenes which would not be tolerated at Bartholomew Fair, are applauded here.

The actors are very indifferent, men and women; they never can say their parts, and the voice of the prompter is constantly heard more distinctly than theirs; a repetition of the same sounds, which is particularly offensive. They are more attentive to the pit and boxes, than to the stage; and never fail, even in the most affecting scene in tragedy, to make a bow to the audience in return for their applause,—an absurd sacrifice of propriety to politeness. I have seen no good acting in Italy. No Le Kain, or Garrick; no Clairon, or Siddons. When Garrick was here several years ago, he was often asked to give a specimen of his powers, and repeat some of his most favorite speeches: with his intimates who understood English he had no difficulty; but, being pressed by a person of high rank who did not understand our language, he judiciously preferred pantomime to Shakespeare. He made up a little bundle to represent an infant, which he dandled about in his arms for a considerable time, expressing by various endearments all the fondness of the most

most tender father. The window was open; he is seen standing sometimes at the window, sometimes is dancing about the room: at last a noise is heard in the street; in his eagerness to look out of the window, the child falls from his arms, and is dashed to pieces;—the tragic muse at that instant assumes her superiority, and the astonishment, the affliction, and the despair of the father, drew tears from all the company.

Before I quit the Theatre, I must notice the absurdity of the French in treating the Performers as companions, and burying them like dogs. Even the incomparable MOLIERE was refused Christian burial; it was only at the intercession of the King that it was obtained, and then on condition that it should be done privately.—Yet LOUIS XIV., commonly called *Le Grand*, the idol of his time, and the eternal disgrace of the wits of that age, who were all his flatterers, was not ashamed to appear as a dancer on the public stage, till RACINE, in his Britannicus, very judiciously put a stop to it.* His body is buried notwithstanding at Saint Denis, and his

* "Pour merite premier, pour vertu singuliere
Il excelle á trainer un char dans la carriere,
A disputer des prix indignes de ses mains,
A se donner lui même en spectacle aux Romains."

heart

heart is preserved in the Chapel de Bourbon. I made no inquiry about it; I never thought it a good one. BOLINGBROKE, speaking of this Prince, calls him "the greatest *actor* that had ever appeared upon a Throne." Be that as it may, every man should be contented to act that part in life which PROVIDENCE has assigned him.—The Grand Duke of Tuscany, FERDINAND II., acting a Play at one of his villas, chose the part of the Prince, saying, "*He could act no other.*"

Music is the talent in which the Italians particularly excel, and Naples is the principal source that supplies all Europe with Composers, Singers, and Musicians. It is remarkable, that the two extremities of Italy, Turin and Naples, should have produced the best musicians; and yet are not most renowned for goodness of heart, or gentleness of manners.

Though music is the chief excellence of the Neapolitans, Naples has produced some good Painters. LUCA GIORDANO, and SALVATOR ROSA, were both of them born here: the latter, to judge by a ridiculous anecdote that is told of him, was a man of wit, as well as a painter. Painting in the chamber of a Prince who was indisposed, the Physician said, that he hoped by means of his Highness, to obtain also the favor of a picture by SALVATOR. The Prince made

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the request, and SALVATOR readily consented. The Physician then desired the Painter not to begin his picture till he had given him the idea, and the design. SALVATOR made no reply; but when the Physician called for pen and ink to write his prescription, he desired him to stop till he should tell him what to write. The Doctor, not comprehending his meaning, said—"*Signor Salvator, this is a business which concerns* ME, *not* YOU." "*I would have you to know, Mr. Doctor,*" replied SALVATOR, "*that I can more easily instruct you in the cure of your sick, than you can me in the art I profess, being a much better Painter than you are a Physician.*"

POSTSCRIPT.—I am just returned from an excellent Concert, composed of the very best performers; and am more than ever convinced of the necessity of economy in our pleasures, for I was never so heartily tired of music in my life. All our amusements last too long. We never leave off with an appetite. We stay at Balls till we are ready to fall asleep; and at Concerts, till even harmony itself becomes disagreeable.

LETTER LXXXIX.

WHOEVER wishes to lead a quiet and retired life, must not come to Naples; the noise and bustle of which is inconceivable. The Nobility are rich; the inhabitants numerous; the streets crowded with carriages; and the populace vociferous in the extreme. When two Neapolitans converse together, an Englishman would think they were quarrelling: they gesticulate even more than the French. Naples is a constant scene of gaiety, noise, and confusion.

The climate of Naples is favorable to vegetation. The earth is lavish of her productions, and with little labour; provisions therefore are cheap. The fertility of a country has a great influence on the manners of the inhabitants. Here you have great luxury, and great vices among the rich. The people are indolent from heat and plenty. Cold climates produce the most

most robust men. In warm climates they are in general weak, indolent, and effeminate. Naples is still as idle as formerly.* An Italian proverb says, "*Bella cosa il non far niente,*" and yet there is nothing more tiresome than having nothing to do.

Maccaroni is the principal food of the indigent. Lodging costs them nothing; they sleep in the open air. Few clothes are necessary; to be in rags, or even naked, is no disadvantage in a hot climate. They seem happy and contented. The guitar is seldom silent, day nor night; and you hear excellent music in the streets: while our ballad singers are a nuisance to the neighbourhood. The guitar is the favorite instrument here, as it is in Spain and Portugal. Folard tells us, that in a battle fought between the Spaniards and Portuguese, there were found on the field of battle after the action not less than fourteen thousand guitars.

Though the Nobility are rich, expence is chiefly seen in outward show—fine equipages and many servants. Invitations to dine are not frequent. *Petit soupers* there are in plenty, but

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* ——— et in otia natam
Parthenopen. Ovid.
Otiosa Neapolis. Horace.

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confined to their own families. Ice is their chief luxury: it is as necessary to an Italian, as tea to a Chinese, or coffee to a Turk; they cannot exist without it: they eat it at all times, and in all seasons. They drink iced water even in fevers; and yet in England, eating ice when his body was heated, killed an acquaintance of mine as effectually as if he had been shot. They put me in mind of the syllogism of PHILOTUS to a brother physician—"*In a fever of a certain kind,*" said he, "*cold water is good; every fever is a fever of a certain kind, therefore in every fever cold water is good.*"

Assemblies are more crowded, and to the full as tiresome as at other places. In every part of the Continent they receive more company when they are sick, than when they are well. An English Lady of my acquaintance was indisposed in a French garrison town; the Officers came immediately in a body to visit her, but the Major, on taking his leave, said—"*He would regulate that matter better the next day,—each should come singly; she would then have company constantly from morning till night.*" Here a man is dying with his room full of company joking and laughing around him.—Is not this killing him with kindness? A friend of mine at Florence can alter his pulse as he pleases: he increased it at one time from eighty-one to one hun-

hundred and fourteen in a minute; but such were his distortions, that it was not possible to look him in the face without laughing. This proof of the effect the mind has on the body, plainly indicates the necessity of keeping quiet those that are ill, particularly in fevers:—and yet a lady is no sooner brought to bed at Naples than she receives the whole town. Great are the expences at the birth of a child; money that might be better employed in his education afterwards: and yet in some countries it is a day of mourning, the family lamenting that he should have received the unfortunate present of life.

Gallantry in this warm climate has every incitement that bad education, bad example, and constant opportunity, can afford. Your friend D—— has just expressed a great surprise at seeing two sisters totally unlike each other.—I have been long enough in Italy not to be surprised at it at all. You may judge of the husband's regard for his wife, by hers for him: you may judge of the education of the children by the example set them by their parents; and may rejoice, if ever you intend to marry, that you live in a country where you are still permitted to associate with your own wife,—and where it is not improbable that you may be the real father of your own children. Savery tells us, that the Egyptian women educate their children;

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take care of the household affairs; and live retired with their families.—Amiable qualities without doubt, but I do not find any such account in any author who has written on the customs and manners of Italy.

The Theatre is a great resource to a stranger every where. Here you have excellent Operas, and diverting Comedies, if you understand the language sufficiently to enter into their buffoonery. Punch is the hero of the piece, not Harlequin; his wit is even of a grosser kind. San' Carlo (an odd custom, by the bye, that of calling their theatres after their Saints) is the largest theatre in Italy after that at Parma: yet I do not believe the boxes, during the Carnival, are made as much use of as at Florence. There it is usual to form parties, and sup in them. The Grand Duke does the same. You go into his box at a certain hour, in your Bautta, without a mask, where all who are invited assemble, and sup in a room adjoining. Nor have the Neapolitans the convenient curtain that shuts out every intruding eye, and procures the Florentines a *tête-à-tête* in the midst of a crowded theatre.

It was here, in the year 1766, I first saw the Gabrielli, who possessed qualities for the Stage that have never been equalled since. Her action was as interesting as her voice was charming,

ing, and both were perfect. Though not a first rate beauty, she was handsome enough; and was amiable and seducing beyond most of her sex. At the first visit I made, having a letter to present to her, I thought she squinted a little; at the next visit, less; and shortly after, I could not perceive that she squinted at all. You will suppose she was not without admirers; she had many.—She had a favorite lover besides; and when most in love, she usually sung best: her desire to please one, was of service to all. She would tell her lover, for she could not always distinguish in what part of the theatre he was, that when she touched her necklace, she sung for him, and him only: if within her sight, he put his hand to his mouth as a sign that he understood her. It was always her best air, and she never failed to sing it divinely. Spoiled by admiration, and naturally proud and haughty, with difficulty could she suffer the restraint her profession required;—easy in her circumstances, she preferred her convenience and her pleasures to any other consideration. When out of humour, she would sing *a mezza voce*.—When provoked, she would be indisposed, and not sing at all. In short, she was caprice itself.—The old adage—"*The bird that can sing and won't sing, must be made to sing*," was of no avail with her. Though sent to prison, she still resisted;

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and flatly told those who sent her thither, that "they might make her *cry*, but they should never make her *sing* unless she chose it."—High in the esteem of the Public, she had great pretensions: she knew the value of her talents, and rated them accordingly. On her arrival at Vienna, they were desirous to engage her for the Opera, and inquired what were her terms. The sum she asked was considerably higher than they had ever paid. Prince K—— said—"Why, Mademoiselle, it is more than the Emperor gives to a Feld Maréchal!"—"*Eh bien, Monsieur le Prince,*" replied Mademoiselle, "*qu'il fasse donc chanter son Feld Maréchal.*"

The Italians are passionately fond of the theatres, and though there are many, all are crowded. It was at Naples that NERO made his first appearance on a public stage, sometimes as a God, then as a Goddess. Sometimes he would represent his favorite Mistress in a mask made to resemble her, at which time he would act the part of a woman in labour. The extraordinary passion of this tyrant for singing and acting was fatal to many of the spectators. None were suffered to leave the theatre, though their wants were never so great; and those who, fatigued or *ennuyé*, could no longer keep their eyes open, were accused and put to death.—SUETONIUS relates,

relates, that some *feigned themselves dead* that they might be carried away.

The King of Naples, like a truly-begotten son, passes the greatest part of his time in field diversions; leaves the cares of State to his Ministers; lives familiarly with his people; and is beloved by all. The Emperor of China, the most despotic Sovereign upon earth, is adored by his subjects because he is seldom seen: the system adopted by this Sovereign can only be supported by a character like his own—a character of general benevolence, affability, and ease.

The natural productions of the country, owing to the excessive indolence of the people, are not made the most of. Wool and raw silk are exported; and return again, made up into stuffs and cloths of various kinds. Corn and maccaroni form the chief part of their commerce. Silk stockings, soap, tortoise-shell boxes, lava, fiddle-strings, and diavolonis, are the principal articles of their trade.

Naples was considered in the time of the Romans as the seat of idleness and pleasure—it is so still. The streets are crowded, but not, like those of the Strand or Cheapside, with the hurry of business,—idleness and curiosity are the principal motives that assemble the multitude.

tude. You will see them dance, and hear them sing; and might conceive the most favorable opinion of the Neapolitan Government from the apparent contentment of the people;—they owe it to other causes—*the warmth of their climate, and the fertility of the soil.*—The Government is the very worst of any. A fellow in rags, who is at this instant contentedly sitting and singing at my door, reminds me of a story, the oddest of all mortals, Old HUET, told me of a Turk he saw at Smyrna. This man, who was sitting at the door of a cottage singing to his guitar, had once lived in the greatest affluence. Curiosity led HUET to ask, how it was possible he could be cheerful under such a change of circumstances. "Nothing easier," replied the Turk; "I am thankful for the good I have already enjoyed;—my cheerfulness renders my present misery more supportable.—*I am pleased, and God is pleased; were I to be angry, God would be angry too.*"

I shall only add, that Hotels are numerous, and many of them elegant. You will live well, and will be made to pay for it. You may be at a loss for exercise perhaps. Here are no Public Gardens.* Here is no *Palais Royal*, where

* The *Villa Reale* has in some degree remedied that defect.

men of every sort, and women of the worst, daily resort as their different necessities require. But should your time hang heavy upon your hands, visit Caserta; and while you admire the grandeur of the edifice, you will wonder at the folly of the man who built a Palace so much too large for those who are to inhabit it. The ruins of Pæstum, the islands of Procida, Ischia, and Caprea, are all pleasant and interesting excursions: the latter was the chosen residence of TIBERIUS, and the last scene of the insatiable cruelty and lasciviousness of that monster in human shape.

LETTER XC.

SHOULD you be at Naples in the spring of the year, leave the dull, beaten track of your countrymen, and visit Sicily; a country favored by CERES, and celebrated by Poets and Historians; whose rural scenes once inspired the Sicilian Bard, and whose Cities were not less renowned for arts than arms. Here the Romans first extended their conquests; here they began that war which ended at last in the destruction of Carthage, and was the first step to their own ruin.

At Agrigentum, my good Friend, you must not expect ancient hospitality;—persons no longer wait at the gates to invite strangers to their houses. You must content yourself with viewing the elegant remains of the best Grecian architecture. Here once stood the Temple of Jupiter, adorned with the famous Statue of that Deity by PHIDIAS, and considered as the per-

fection of an art then at its height: it declined soon after ALEXANDER. Here ZEUXIS, from five beautiful Nymphs, composed his famous Juno. I doubt if there be one beauty now remaining.

Syracuse will remind you of ARCHIMEDES; of events bordering on romance; of ships lifted out of the sea, and dashed against the rocks; and of a whole fleet destroyed by burning glasses. It was at the taking of this place by MARCELLUS *that* extraordinary man lost his life while solving a mathematical problem. Is it not strange there should have been no great mathematician from his time to that of GALILEO?—a space of not less than two thousand years.

As your age sets fatigue at defiance, I conclude you will not content yourself with the beauties of the plain, but will climb to the top of Ætna, and see the sun rise from its summit. Though I do not think you mad enough to imitate EMPEDOCLES, yet in observing the volcano let his fate be a warning to you not to approach too near. Examine the famous chesnut *dei Cento Cavalli*, and tell me if it be really one tree or several.

Observe the ravages of former earthquakes, and rejoice that you belong to a country where they are neither felt nor feared.

What we read of Sylla and Charibdis is partly poeti-

poetical; they are several miles apart: they have furnished, however, an excellent moral maxim—*to avoid either extreme.*

I unluckily know nothing of those places but from report, and can speak of Palermo only. An extraordinary destiny drove me, much against my will, out of Tuscany into Sicily: I had no choice; Palermo was the place of my destination.* Though under such circumstances it did not appear in its best colors, it is but justice to own, that Palermo is finely situated at the extremity of a beautiful bay, and surrounded with high and picturesque mountains.—A traveller who arrives voluntarily, may leave it reluctantly; but compulsion imbitters every thing.

Driven by the French invaders out of Tuscany, and exiled to Palermo, a neutral vessel only could transport me thither. I had only the choice of Danes or Swedes; I chose the former, and was made to pay according to the pressure of the moment, near a thousand crowns. The winds were unfavorable: we had frequent storms, and a great deal of bad management.

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* The French troops took possession of all Tuscany twenty-fifth March, 1799. The Grand Duke was sent away the twenty-seventh; and all the English were ordered to embark at Leghorn for Palermo.

One night in particular I most firmly believed that the rotten old Dane would have fallen in pieces; she laboured and rolled to such a degree that she seemed at the very last extremity; and, to mend the matter, the Cook was at the helm, and the Captain in his bed. There are sights at which no description can arrive,—this was one of them. It was confusion itself. However, in the midst of the greatest distress, I had the satisfaction to find, that as the hope that flattered us gave way to the apparent certainty of destruction, the mind became more tranquil, and I felt myself perfectly resigned to a fate (as much as I dislike drowning) that I thought impossible to avoid.—It requires no great share of philosophy to make up our minds to that which we think inevitable.—It is the solicitude of our friends; it is the hope with which our physicians flatter us; it is the cordial which sometimes prolongs life without restoring health,—that makes a death-bed horrible: like the executioners of DAMIEN, they recal us to life, that we may suffer more deaths than one. There are dangers that we not only rejoice to have escaped, but are pleased to have encountered.—I wish it had been my good fortune to have served in KINGSLEY'S Regiment on *the glorious first of August;* or in RODNEY'S ship *the no less glorious twelfth of April,*—I should then remember with

with pleasure the dangers I had passed, and should feel an honest pride in the service I had done my country.—In the present instance I have nothing to look back to with pleasure. Every Port was shut against us, except that to which we were destined; and the whole voyage was unfortunate, a safe arrival only excepted. Our Captain, whose chief look out was to steer clear of French privateers, was continually alarming us with his dreadful apprehensions. He paid less attention to a leak in his ship, though our pump was frequently going; and I verily believe would rather have seen us all go to the bottom, than fall into their hands. A leaky ship, without a single Port that we could make to for safety, was an unpleasant circumstance. I questioned the Captain about the leak; he said he could not tell where it was; they had often searched, but could never find it,—that it was of no *great* consequence, but *the pump was good for nothing.* This communication, you will allow, was not very consolatory; yet it answered one good purpose—*it relieved us, in some measure, from the dread of privateers.* My servants, who were Catholics, and horridly frightened, were constantly on their knees. They put me in mind of what FORBIN, an Admiral in the time of LOUIS XIV., said to his sailors, who in a violent

lent storm were recommending themselves to every Saint in the Calendar:—"*Courage, my lads!*" said he, "*prayers are good things,—but Saint Pump is the only Saint that can save us now.*"

The town of Palermo is little more than four miles in circumference. Its principal beauty is derived from two streets perfectly strait, about a mile in length, that cut each other at right angles, from the center of which you see the four gates of the City. The Palaces are large, but not elegant; and are most shamefully disgraced by paltry shops on the ground floor. This is not uncommon in many parts of Italy, though to an Englishman it must without doubt appear the height of barbarity. Though the Palaces are not well furnished, they have mosaic floors. The Churches are neither remarkable without nor within. It is the population that will surprise you. In this small compass they reckon not less than two hundred thousand inhabitants. The two principal streets are so crowded that coaches with difficulty can pass, and more coaches are kept than in any town of double its size in Europe. The environs are richly adorned with villas in a style of grandeur and magnificence rarely to be met with out of England. The high and rocky mountains that surround them, have a romantic appearance, and,

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the first time at least, are seen with pleasure. The climate has little to recommend it, unless in winter. The heat is excessive: the Siroc, which comes with a high wind from the south-east, the sun seldom making his appearance, is a hot blast from the coast of Africa that totally enervates you. In the month of September they set fire to the stubbles for manure, the whole atmosphere is consequently heated, and if the Siroc happens at that time, it is perfectly intolerable. A friend of mine assured me FARENHEIT's thermometer rose to one hundred and nineteen degrees: and a respectable English Lady, of unquestionable veracity, told me, that during the Siroc she was called by her servant to see an extraordinary sight—*the lead on her terrace melted by the wind.* While this horrid wind lasts, no one, who is not obliged, ventures out of his house: the air is kept out as much as possible; not only the windows are kept closed in every apartment, but the window-shutters also; and it is the constant employment of the servants to sprinkle water on the floor. Luckily it does not last long, and a refreshing breeze usually succeeds it.

The legislative power is in the Sovereign; the executive, in a Viceroy and three Courts of Justice. There is besides a Parliament, consisting of the Clergy, Barons, and Commonality, which assembles every fourth year by order of the

the King, to confirm the ancient donations (or free gifts), or to grant more. This meeting lasts three days, but it is not necessary they should follow successively; the majority decide. Twelve Deputies are chosen to see their resolutions executed, and meet one day in the week afterwards. It is said the King was about to insist on an additional sixty thousand crowns a month; but the necessity that has since obliged him to take refuge in Sicily, and the attachment the Palermitans shew to his person, have liberated them from this heavy imposition, at least for the present. The revenue of the King is reckoned at two millions and a half of crowns.

I fear the administration of justice, whether civil or criminal, is not without its exceptions. Three trials are necessary to render a decision final: two years is the shortest period; but where obstinacy is bent on its own ruin, there are instances of law-suits lasting as long as the life of the parties. That you may form an idea of the spirit of litigation in this country, you should be told that every family has its *Procuratore*, *Avvocato*, and *Perpadrone*, engaged annually, and paid quarterly, whether employed or not; besides which, when they gain a cause, and recover an estate, they receive a whole year's income. The rich retain many of each, that they may not be employed against them. You

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will not be surprised, therefore, to hear that not less than thirty thousand lawyers gain a livelihood at Palermo.—The most probable way to lessen the number of law-suits, would be to lessen the number of lawyers; these gentlemen must eat, and they have nothing else to feed upon.

The criminal law of this country has an insuperable defect.—No sentence of death can be passed on a criminal unless he confesses his guilt: it is true, that to oblige him to this, he is kept forty days closely confined on bread and water,—but when he can resist that inconveniency, he has no other punishment.

When a criminal is condemned to die, he is allowed three days to prepare himself. During this time he is constantly attended by two Priests, and two Noblemen of a religious company, who make this ceremony an act of devotion. They not only administer every spiritual comfort, but indulge the prisoner in whatever he desires, and defray the expence themselves. Hanging is admirably performed at Palermo, and the criminal is sent out of the world, not only expeditiously, but to all appearance with as little bodily suffering as possible. Though my natural feelings incline me to avoid all scenes of misery, curiosity led me, for the first time in my life, to see an execution of this kind. The ceremony was

awful,

awful, but the suffering was short,—the prisoner no sooner mounted the ladder than he was turned off, and at the same instant one executioner leapt on his shoulders, and another hung at his waist, till he expired. I doubt if any natural death, the apoplexy excepted, is attended with so little pain. If the object of punishment be the removal of a criminal, surely it had better be performed in private;—if it be to deter others by example, it should be rendered as horrible as possible. This certainly had not that effect; and were I to be hanged, I should wish it to be performed at Palermo—though I had rather live any where else.

The Police of the City is intrusted to a Nobleman of high rank, who takes the title of *Capitano*, and is considered as the head of the Nobility. His Court possesses all the rights of the great criminal Court with regard to the trial and condemnation of criminals, even to death itself. This office is usually continued two years, at the end of which the Capitano succeeds to the Prætorship. I heard of few robberies, and no murders, during my three months residence at Palermo.

The Communità, or Senate, consists of the Prætor (Mayor), six Senators, and the Sindix, or Procuratore del Publico; all are noble. These have the superintendance of the markets,

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as well with regard to the quality, as to the price which they fix themselves. The Bank, Hospital, Monte di Pietà, the buildings, and the streets, are under their inspection, and the Officèrs belonging to each are appointed by them. The three Judges that compose the Criminal Court of the Capitano, serve also for this of the Prætor, where such civil causes are tried as appertain to him and the Senate.

I observed fewer beggars, notwithstanding the astonishing population of Palermo, than at Florence; to which the *Albergo dei Poveri* may in some degree contribute. This immense building is divided into two equal parts, one of which is for the poor who cannot maintain themselves; the other, which is for foundlings, girls only, is a silk manufactory, worthy the notice of a traveller. They are allowed a small proportion of what they earn; and when they marry, receive a dower of fifteen ounces. They are not suffered to go out, nor are they very well kept at home. Three days in the week they are allowed half a pound of meat; the other four they must content themselves, as they can, with a thin soup, and bread and cheese only.

The commerce of Palermo consists chiefly of corn, oil, wine, rice, manna, sommacco, soda, silk, sulphur, salt, cotton, amber, and coral. You know Sicily, in the time of ancient Rome,

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was considered as the Granary of the Republic; it still supplies a great part of Italy. Three sacks for one is deemed sufficient to answer the purposes of seed, and home consumption; on an average they make from eight to ten; they have consequently much to dispose of. The quality of the grain I saw was much inferior to that of Tuscany. The corn is trod out by oxen or horses in the open air; it is there winnowed by the wind, and kept afterwards, when they have no granaries, in pits under ground. In some parts I observe they sow wheat every other year; in others they take a crop of beans, and then wheat two years following. Grass comes of itself. Oats are little sowed. The ancients fed their horses with barley instead of oats; it is still the custom both here and at Naples: it is given them morning and evening, and, as it is heating, they have a feed of bran and herbs in the middle of the day. The farms are let as in England, which they prefer, not without reason I believe, to the Tuscan manner.

Many plants are peculiar to this island, and little known to the rest of Europe. The sugar cane is one of them. You who have concerns in America, where you have never been, may here make yourself acquainted with a plant from which you derive the principal part of your income. The Papyrus is also worthy your inquiry:

quiry: it is a kind of reed which split into thin pieces, and joined together with a kind of gum, forms a hard smooth substance, on which the ancients wrote. Our paper, though made from rags, has taken its name: it is all that now remains to remind us of that ancient manufactory. Parchment was its immediate successor, and from its superior quality is likely to remain for ever. The Herculaneum manuscripts are on Papyrus. Manna is produced in the months of July and August from a tree called Frasino. The Pistaccio Nut is common here: it is reported of this tree that the female only bears fruit, and then only when the male is near. The Liquorizia is a shrub, the root of which is the stick liquorice we used to eat at school. The Sommacco is used by the tanners. The Soda is a kind of grass, of which they make glass and soap. The leaves of the Palma Silvestris are twisted when dry, and make seats for chairs, &c.; and of the Aloe, which grows here to a considerable height, and whose bloom is beautiful, they make a thread much stronger than our pack-thread: the leaves of this tree being long and prickly, serve also as a fence against cattle. Fichi d'India, besides being good to eat, are also an excellent fence; the leaves are very large and very prickly; and so close that they admit of no passage through them—both are evergreens. They have also

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the cotton tree: but one of the most remarkable plants is *la Musa*, the leaves are of an extraordinary size, and the fruit is in great estimation. The aromatic herbs render the honey famous, and I am told, that at Mazara they carry their bees in the night many miles distant, during the summer months, to feed on the wild thyme, which is there in the greatest abundance. The hedges near Palermo are adorned with a red flower of peculiar elegance—the Laurier Rose.

Though my stay at Palermo was short, though I associated but little with the inhabitants, yet you will still expect some account of their customs and manners. It shall be the subject of another letter.

LETTER XCI.

I SHALL begin with the women. Marriage dowers are higher here than in Tuscany, and pin-money has no fixed rule, but is more or less, according to the income of the husband. Wives are better treated than in Italy. In ancient Rome, the wife, at her entrance into the house of her husband, was presented with all the keys except that of the cellar, which, as she was prohibited the use of wine, he prudently kept himself.—In modern Rome they are not intrusted with any keys at all. Here they are better treated:—they not only can inherit—not only have a monthly allowance, sufficient to supply every necessary want, but are intrusted with the internal management of the family, as in England.

Education is as usual, a College or an Abbé for the boys, both bad; and a Convent for the girls. The Monastic life is particularly encou-

raged, and Nuns enjoy a degree of liberty at Palermo unheard of in any other country. They not only may go out of the Convent four days in the year, at their own choice, but have their villas, where they reside a month at a time. They have windows they can look out of; they have terraces where they take the air, and enjoy the prospect; and, in one respect, these Vestal Virgins are better treated than those of ancient Rome,—they have not a similar punishment for incontinency: nor will you any longer pity them when you are told, that they may quit the veil if they can prove it was taken against their will, and the effect of obedience only.—We should rather pity ourselves, for if they are sincere in their professions, surely the love of GOD is more likely to render them happy and contented, than the love of man.

Cavalier Serventes are not compatible with Sicilian jealousy; nor are love's mysteries publicly revealed to profane eyes, as in most parts of Italy. If the fine ladies intrigue, they intrigue at least with decency; and many affect a virtue that have it not. They keep late hours, and gamble immoderately, the women as well as the men.

Princes are numerous, both here and at Naples. Their titles are for the most part expressive of some quality, and have one advantage

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over ours—they sound well. *Clanbrazil*, if I mistake not, is an English title.—What an unharmonious sound is that, compared to Campoflorido, Leon-forte, Villa-ermosa, Castel di Mirto, and others of the Nobility of this country!

The Palermitans live much at their ease on an income of four thousand crowns. There is, however, a great inequality, and some families are immensely rich. All that can afford it, pass the months of May and October in the country, and their villas are in a style of neatness and magnificence little seen in Italy. Of their hospitality I can give no account: the discontent with which I staid, and a determined resolution to depart at the first opportunity, prevented me from forming any intimacy. As to their language, though it is Italian, it is not easily understood, and they have expressions totally unintelligible to a foreigner. In a letter from Siena I mentioned certain abbreviations in use among the Italians;—here they are still more extraordinary. Agata, Concetta, which they call *Agatuzza*, *Concettuzza*, as well as others ending in *ta*, are all indiscriminately called *tuzza*. The men have their diminutives also: Nicolo they call *Co Co*. Salvatore, which they pronounce *Salvature*, *Tu Tu*. In short, an Italian cannot always understand a Sicilian.

Public diversions are not famous at Palermo. They have two Theatres, an Opera and a Comedy, but both were very indifferent. They have a Cassino, and Assemblies, to which foreigners, when once known, are readily admitted. The inhabitants live chiefly in the open air (I can speak of the summer only). The two principal streets, and the doors of the coffee-houses, are crowded in the day; but the *Marino* is the principal rendezvous at midnight. A Concert is performed there every night at the expence of Government. There they assemble, chiefly in couples, to enjoy the freshness of the night air by the sea side, and indulge in those familiarities that darkness is ever a friend to. It is probably this taste for nocturnal rambles that has rendered the Sicilians so famous for illuminations and fireworks: the former are only surpassed by the Illuminara at Pisa; the latter, by the Girandola at Rome.

The Flora* is the only public walk. This Garden, though small, is pleasant. Fresh air and sweet smells are never more acceptable than at Palermo. Arbours of lemon trees afford a constant shade in summer, and might encourage you, as they sufficiently denote the mildness of

* Flora is the common name for every garden.

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the climate, to pass a winter among them. A Botanic Garden is annexed, where you not only see the most curious productions of Sicily, but many exotics seldom to be met with in other countries.

The Corso is at the Marino. The equipages are not elegant; and the horses, though well made and full of spirit, are very small. The Marino, considered as a Corso, is much too short for the carriages that regularly assemble there; but the prospect is delightful. The Bay of Palermo is always beautiful, and was particularly interesting when I saw it,—an English Fleet, THE HEROES OF THE NILE, being all of them at anchor there.

The fish at Palermo is excellent, and of various kinds. The Tunny and the Sword-fish are much esteemed, and are both of them a most excellent substitute for flesh on a maigre day: you should see the former caught; the whole process is curious and entertaining. Butchers' meat is but indifferent; you must entirely forget, my good Sir, the Roast Beef of Old England, for they have neither jacks nor chimneys. In many families the cookery is on a table, and the kitchen any where. Fruit, oranges excepted, is in general bad; and ices, which form one of the chief comforts of a hot country, are here abominable; they are sweetened with *manna*, instead

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of sugar. Accommodation at the inns is so bad that you should order your Banker to provide you a lodging before you arrive.

The Fête of Santa Rosalia, the fifteenth of July, is the great Festival at Palermo, and the time, without doubt, that the town appears to the greatest advantage. I was out of luck; it was put off on account of the absence of the King till his return. I saw the preparations only, which were truly magnificent; for the Fête itself, I must refer you to BRYDONE. If you have a day to spare, visit the Saint. You may go in your carriage to the foot of the mountain, and must be contented to ride on a jackass afterwards. On one side you have an admirable view of the town and the villas that surround it; and on the other, an extensive view of the sea. Santa ROSALIA is the Tutelary Saint of Palermo; her Statue is placed in the Grotto on the top of the mountain, where her bones were first discovered in the year 1624. Hither the good Catholics of all ranks occasionally resort out of devotion; and hither the incredulous, like yourself, come out of curiosity. The fine ladies are carried in sedan chairs.

Should you visit *La Bagaria*, you will be not a little astonished at the very extraordinary and particular taste of Prince PALAGONIA.—I shall not attempt to describe it. *Il Colle* is another fashion-

fashionable drive that will repay your trouble with the beauties of its situation, and elegance of the villas that surround it. Monreale, about five miles distant, should also be seen, if you have time to spare.

I have only one more excursion to propose to you,—a visit to the Capuchins' Convent, where they have carried the art of pickling and preserving to the greatest perfection,—and where the inhabitants of Palermo wisely retire *after they are dead.*—The Figures stand all erect, skin and bone. After the first months are passed, they shew no alteration: and hither their friends and relations occasionally come to visit them. It is not a pleasant sight, but may be an useful lesson: and, to put you out of conceit with vanity, I can assure you, that a person lately dead, whom my Conductor pointed out as one of the handsomest young men of Palermo, was, in the opinion of every person present, the most ugly and most disgusting figure there.—So much for the dead; a word or two more concerning the living, and I have done.

Physicians gain less than the Lawyers at Palermo: they are paid but four tarins a day (not quite eighteen pence English), and make two visits for it; at the second, they receive their fee. Barbers let blood, and are paid a third more than the Physician. I saw a remarkable instance

instance of longevity in a labouring man. He was ninety-five years of age: he walked upright, had almost all his teeth, and at ninety-two let his hair grow. He drank no wine; and when indisposed, used no other remedy than a strict diet and warm water. His father lived to one hundred and five.

The women of Palermo are not in general handsome, though the *Monte Leone*, a Lady retired into a Convent, is a celebrated beauty; and if you can see her before the Capuchins lay their hands on her, you will see her with pleasure. Were I to judge of the men by the Gentleman in whose house I lodged, I should say they are well bred and well informed; but as I know full well how erroneous such general suppositions are, I shall content myself with declaring, that the person I knew best is one of the most amiable men I ever met with; and I should esteem myself happy to meet him again in any other place.—I left Palermo with pleasure; but I left him with regret.

LETTER XCII.

I RETURNED to Rome yesterday from Naples. I shall repose myself for a few days, and then pursue my journey to England by the usual and beaten tract of other Travellers. I found a large packet of letters at my Banker's. Two from you. The last without any date. Another time, remember that AUGUSTUS dated his letters to a minute. It is not without its use, and is sometimes necessary. Your question concerning TASSO and ARIOSTO, is not easily answered. Had you asked which is the better Poet, it would be ridiculous in a foreigner to pretend to decide on an affair which has puzzled the best wits of Italy; and even to this day, to the great honor of that country, remains undecided. But as you ask which I like best, it is a mere matter of opinion, and I have no difficulty in answering you. I shall tell you then, that as a book of amusement, to open in any part, read a hu-

a humourous story, or beautiful description, and lay it down again, I prefer ARIOSTO; but as an Epic Poem, to read seriously and attentively, from one end to the other, I meet with fewer interruptions, and less to condemn in TASSO.

I see plainly that you have read BARETTI. You need not, however, place greater confidence in him than me. He writes with prejudice, and in more instances than one, has endeavoured to mislead. With regard to Italian gallantry, it is certain we differ much. The question is, which comes nearest to the truth? One argument which that gentleman uses in favor of Cicisbeism is, that as the passions of men are every where the same, it is not to be supposed that an Italian husband can look with indifference on a rival, the connection therefore must be innocent. However plausible this argument may appear, and though, without doubt, a husband may be found in the exact sisuation BARETTI describes, I cannot admit the conclusion he draws from it. I should be glad to know, how he is to help himself, when both the men and the women are all against him, and custom into the bargain. I know as well as he that the Cavalier Servente is not always the lover. Age, ugliness, or infirmities, may even render him unsuspected. Sometimes he continues a friend, after he has ceased to love; gives the lady her liberty,

liberty, and is free himself, but serves her in public as he did before. These must be the *Covalieri Serventes* that BARETTI alludes to. The Italians, believe me, are no longer a jealous people. In a husband it is unpardonable, and only tolerated in a Cavalier Servente. I presented R——, who, to be sure, is monstrously ugly, to a Lady whose Cavalier Servente is remarkable for his jealousy. Our friend was received by him with such uncommon politeness that he has been out of humor ever since, and declares he will never enter the house again. You may visit a lady for six months without seeing her husband, and should you meet him there by accident, you will probably go out of the house again without suspecting him to be the master of it. An Italian husband is the best bred and most obliging person imaginable; I cannot say so much for a Cavalier Servente. That gentleman, though he hates your company, will never quit it, and had rather lose his dinner than leave you alone with his mistress. They sometimes, however, meet with their match.— A Lady, the other day, who wanted to speak a few words in private to a Gentleman present, after various unsuccessful attempts to get rid of her Cavalier Servente, who had the eyes of an ARGUS, hit at last on the following expedient:— A child of hers, a boy about three years old, was

standing

standing by her. All on a sudden, she pretended to smell a stink, and bid her Cavalier Servente take him out of the room. The boy declared he did not want: "*You do! You do!*" cried Madam, holding her nose: "*Take him out, I say, nor suffer him to come in again till he is sweeter.*" The Lady then made an appointment with her new acquaintance for the next day.

You ask if Italian Ladies are contented with one Cavalier Servente?—*Not always.* Those who are provident have two, otherwise a Lady in distress might be calling out, *Odd man! Odd man!* like an Irish chairman. It would be well, indeed, if some were always within call to serve on an emergency; and for the box at the theatre, one of straw might answer the purpose as well, if not better than any other.

The ladies of this country are more remarkable for constancy than fidelity. The first study is how to preserve their Cavalier Servente; the next, how to deceive him. I know a gentleman who has served the same lady thirty years. It is not easy to leave off old habits.—The Duke of MODENA used to say—"*Jeri si, perche oggi nò?*" (If yesterday, why not to-day?) Thus age and ugliness steal on unperceivedly; and youth and beauty take their leave without being either missed or regretted. Love, it is true, should always end in friendship; and so most pro-

probably it would, did it die a natural death;—but how often is it destroyed, even in its infancy, by deceit or ill usage!—both incompatible with that esteem on which true friendship can only be founded. The Carnival, a dangerous time for Cavalier Serventes, frequently puts a finish to a connection that for many months before had been a mutual inconvenience. A celebrated wit of the last century said, the circumstance of his whole life that had given him the greatest pleasure, was "*the rustling of a silk gown coming up stairs;*" and being asked which the next, replied, "*the rustling of the same silk gown going down stairs again.*" The life of a Cavalier Servente is too insipidly uniform to enjoy either of these pleasant sensations.

You ask if women are happier in Italy than in any other country?—Many will suppose them so, as they are more courted by the men.—They live besides in the best of climates—have no domestic concerns—are mistresses of their own persons—go where they will—see whom they please—and if they commit a sin, have a convenient Priest ready to absolve them. These are the pleasures of their youthful days; in their old age, many become devout, and go out of the world as contentedly as they lived in it.

You inquire after your friend R—— and his friend the Countess P——. I am sorry to tell you,

you, that every thing in that quarter goes on worse than ever. An acquaintance of ours says—"*Let a woman alone, and, to the best of her understanding, she will do the worst she can for herself.*" So severe a reflection on the sex's judgment it would be difficult to credit, had we not many instances of its truth.—This amiable creature, educated for dependance, is never more at a loss, or so much in danger, as when she acts for herself.—The Countess, the tyrant of our friend R——, is become a very slave to B——. The fact is, *she* now is most in love; and if ever you wish to know of two lovers which it is that governs, you have only to observe *which loves the least.*—The Countess governed R——; B—— now governs her. Our friend, though he raves at the conduct of his mistress, loves her still—*Perfida sed quamvis perfida cara tamen.* Though I pity him, I do not approve his conduct.—Jealousy as frequently proceeds from vanity, as love; otherwise we should redouble our attentions to regain the affections of a mistress, instead of taking the readiest means to render ourselves disagreeable. For three whole days R—— has thought fit to absent himself out of jealousy;—two had been one too many.—It has taught the Lady what, before that time, she could not have believed—that he is no longer necessary to her happiness. The Countess

tess is no novice: she has heard "*qu'un clou chasse l'autre;*" and an artful Italian, who is far from handsome (men of intrigue, in general, are more indebted to art than nature), has stepped in, and our friend is discarded. It is said, "*que les absens ont toujours tort;*"—a remark never more true than in affairs of love.—He who wishes to make up a quarrel, let him not put it off too long.

With regard to your young friend L——, he is in less danger than you seem to think. It is true, that he is foolishly fond of a Roman girl, beautiful as an angel, but poorer than a church-mouse; and very possibly, had he it in his power at the present moment, would willingly marry her. I hear he sets out to-morrow for Naples. He has not consulted me about his departure;—he is perfectly right not to ask the opinion of another, when he is determined to follow his own. However, let him but leave Rome, and I have no doubt that he will forget her before he returns; or at least will so far recover his right senses by a long absence, that he will be surprised at his own folly. Men allow themselves too great a latitude in love affairs, and women are too credulous. I have no more faith in a lover's vows, than in a sick man's dreams. A neighbour of mine, in Dorsetshire, received a letter from his son, who was then in America, to

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ask his consent to marry a woman he had fallen in love with; and, as usual in such cases, assured his father was *the only woman* upon earth that could make him happy. As the match was an imprudent one in point of interest, some time was taken to consider of it; but before the father could write an answer, a second letter came from his son, to inform him *that he had married another woman.*

LETTER XCIII.

IF you made Siena a visit during your residence at Florence, and came afterwards to Rome by Perugia, without doubt you will return by the way of Loretto: a place so famous, the long wished-for object of many a bare-footed Pilgrim, you may be glad to see, whatever be your indifference about the Lady herself. None of the towns on this road will detain you long, though in some are remains of antiquity that deserve attention; and in others, Pictures that an admirer of painting may see with pleasure.

The country in the neighbourhood of Rome is a desart when compared with Naples or Tuscany. Agriculture is not encouraged, and much of the land lies untilled; for the husbandman is ever sparing of his labor when not permitted to make the most of its produce. A *Commercio Libero*, under proper restrictions, is necessary to cultivation; and exportation is good policy,

when abundance renders the value of the commodity below the fair and honest price between man and man. There is a price in every country that the laborer can afford to pay; bread, the first necessary of life, should never exceed it: but the advantage of a good season should be in favor of the cultivator, whom a storm may injure, or a blight ruin. Were the Sovereign of a little State to keep in his own granaries a sufficient quantity of corn to prevent an artificial scarcity, he might permit exportation without danger; he would improve his country, enrich his subjects, and be truly the Father of his People.

Civita Castellana is the first town on the Ancona road deserving of notice. Some tell you it is the ancient Veia; others think it Fescennium, where CAMILLUS gave that amiable instance of honor and generosity. Is it not extraordinary that Veia, which, like another Troy, withstood a ten years' siege, should be so completely annihilated that antiquarians are not agreed on the spot on which it stood.

Narni was the country of NERVA. This town, strongly fortified by nature, was of considerable importance in the time of ancient Rome. You may visit, if you have time, the remains of an ancient bridge of AUGUSTUS.

Terni was the country of TACITUS. Here also

also are some remains of antiquity; but the principal object is the Cascade some miles distant from the town. The river Velino falls two hundred and fifty feet perpendicular into the Nera. The rocks on which it falls greatly contribute to the picturesque beauty of a scene which pencils have faintly imitated, but no pen can describe. Between Terni and Spoletto you pass the Somma, the highest of the Apennines. For the ascent, which is both very long and very steep, you must take oxen.

Spoletto, the Capital of Umbria, is famous for having resisted the victorious army of HANNIBAL after the battle of Trasymene. "*Hannibal cæsis ad Trasimenum Romanis, urbem Romam infenso agmine petens, Spoleto magna suorum clade repulsus, insigni fugâ portæ nomen fecit.*" *Porta Fugâ*, the name of an ancient gate, now in the middle of the town, adorned with such an inscription, does infinite honor to so inconsiderable a place.

Between Spoletto and Foligno you pass the ancient Clitumnus, once famous for the white cattle that fed on its banks, and were sacrificed at the Roman triumphs. On this road is an ancient Temple. At Foligno see the Cupola of Bramante, and the famous Picture by RAPHAEL.

Tolentino and Macerata possess nothing, I

believe, that need stop your progress. Would you amuse an idle hour at the expence of superstition, read the History of the Lady of Loretto. I have neither time nor patience to relate the miraculous travels of the *Santa Casa*, which, like a balloon, flew through the air—from Nazareth to Dalmatia, and from thence to Loretto, in the year 1294; nor shall I pretend to describe the treasures it contains:—the Virgin, her Gown, and her Porringer, are all objects of veneration. The town is not more than three miles from the sea; nor do I think a less miracle than that which brought the Lady hither, could save her on a sudden and unexpected attack from her enemies, the Infidels. The Temple of Apollo at Delphos, once famous for the treasures it contained, was pillaged: it is wonderful how this has escaped. It is true, all who enter armed are *excommunicated;* but I fear those who enter with evil intentions, pay little regard to excommunication. I was concerned to think of this useless treasure, and see so many bare-footed, miserable wretches that surrounded it.—Her rival, *Notre Dame des Hermittes*, in Switzerland, is said to receive, one year with another, not less than a hundred thousand pilgrims. There also is the tempting invitation of a promised absolution for every sin. Crucifixes, Madonnas, Coronas, &c. &c. are the chief trade of Loretto, and

and you will do well to make a provision of them for your Catholic friends in England.

At Ancona visit the Port, and admire a triumphal arch which, though robbed of its ornaments, will be approached with reverence for the sake of TRAJAN, to whose memory it was erected.

Senigaglia is famous for an annual Fair in the month of July. Hither Italian merchants come from all parts of Italy to dispose of their merchandize; and idlers assemble to partake of the merriment of a fair which lasts a fortnight, and of an Opera that is sometimes excellent.

Fano is so called from a Temple of Fortune that formerly stood there. Here you see a Triumphal Arch said to be of the time of AUGUSTUS: and not far distant from the town is the river Metaurus, near to whose banks ASDRABAL, brother to HANNIBAL, was killed, and his whole army destroyed. This battle was of the utmost consequence to Rome, and probably saved her from the ruin with which she was threatened.

In the neighbourhood of Pesaro is a little Republic, which took its name from San MARINO, a famous Hermit of Dalmatia, who choosing this mountain for his habitation, drew together a great number of people, and formed a Republic which has already lasted upwards of

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one thousand one hundred years. I know no Republic so likely to last for ever.—Luxury and expence, which weakened, and at length destroyed, the Commonwealths of Athens and of Rome, are little to be feared by these mountaineers: nor are they in danger, like modern Republics, from the jealousy of their neighbours, that can neither dread their power, nor envy their possessions; the whole territory is not more than two leagues in diameter, and contains about five thousand inhabitants.

Rimini was the Capital of Cisalpine Gaul; is older than Rome, and was once its rival in power. Here are some remains of the Amphitheatre, and of the Pharos of the ancient Port, now at least a mile distant from the sea. The Triumphal Arch, erected by TIBERIUS in honor of AUGUSTUS, is worth your seeing; and the Bridge of Marble built by AUGUSTUS, is one of the most handsome, and best preserved, of antiquity. In the Square is an antique pedestal, from whence they pretend that CÆSAR harangued his soldiers, after he had passed the Rubicon. Rimini was the ancient Ariminum, the first town CÆSAR took on his march to Rome. Here ended the Flaminian way, and the Emilian began. Arezzo and Rimini were the two principal posts that defended the Roman State.

In the neighbourhood of Rimini, two women who

who kept a public-house at the time of the famine in the sixteenth century, killed the travellers who slept there, and fed on their bodies. They had already killed seventeen; the eighteenth was lucky enough to awake at the very instant they were going to murder him. He made them confess the number they had thus killed and eaten, and afterwards slew them both.

Ravenna, while Rome flourished, was one of the best Ports in the Adriatic; but since its decline, the sea has scornfully retired some miles distant. A strong situation in the midst of marshes, rendered this City so formidable that it rivalled even Rome itself. The pusillanimous HONORIUS, who would have made a better Friar than Emperor, here hid his dastard head; and, during the wars of BELISARIUS, Ravenna was considered of the first consequence. It was the residence of the Gothic Kings. THEODORIC, a respectable character, worthy of better times; whose greater love of the arts, and greater encouragement of learned men, might shame many modern Princes, died and was buried here. His tomb is still remaining. Here the divine DANTE breathed his last, having been banished his country for his steadiness to the BIANCHI party, whose cause he had espoused. From hence you

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have seven posts and a half to Chiozza, where you may embark for Venice.

From Bologna to Venice you may go various ways. Lovers of painting prefer the road to Ferrara by Cento, on account of the Pictures of GUERCINO, who was born there. Economists embark at Bologna, or even at *Ponte di Lago Oscuro*, and save much expence and trouble.

Should you visit Ferrara, remember it was the residence of ARIOSTO, and the prison of TASSO;—that it was a place of consequence under the ancient Dukes, miserable as it is at present in the hands of the Church. The town, though large, does not contain thirty thousand inhabitants; and of late years has been more famous for sword-blades and fencing-masters, than for genius or learning. GUARINI was also of Ferrara; cotemporary with TASSO, copier of the Aminta, and rival in more ways than one.

On the road from Rimini to Bologna there is little to remark, and, I believe, nothing to detain you. You pass the Rubicon, which some think the *Pisatello;* if so, the famous Rubicon, boundary of the Cisalpine Gaul, whose waters it was death to pass at the head of an army without the consent of the Senate; and on whose bank the intrepid CÆSAR stopped and hesi-

hesitated, before he plunged his country into the horrors of a civil war; is now become a trifling insignificant stream, easily passed, and little noticed.

Cesena is famous at the present moment for the birth of Pope Pio VI.;—a short-lived honor.—It is not with Popes, as it is with Poets; nor do we see cities contend for the honor of having given them birth *after they are dead.*

Faenza is famous for its earthenware, and for having given its name *(Fayence)* to that kind of porcelain in France;—a name that will probably last when that of *Braschi* shall be forgotten. My next shall be from Venice.

LETTER XCIV.

VENICE, though one of the most flourishing cities in Italy, is far from being the most ancient. A parcel of little Islands in the Adriatic Gulph, secure in their insignificancy, and difficult of access, tempted some fugitives from Padua to take refuge there when the furious ATTILA, *Flagellum Dei*, over-ran the rest of Italy. Such was the obscure beginning of this famous Republic; who, from fishermen, became merchants; increased in wealth; increased in fame; and, notwithstanding every effort of their Genoese rivals, became the first maritime power in the world. The City of Adria, an Etruscan colony, in possession of an excellent Port in that sea, to which it had given its name, submitted, in the beginning of the tenth century, to the superior force of a new rival, and was entirely destroyed. The Crusades, those most detestable of all wars, where a host of fanatics made a merit of

of the murders they committed, as if it were possible the DIVINITY could be pleased at the destruction of his creatures;—the Crusades, which in the eleventh century were the ruin of many Powers in Europe, were of infinite service to the Venetians. They, jointly with the Genoese, transported these bigoted fools to their destruction, and filled their own coffers. As their commerce increased, their conquests extended, and the power of the Venetian State was acknowledged from Istria to the very center of the Archipelago. On the Continent the neighbouring cities, inferior in wealth, unequal in force, submitted one after another to this rising State, whose dominion extended itself on every side, though the jealousy of other Princes did not always permit her to retain the conquests she had made. The neutrality the Venetians at present observe in the disputes of Europe, are the surest means to preserve the valuable possessions they so rapidly acquired, and to continue the blessings of peace, which they have so long enjoyed.

The town of Venice will surprise you, but not please you long. A man of an active turn cannot live contented where he can take no exercise:—where a horse is as great a curiosity as a camel, and a coach as great a rarity as a balloon;—where his only equipage is a covered

boat,

boat, dismal as a hearse;* and where, if he trusts to his legs, he risks at every instant falling into the sea. In short, no animal that is not web-footed, can enjoy itself long at Venice. I must also add, that the climate is not the most temperate of Italy; the air not the most wholesome, and the water execrable:—that you can have no society with the Venetian Nobility, if you frequent a Foreign Minister: that your steps are watched—your conversation repeated: and though your person be not in danger if you have common sense, and common discretion; yet I confess that nothing less than being an Inquisitor of State myself would satisfy me in a country where the person of every man is at his mercy without controul:—nor can property be said to be secure where justice is not impartially administered. This is not a favorable description;—the worst side of the medal lay uppermost: let us now reverse it.

The Pictures of Canaletti give no bad idea of the appearance of Venice. The Canals, the Bridges, the Gondolas, and the Palaces, are nearly as they are there represented, and at first sight strike a traveller with astonishment and

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* Gondolas are painted black, and covered with black cloth.

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admiration. The stranger who comes at the Ascension, which is the season of the year most favorable at Venice, and passes his ten days only, may quit it with regret. He has the diversions of a Fair to occupy every idle hour. He has the Pictures of TITIAN, of TINTORET, of PAUL VERONESE, and of other great masters of the Venetian School to see: he has the architecture of PALLADIO to admire.* The day of the Ascension, the Lord Mayor's show of Venice, is as well as any other ridiculous sight that draws idle people together. He may stare at the gaudy Bucentaur; and will laugh at the pompous ceremony of the Doge's Nuptials with the Adriatic, if he consider the infidelity of the Bride. If pleasure be his aim, amusements, public and private, court his acceptance.—Theatres stand open to receive him, and beauty beckons him from her window. He may live here with less restraint than in Tuscany: and whether he visits a Countess, or a courtesan; whether the visit be long or short, it is equally indifferent to the Government of Venice, who have more good sense than to meddle in

* This artist, as well as CARAVAGGIO, was a common laborer. His superior genius was discovered by accident, and he was sent to Rome to study.

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matters which do not concern the welfare of the state. Out of good policy they promote amusements of every kind, and are never so well contented, as when the people are amused.

The Statesman will be tempted to consider the nature of a Republic that, from a democracy, became an aristocracy, and has already lasted more than thirteen centuries. He will see a Doge with the trappings of Sovereignty, but without the power,—a slave to the Senate, and a slave for life; and will seek in vain for those *douceurs* that ambition holds out to the folly of man as a recompence for the sacrifice of his liberty.

In the Gran Consiglio, where the Legislative Power resides, who elect the Doge, and other Magistrates, and out of which body the Senate, and the three Great Colleges, are formed. In the Gran Consiglio, instead of a general assembly of the Citizens, he will see a partial assembly of Nobles only, and a perfect aristocracy.

In the Pregadi, or Senate, to whom the Executive Power belongs: in the Pieno Collegio, who prepare Memorials, &c. &c. for their inspection: in the Collegio dei dieci, who watch over the security of the State, and are responsible to no one for their actions: in the persons of the three Inquisitors, who, when they think fit, can exert more than dictatorial tyranny: he will

will see an Oligarchy, as an Italian would say "*bella e buona.*" But, whatever be his opinion of the principle, he will respect at least the firmness and energy of the Venetian Government; and when they present the Doge to the people for their acceptation, will prefer the manly "*Chi vi piacerá*" (who will please you), to the more humble and more dangerous "*Se vi piace*" (if it so please you), of former times.

In the Senate he will find that two or three persons, by choice words and elegant sentences, direct the multitude, and will admire the force of eloquence: and if an enemy to long pleadings, better adapted to mislead than convince, he will admire the wisdom of the Courts of Justice which confined each pleader to three quarters of an hour.* He will shudder when he sees the *Denonzie Segrete*, where the honor and safety of each inhabitant are exposed to the attack of authorized and sometimes interested informers; but what respect will he not feel for a Government who proceed with such lenity and circum-

* A Gentleman, in a cause of great importance, desired permission to plead for himself. It was readily granted, and he began his discourse with a compliment on the Venetian Government; on their various successes by sea and land, &c. &c. His sand in the mean time ran out before he had said one word for himself, and he lost his cause.

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spection, that the innocent man has nothing to fear? He will be astonished at a Police where ten Senators, without the support of a single soldier, keep in order one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. If despotic, and at the same time timid,—if he tremble while he punishes, he will approve the short duration of an office on which perhaps their personal security principally depends. If his principles be Republican, he will wish the people had some share in the Government, and will lament the loss of their Tribunes; but if he be unprejudiced, he will allow that those Republics have most stability where the people have least influence.—The Government of Sparta out-lived that of Athens: the Aristocracy of Venice has already out-lived the Republic of Rome. The people under every Government are more or less oppressed. The art of ruling is to keep them in good humour; and in this he will find the Venetian rulers more expert than the Grand Duke of Tuscany. If he has observed the little obedience paid to the laws in a neighbouring State, owing to their continually varying, he will respect a Government where Magistrates are appointed to watch over and enforce them: and if half poisoned, or half starved, by a *Commercio Libero*, he will rejoice that the wisdom of the Venetian State provides against unwholesome food,

food, and unreasonable prices. If he is a friend to toleration, he will be pleased to see the Papal Power, that *Imperium in Imperio*, which has disturbed the peace of more than one Government, controuled by the wisdom of the Senate: and if he has read of the enormities committed by the Holy Inquisition, he will rejoice at the restraint which the humanity of the Venetians has laid upon their machinations. Enthusiasts will still find religious processions, and sacred music, to keep their sensibility awake; and bigots may see relics that even a Pope might envy:—while the modern Frenchman, who has less religion than patriotism, will prefer the armour of *Henri le Grand* to the arm of Saint LUKE, or body of Saint MARK.

CÆSAR will smile to see a Pope setting his foot on the neck of an Emperor;* and may reflect with pleasure that it is not probable he should ever trample upon another. He who has no other pre-eminence than that which chance has given, royal birth, may enjoy a momentary triumph in a *Regata*.† The timid Prince will view with envy a City that has nothing to fear from a foreign enemy; and the

* The representation of it, if I mistake not, is at Saint Mark's.

† Boat-race; a fête usually given at the arrival of a Sovereign Prince.

provident will take an useful lesson from the rebellion of BAJAMONTE, and prepare against internal accidents before they happen.

The Financier, when he considers the situation of Venice, will rejoice that neither army nor navy are necessary to defend it; and will compute with pleasure the surplus on the forty millions of French livres, supposed to be the annual revenue of the State;—I say supposed, for it would be unsafe for a stranger to appear too busy in the inquiry.

The Soldier will not lament that the army is inconsiderable, when he is told that a Senator is to direct its operations: and a Sailor, of whatever other nation he be, may view with pleasure an inoffensive arsenal, and an inactive fleet.

The prudent Citizen, who looks on a standing army with a jealous eye, will applaud the vigilance of a Police which renders it unnecessary: and Morality, which ever prefers prevention to punishment, will wink at the means by which it is effected.

The Merchant will look back to the foreign trade that once filled the coffers of the State, and proudly point out the loss of her consequence in Europe from the loss of her commerce.

The American will reflect on the comparative strength of the Child and Parent; and draw some

some inferences in favor of his own disobedience.

The Painter may improve his colouring by the famous Masters of the Venetian School; and the Sculptor will approach with reverence the marble Lion of the Pireum, and the bronze Horses of the Temple of the Sun.

The Musician will see with satisfaction the progress of his favorite art; and at the Conservatorios may listen with unusual pleasure to the grumbling of a double Bass when played upon by the delicate fingers of a beauty of fifteen.

He who follows Mr. GREY's rule—"*Eme quodcunque emendum est,*" will not forget the *Theriaque de Venise;* a medicine no family should be without. He may also find books unheard of in other parts of Italy.—If he is a *Bon Vivant,* let him buy CORNARO, and profit by his abstemiousness.

The *Homme à bonne fortune,* half ruined by his *petite maison* at Paris, may here find ladies who take that expence upon themselves: and those fashionable mortals who never go to bed till the sun rises, will not be at a loss for company in their midnight revels. Those idlers who require variety in their amusements, may frequently see a Preacher on one side the square, and a Mountebank on the other: and the Economist, when tired of walking, calls a Gondola,

and his equipage is in every respect as good as that of the richest Senator.

The *Etourdi* may take a lesson of prudence from the Gondolier, who wisely looks before him as he rows; and the bashful Lover, when shut up with his Mistress in a Gondola, will not complain should he find himself in the dark. Those whose limited circumstances do not admit of rich apparel, will not be sorry that it is prohibited; and those who with difficulty can provide any apparel at all, will find their convenience in a town where, six months out of the twelve, they may go in masquerade. The Gambler who is ashamed of his profession, and may wish to conceal his person, may win or lose a fortune in disguise: and Woman, if true that she is at heart a rake, may be in raptures with a country where she can indulge every caprice without censure; and where a mask covers the blush of modesty, should she have any remaining.

LETTER XCV.

PADUA is twenty-five miles from Venice. From Fusina you may go by land. If you go by water, stop and see some of the beautiful villas on the banks of the Brenta.

Padua is an ancient City; large, depopulated, and melancholy; deploring still the loss of her former splendor, and suffering more unwillingly perhaps than any other of the Venetian States, the oppression of an ungrateful Child that she herself had reared. Insignificant as the Paduans appear at the present moment, they were once famous both in arms and letters: there is no longer question of the one, and the other is said to be on the decline. As for the town itself, unless you visit it at the time of the Fair, you will think the plague had carried off one half of the inhabitants. They have then a good Opera, Horse Races, and other diversions. It was *the ton* to drive round the Course on a full gallop

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in a two-wheeled cabriolet, with a pair of horses and a postillion.—I went once; but I neither liked my friend's cabriolet, his horses, nor his postillion, who kept constantly blowing a German post-horn, and made noise enough to frighten away a thousand devils. His Running-footman also gave me some concern, who was ready to sink under the heat and the fatigue. A fat Venetian told me he had driven twenty times round the Course on a full gallop;—I hope, for the sake of humanity, that he told a lie. The exercise was more wholesome for his Excellency than his Running-footmen, who were reduced to skin and bone.

In the Cathedral, and other churches, are some good pictures. The Madonna by GHIOTTO belonged to PETRARCH, when Canon of the Cathedral, to which he bequeathed it as a legacy. In the Church of Arena is a picture of Hell by the same Author, for which DANTE is said to have given the idea.

Sant' ANTONIO was of Lisbon, but is buried here.—You will be expected to admire his miracles. This is not Sant' ANTONIO *del Porco*, but Sant' ANTONIO *di Padua*, one of the most illustrious Saints in Italy,—for whose sake the poor beg as regularly in the Venetian State, as in Tuscany for the Madonna, and the *Cinque piaghe di Jesù*.

Il Salone (the Town Hall) is immense. According to La Lande three hundred feet long, one hundred wide, and one hundred high :—it is therefore considerably bigger than Westminster Hall, which has been thought the biggest room in Europe. You are shewn the Bust of another Lucretia, who fell a martyr to her chastity.—I forget whether this Lady stabbed herself before the act was committed, or after. You are also shewn a Painting to commemorate an event not less wonderful,—a wife who suffered death on the tomb of her husband, rather than submit to the embraces of a gallant.

The University is the most ancient in Italy. It was once celebrated for the Belles Lettres, and has produced many famous men. If at present it be less resorted to by Students, the town is also less disturbed by the unwarrantable excesses they are said to have committed. The *Specula*, from whence you have an extensive view of the adjacent country, is well furnished with astronomical instruments. A noble Venetian lately made it a visit; the Professor who shewed it him boasted of the goodness of a telescope he had just received from England, but lamented that the horizon was not clear.—"*Not clear!*" replied his Excellency, "*not clear!—then why don't you get another from England?*" A Venetian of the same cast, who left Venice for

for the first time, arrived at Padua by water, and ordered a post-horse, but desired "*it might be a long one, as they were five of them.*"

Padua was the birth-place of LIVY, that elegant but too credulous Historian, whose works have already out-lived seventeen centuries: and the residence of TARTINI, that excellent Musician, who gave a fuller tone to the fiddle by introducing larger strings. He was also an Author,—and I fancy not without a share of that wildness attributed to his profession, for he wrote to a friend of mine at Florence, a man of letters, to acquaint him that he had squared the circle. Near to that of LIVY, is the Portrait of PIETRO APONE, a Doctor suspected, in the days of ignorance, to have been a Magician.—He was thought to have possessed the seven liberal arts by the means of seven familiar spirits which he kept closely corked up in bottles.

I remember little of the trade and commerce of Padua, except that the cloth is famous. MARTIAL tells us it was not less so in the time of the Romans. The castor is excellent.

From Padua to Vicenza are two posts. Vicenza flourished in the early days of the Roman Republic; was plundered, with the other towns of Italy, by the Goths and Lombards; and, like them, was successively a victim to powerful neighbours and intestine divisions, till the beginning

ning of the fifteenth century, when she threw herself under the protection of Venice.

The town is four miles in circumference, and contains about thirty thousand inhabitants. *Il Teatro Olimpico*, built in imitation of the ancient Theatre, is the *chef d'œuvre* of PALLADIO, who was born here. The country is very fruitful: they tell you it produces more corn in one year than it can consume in three. A considerable silk manufactory contributes not a little to enrich the inhabitants. The machine that winds off the silk deserves your notice. I observed one particularity in the dress of the Gentlemen: when in mourning they wear a black crape sash round the waist, with coloured clothes.—Why not as proper as the black crape worn on the arm of an Officer? In the neighbourhood are many elegant villas. I saw a labyrinth in one of them, not like that of Crete,—nor was the precaution of THESEUS necessary; indeed, if it had, I might have remained there till this time, for I had no ARIADNE to help me out. From Vicenza to Verona are three posts and a half.

In the civil wars of VITELLIUS and VESPASIAN, Verona was a place of the first consequence. Two famous battles have been also fought not far distant from the walls of the town, and so nearly on the same spot, though at the distance of so many years, that the very bones of

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the slain are said to have been intermixed one with the other,—that of *Marius* against the Cimbrians; and that of *Stilicon* against the Goths under ALARIC. Also in this neighbourhood CONSTANTINE shewed much personal bravery, and was entreated by his Officers not to expose a life so necessary to them all;—no bad lesson for those to whose superior skill the conduct of a whole army is entrusted. After the fall of the Roman Empire, Verona partook of the fate of Vicenza; and, like that city, to prevent greater evils, gave herself to the Venetians. OTWAY took his plot of "Venice Preserved" from the discovery of the Spanish Conspiracy in the year 1618: and SHAKESPEARE his "Romeo and Juliet" from the enmity of two families of Verona, the *Capelletti* and the *Montecchi;* the reality of which tragedy, though it has been much doubted, is confirmed by many Authors.

The town of Verona is about six miles in circumference; is situated on a plain, and divided by the Adige. One of the bridges is remarkable for the span of the arches, the largest of which is not less than one hundred and forty feet: that of the Rialto, by PALLADIO, so much talked of, is only eighty-nine. The Amphitheatre, thought to have been built about the time of DIOCLESIAN, is in good preservation. The Veronese are wisely attentive to keep this monu-

monument of antiquity entire: while the Romans not only neglected theirs, but were shamefully busy for many years together in pulling down and carrying away the materials. The form is oval, and said to contain twenty-five thousand people. I once saw a comedy acted in the Arena: the benches were covered with people, and I endeavoured as much as possible to persuade myself I was surrounded by the heroes of antiquity;—a VITELLIUS, perhaps, might have been found, but not a MARIUS.

The Museum of Antiquities, if you are a connoisseur, will agreeably employ more than one morning. The Petrefactions found at *Monte Bolca*, in this neighbourhood, are wonderful; not the least extraordinary of which are some of fishes, unknown in these seas, and found in those of Otaheite. The bust of the Marquis MAFFEI, erected while he was alive, and removed at his particular request, has since been replaced, and is a proof of the humility with which real merit is usually accompanied. In the Churches and Palaces you will see some good pictures by PAUL VERONESE, who, with the great names of VESPASIAN, TITUS, the elder PLINY, CORNELIUS NEPOS, CATULLUS, VITRUVIUS, and the Marquis MAFFEI, is the boast of Verona.

The Government, like that of Vicenza, is under the controul of Venice. The number of inha-

inhabitants amount to about fifty thousand. The commerce of the town is confined chiefly to corn, cloth, and silk.

In this neighbourhood are the Mineral Waters of Caldiero, whose baths are recommended as a remedy for barrenness in women; but, like those of Pisa, are thought to succeed best when the same propitious circumstance is not wanting. MARTIAL, to describe the debauchery of the baths at Baia, tells us, that many who came PENELOPES, returned HELENS.—We have our HELENS; but, to say the truth, I have not yet heard of one PENELOPE.

LETTER XCVI.

FROM Verona are two roads to Milan. You may go by Brescia and Bergamo; or by Mantua and Cremona.—Bergamo, famous for harlequins; and Brescia, for fire-arms and assassins. I have heard that the Noblesse formerly kept a parcel of these cut-throats constantly in pay; nor was the life of any troublesome person safe whose wife or daughter was handsome. The Police has lessened this abuse, but not entirely eradicated it. A Gentleman of Bologna, who passed the last Carnival at Brescia, told me, that dining at the Table d'Hote, an ill-looking fellow, muffled up in a Ferraiolo,* came into the middle of the room, and placing himself opposite to a person he had singled out, said—"*Con permesso*" (by your leave), and instantly, with-

* A kind of cloak.

out

out further ceremony, discharged the contents of a loaded blunderbuss into his body: the wounded man sprang up, staggered a few paces, and fell dead in the passage.—Rare confusion at the Table d'Hote!—those who were nearest the door left their dinner, and ran away; some got into the corner of the room, while others, among whom was my friend, remained in their chairs without power to move. The assassin, without speaking another word, drew a long knife, held it between his teeth, and then loaded his blunderbuss with all the coolness imaginable. That done, he stuck his knife into the dead body as he passed, and walked away unconcerned and unmolested. My Bologna friend, who sat next the man that had been shot, had a fever for three days after. It is said, believe it if you can, that a Gentleman had engaged a Bravo to rid him of an enemy; but the quarrel being made up by the interposition of friends, he sent for him again to tell him he need give himself no further trouble, but might keep the money. "I am a man of honor," replied the Bravo; "I will keep your money, but I must kill your man." The Gentleman, who was perfectly reconciled to the person by whom he had been offended, entreated him very earnestly to do no such thing.—"You may take your choice, Sir," replied the Bravo, "whether it shall be you or him;

him; for, to gain your money *honestly*, it is necessary that I should kill *one of you.*"

VIRGIL, who has rendered Mantua famous, was born at Pietola, a little village about a mile distant. You may spare yourself the trouble of going thither; there is nothing in remembrance of the Poet, or to engage the attention of a traveller. The town of Mantua is five miles in circumference, and contains about ten thousand inhabitants. It flourished under the dominion of the GONZAGO family, and languishes under that of the House of Austria. The Cathedral, and some of the Palaces, are by GIULIO ROMANO, a native of Mantua, Painter and Architect. Here are also some of his best paintings. The air of Mantua is very unwholesome. An Officer told me, that what with unripe fruit, new wine, and bad air, his regiment had lost six hundred in four months: July, August, and September, are the most fatal. A Physician was trying an experiment on a consumptive person, wasting away with night-sweats: he stopped the pores of the skin with oil; an experiment that most probably did not succeed, or occasioned some other complaint.

At *La Fontana*, a pleasant spot in the middle of a wood, about three miles from the town, is a Palace and Convent. I gave a dinner there to some Mantua friends, male and female. We had

had a Concert afterwards; and the Friars who made us a visit declared they had never passed so pleasant a day in their lives. When they took their leave, they came to thank me; but I confess I had some scruples of conscience in receiving their thanks, as I doubt much if pleasures of this kind are ever a benefit to those who are doomed to live in solitude. I think it is an observation of ROUSSEAU—"*Qu'on ne s'ennuye jamais de son etat, quand on n'en connoit point de plus agreable.*" From Mantua to Cremona are five posts and a half.

Cremona was a town of note in the time of the Roman Republic. In the civil wars between ANTHONY and OCTAVIUS, being on the weaker side, the lands were parcelled out by the latter as a reward to his soldiers, and those of Mantua added to make up the deficiency. It is to this the Poet alludes in that well known line where he so feelingly laments the distresses of his country. In the civil wars that followed between OTHO and VITELLIUS it was again unfortunate; was sacked, burnt, and utterly destroyed. This surely was the most accursed of civil wars: TACITUS tells us, thirty thousand unarmed men were butchered in cold blood. A soldier demanded a reward for having killed his own brother. HORACE calls them very properly *Impia Prælia.* VITELLIUS passing over the

the field of battle, was advised to retire as the stench was offensive: VITELLIUS replied, that "in his opinion, *a dead enemy* was always a pleasing odour." How different from TOTILA! who, when he took Rome, forbad the pursuit of fugitives, saying, that "nothing was so pleasing to him as the *flight of an enemy*."—A sentiment like this one should little expect from a Barbarian:—were the Archbishop of Canterbury in arms, he could not speak better.

Cremona was afterwards rebuilt by VESPASIAN. At the decline of the Roman Empire, it was plundered by the Goths, and suffered from other contentions, in common with the rest of Italy. In modern times, Cremona has not been without its singularity. Prince EUGENE in the year 1702, entered the town in the night, by means of a common sewer, unperceived by the garrison. He took Marechal de VILLEROI prisoner by surprise, and was for some time master of the place, but a regiment assembling to exercise an hour earlier than usual, and his own army, by a fatal mistake, not arriving at the gates of the town at the time appointed, the unfortunate Prince was obliged to make a hasty retreat, though he carried off the French General along with him.

The town, which is five miles in circumference, is thinly peopled. The streets are strait and

wide. The tower is one of the highest in Italy, and the view from it extensive.

The Government is strangely defective. All causes are tried at Milan, and I doubt whether Mantua and Cremona would not flourish more in the hands of a tyrant, than under so distant, and impotent a governor. The police I cannot accuse of inattention. Complaint was made of me as a spy, and I was advised, by a friend, to write no more remarks in my coach, for it had been taken very serious notice of. Cremona was once famous for fiddles, but since the death of AMATI is not more so now, I believe, than many other towns; and the Arts in general, mechanic and liberal, as well in this State as in that of Venice, are in the most perfect languor and decadency:—Literature is at as low an ebb. Count R—— is considered by all the old women of Cremona as damned without redemption, because he learns English; and there was one society to which I could not be admitted, because I am a heretic. The young ladies, however, to do them justice, are not all of them bigots. La Contessa C—— has two Cavalier Serventes', but as there is never much love without some jealousy, the Gentleman (a Frenchman) who thought himself most secure of the Lady's affection, offered the other a considerable bet, that he had never enjoyed her favors. The

bet

bet was accepted, and the Lady herself was left to decide, which she did, with more than usual sincerity, in two words—"*Payez, Monsieur.*

I found every thing dear at Cremona. Sugar was sold at thirty-five sols a pound:—they made me pay forty. When my servant remonstrated against so gross an extortion, the grocer told him with the greatest composure, he was not obliged to sell his master sugar: the argument was unanswerable. The air of Cremona is not good, the water is bad, the wine worse, and though I was obliged to drink *Orgeat*, I stayed till I had eaten up every fowl in the market.

Lodi is famous for its cheese. The best of those, improperly called Parmasan, are made here. Here the art of watering meadows is carried to the highest perfection, and the same grass is mowed three, and even four times, within the year. I do not apprehend that it is fed with equal advantage. Pastures that are made the most of, are fed, first with horses; then with cows; and lastly, with sheep.

Pavia, in the time of the Goths, was a place of considerable strength, and by the LUNGOBARDI made the seat of empire, in preference to Milan. Here BOETIUS composed his Philosophic Consolation, and here FRANCOIS I. lost the famous battle that cost him his liberty.

The University of Pavia, like those of Pisa, Bologna, and Padua, is less in repute than formerly. A stranger can only judge of the talents of the Professors by their writings, and that is not always fair, for few will write, when none will read.

The Certosa is only a few miles distant, and though not so delightfully situated as many others, is an immense fabric, and contains some good pictures. The Church is much admired. FRANCOIS, when he was carried thither prisoner, after the battle he had lost, is said to have joined the Friars in the Coro (Choir), where they were singing at the time of his entrance. A circumstance that renders his character still more amiable. I lately heard an anecdote of this Prince, that sets the spirit and generosity of his character in the fairest light. He was informed that a foreign Nobleman was sent by Charles V. to assassinate him. They were to hunt together that morning in the Bois de Bologne. He received the noble stranger with his usual courtesy, and before they set out shewed him his arms which, according to the fashion of the times, were very curious. After all had been nicely examined, he asked which sword pleased him most, and begged him to accept it. The hour was now come to mount their horses.—The hunt began,

and

—and FRANCOIS observing that the stranger never quitted him, turned his horse suddenly from the company, and when they were no longer observed, stopt short and said, "I think, Sir, if any one had a design against my life, he could not desire a fairer opportunity. Your manner of following me is particular; have you any thing particular to say?"—"*Nothing*, I assure your Majesty." "*I thought you had, but since you say that you have not, let us return from whence we came.*"

From hence you arrive at Milan, at a season of the year that will probably induce you to visit the Borromæan Islands. You may afterwards pursue your journey over the Alps, and pass your summer in Switzerland; or embark at Genoa for Nice, or Antibes, and thus see the South of France. This done, you may contentedly return to England, to enjoy in that country of freedom, conveniences and comforts not to be found elsewhere—To a Government, where Justice is impartially administered, and the person and property of each individual are secure from oppression—To a Court, numerous and brilliant, where the Sovereigns themselves are the most perfect models of domestic felicity, and the best examples of every virtue—To sports unknown on this side the Alps; pleasures

of

of the chace, which, like generous wine, dispel every gloomy care; but instead of destroying health, restore and preserve it—To men famed for sincerity; and women as virtuous as they are beautiful.

THE END.

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ERRATA.

Vol. I.—Page 53, line 14, after *leaf*, insert *who*.
94, line 24, for *Saint*, read *San*.
296, line 11, the same.
340, line 1, for *with*, read *by*.
352, line 2, for *Saint*, read *San*.
375, line 26, the same.
385, line 1, for *Saint*, read *Santa*.
417, line 22, dele *it*.

Vol. II.—Page 264, line 8, for *Cæglioſtro*, read *Cagliostro*.
295, line 22, for *England*, read *London*.
311, line 18, comma after *of*.